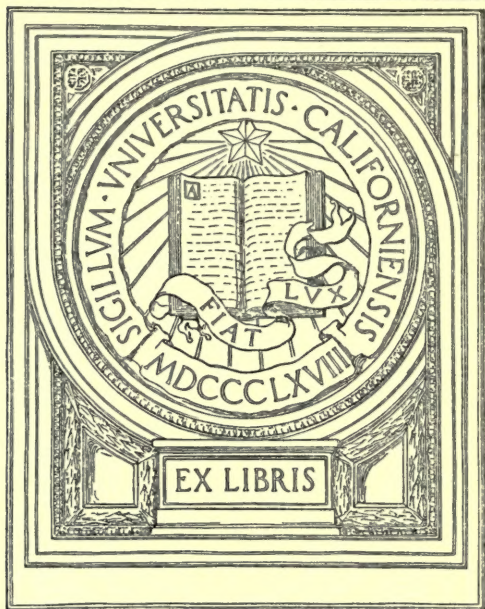



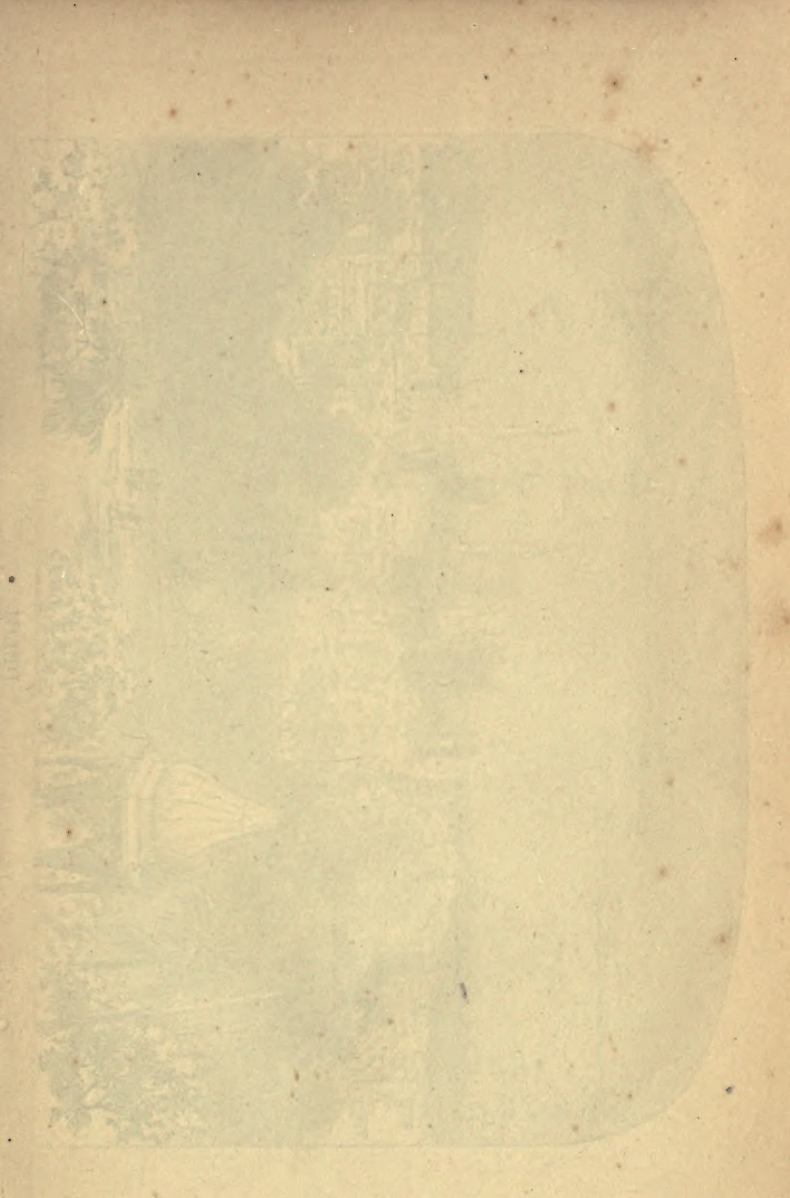
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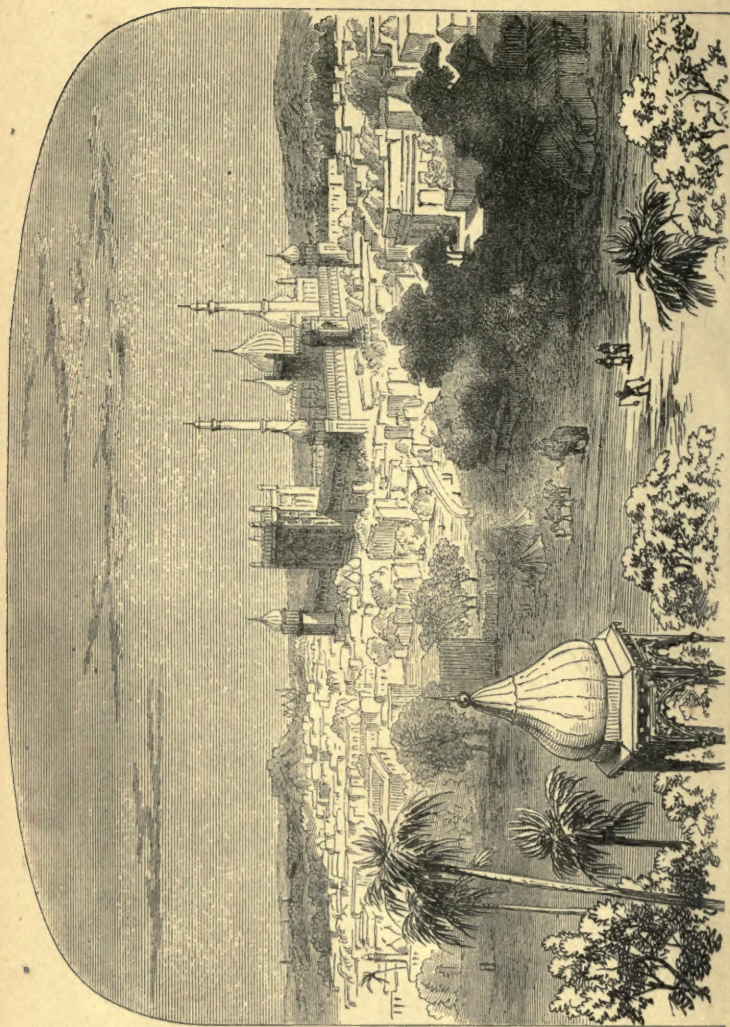


THE GIFT OF
MAY TREAT MORRISON
IN MEMORY OF
ALEXANDER F MORRISON



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CHAMBERS'S
MISCELLANY

OF

INSTRUCTIVE & ENTERTAINING TRACTS

New and Revised Edition

VOL. II.



W. AND R. CHAMBERS
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

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ORATIO NELSON was born on the 29th of September 1758, in the parsonage-house of Burnham-Thorpe, Norfolk, of which his father, the Rev. Edmund Nelson, was rector. Horatio was his fifth son, and named after his godfather, the first Lord Walpole, to whom Mrs Nelson was related. The early days of the young Horatio gave promise of the future man. He became distinguished among his youthful companions for bold and adventurous achievements. Though weak in constitution, and subject to attacks of ague, which made him irritable in temper, he possessed the best dispositions, and even when young, had a high sense of conscientiousness, and shrunk from everything like deception or meanness.

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It is related of him that, when about five years of age, being on a visit to his grandmother, he absented himself without permission: not making his appearance at the dinner hour, the old lady became much alarmed, especially as he had formed acquaintance with a gang of gipsies who were loitering in the neighbourhood, and she was apprehensive they might have decoyed him away. Diligent search in various directions was promptly instituted, and after the lapse of several hours, he was found alone by the side of a rather rapid and deep brook, which he was unable to cross. His conduct on this occasion was peculiar to him through life—he evinced no symptoms of alarm, although his companion (a cow-boy little older than himself) had left him; and when his grandmother closed a reproof with: ‘I wonder, child, that fear did not drive you home!’ he promptly answered: ‘Fear! Grandmamma, I never saw fear. What is it?’

The first seminary of any importance which he attended was the High School at Norwich; and while studying here, he was recalled home on the death of his mother, who expired December 24, 1767, Horatio being then about nine years and three months old. How little often determines one’s career in life! The funeral of Mrs Nelson brought her brother, Captain Suckling, of the Royal Navy, on a visit to the rectory; and on this occasion the imagination of young Horatio was fired by the stories and anecdotes of sea-life which his uncle related in the company of his friends, and he determined, if possible, to be a sailor. His studies at Norwich, and afterwards at North Walsham, failed in obliterating this juvenile fancy from his mind; and his father, desirous of permitting him to follow the bent of his inclinations, easily induced Captain Suckling to take him under his charge. Passing over the painful parting with brothers and playmates, we follow the young aspirant in his entrance into active life.

The ship of Captain Suckling was lying in the Medway, and to place him in the way of reaching it, Mr Nelson accompanied his son to the metropolis; but from thence he was sent down, unattended and unbefriended, to Chatham.

EARLY LIFE AT SEA.

The entrance of Nelson upon the profession of which he was destined to be the highest ornament, took place under extraordinary circumstances. His uncle, it appears, knew not on what day he was to be expected. Arriving therefore at Chatham, shivering with cold, and not knowing where to go or what to do, Horatio wandered about the streets for some hours, undergoing the full weight of that desolation of heart which, even in the most favourable circumstances, befalls young persons for the first time sent from a home of familiar faces into the midst of strangers. At length a kind-hearted officer,

observing his melancholy appearance, took him to his house and administered to his necessities; after which he put him into a boat to be conveyed to the *Raisable*. Here again he met with disappointment—his uncle was not on board—no one had been apprised of his coming; and he walked the deck the whole of the remainder of the day without any one noticing him, or making him an offer of food; and it was not till the succeeding day that humanity prompted the gunner to inquire who he was, and, as Nelson himself afterwards expressed it, ‘to take compassion on him.’

The *Raisable* had been put into commission in consequence of a dispute with Spain, which seemed likely to lead to war. This expectation proving happily fallacious, the vessel was quickly discharged, so as to leave to Captain Suckling no alternative from sending his nephew on board a merchant West Indiaman, under charge of a master who had been his own mate. In this situation young Nelson applied himself diligently to his duties, and acquired a considerable knowledge of his profession; but amongst the crew he imbibed a dislike to the Royal Navy, as a service not calculated to afford the best practical knowledge of seamanship and navigation. On his return home, he found his uncle in command of the *Triumph*, 74, lying as guard-ship at Chatham, and he was invited to join that ship. Much as he esteemed his uncle, he was averse to comply; but Captain Suckling, desirous of removing the false impressions that had been made, urged upon him the many advantages to be derived in the service; and the youth reluctantly consented. A period of peace offers but a confined sphere of operation for a young naval officer; there is, in fact, little opportunity of acquiring knowledge, especially on board a guard-ship, and therefore his uncle, by way of encouragement, gave Horatio charge of the launch, that had been decked and rigged as a cutter-tender to the ship of the commanding-officer of the station. This was a situation which could not fail to be agreeable to our youth, as it gratified that ambition of distinction which was ever his ruling passion. His exultation, however, noways allayed the thirst for information which was also strong in him. His little vessel had frequently to navigate the Medway down to the Great Nore, and from thence up the Thames to the receiving-ship for volunteers and impressed men lying off the Tower of London; or down the intricate channels, and round the North Foreland to the Downs. It was a humble service; but even humble services can be well or ill performed; and in no situation in life may a young man of apt faculties fail to acquire skill that will fit him for higher callings. The boy Nelson—for such he really was—became a clever pilot for those parts, and gained a confidence in his own knowledge that increased as he grew older.

In April 1773, on the application of the Royal Society, Lord Sandwich ordered two stout bomb-ketches, the *Racehorse* and the

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Carcase, to be fitted out for the purpose of getting as far north as possible, in order to explore the much-talked-of North-west Passage. The former vessel was commanded by the Honourable Captain Phipps (afterwards Lord Mulgrave), the latter by Captain Lutwidge, both excellent seamen and scientific men. Every attention was paid to the equipment of the expedition, both for the attainment of the object and for the comfort of the people. Nelson's mind, already excited by the responsibility of command, and the acquisition of nautical knowledge, especially as a pilot, no sooner heard of the intended voyage of discovery than he became extremely solicitous to join in it. But orders had been issued that no boys were to be admitted on board of either vessel, and therefore there was no prospect of his being able to go. Still, he did not fail, at every convenient opportunity, to press the matter upon Captain Suckling, who, won by his nephew's importunity, applied to Captain Lutwidge, with whom he was upon terms of friendship, to take him in the *Carcase*. The order of the Admiralty was for some time a considerable obstacle; till, struck by the unsubdued spirit of the bold and anxious lad, the commander of the *Carcase* consented to receive him, and he was rated coxswain on the ketch's books.

The vessels sailed on the 2d June 1773, and on the 28th of the same month made the land of Spitzbergen, and ran along the coast, which was pretty clear of ice, and the weather moderate; but on the 5th July they found a barrier that opposed their further progress. The ice extended from north-west to east, without displaying any opening, the vessels having run along it from east to west more than 10 degrees. Captain Phipps then changed his course to the eastward with no better success. On the 31st July they were encompassed by ice, and by observation found themselves to be in latitude $80^{\circ} 37' N.$; the ships, separated by the massive blocks, being only two lengths from each other, and without room to swing.

On the 3d August, finding that the ice did not give way, but, on the contrary, pressed so heavily that some of the blocks were forced above the others as high as the mainyard, the officers gave orders to cut a passage through; but the progress made by the men was so small, and the dangers to which they would be exposed by wintering there so great, that Captain Phipps announced his intention of launching the boats (which had been prepared for such an exigency) over the ice, and abandoning the vessels altogether. After this undertaking had been commenced, an opening was observed; all sail was set on the two vessels, to force them along; and on the 9th, the ice becoming more loose, they moved slowly through small openings, and got past the boats, which were taken on board again. On the following day, after encountering much peril, a brisk wind from north-north-east carried them clear, and they returned to the harbour of Smeerenburg, on the coast of Spitzbergen, to repair damages.

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Young Nelson acquired much praise for his assiduity and intrepidity during the period of peril. He had charge of one of the exploring boats, and acquitted himself so well, that he gained the approbation of both Captain Phipps and his own commander. One night, whilst blocked up in the ice, a bear was observed prowling about the *Carcase*, and Nelson, who had the watch on deck, unperceived, armed himself with a musket, and, accompanied by a shipmate, went in pursuit of the animal. A heavy fog came on, and Nelson's absence being detected, a search was promptly instituted, but without effect, and he was given up for lost. As daylight advanced, however, he was discovered at a considerable distance off, and his companion about midway between him and the vessel. By the aid of the glass, Nelson was seen with his musket clubbed near to an immense white bear that was separated from him by a chasm in the ice. A gun was fired to recall him; but he hesitated to obey: at last, however, he returned, and then he related that, having presented his musket at the bear, it had missed fire; but anxious to slay the creature, he had followed, under a hope of getting a good blow at it with the butt of his weapon. The firing of the gun from the ship frightened the beast away, and probably saved the lad's life. His captain severely reprimanded him for quitting the vessel without leave, and demanded the cause of his placing himself in so much peril. 'Sir,' answered Nelson, 'I wanted to kill the bear, that I might get the skin for my father.'

After recruiting the strength of the crews, and repairing the injuries sustained from the icebergs, Captain Phipps sailed from Smeerenburg to renew his task; but finding everywhere that the barrier was impenetrable (many of the bergs being not less than three hundred feet in height), and the season getting far advanced, he bore up on the 22d August for England, where soon afterwards the vessels were paid off.

The dangers to which he had been exposed, and the hardships he had undergone, had no influence to daunt the intrepid heart of Nelson. He had increased his stock of knowledge, his mind had become more expanded, and he had gained that perfect self-confidence which generally leads to prominent results in after-life. His uncle and his father were proud of him; for both Captain Phipps and Captain Lutwidge had given him excellent certificates of conduct, and had also spoken highly of him to Captain Suckling. The voyage had not been of long duration; but in his brief career as a sailor he had visited the torrid and the frigid zone, and experienced the extremes of heat and cold; and besides being made acquainted with the difference in climates, had also been instructed in the use and practice of astronomical instruments, and otherwise improved himself in navigation.

LIFE OF NELSON.

JOINS THE ROYAL NAVY.

The exploring vessels were paid off a few days after Nelson had entered upon his fourteenth year, and he passed a short interval at the parsonage-house in Burnham-Thorpe, where he was looked upon as a hero. He then rejoined his uncle at Chatham; but understanding that the *Seahorse*, a frigate of twenty guns, was fitting for the East Indies, under the command of the celebrated Captain Farmer, whose bravery was well known, he applied to be removed into her; and through the interest of his uncle, and the recommendation of Captains Phipps and Lutwidge, he succeeded. He was not at first rated as a midshipman, though he was privileged to appear on the quarter-deck, and messed with the 'young gentlemen;' Captain Farmer's name was so famous, that parents who had destined their sons for the sea were glad to get them under so gallant a chief, and consequently the vacancies were filled; but to give him the pay of an able seaman, he was rated as a foretop-man, and in reefing and furling sails, the foretop was the station he occupied, to assist in the operation and to see it well performed. As soon as a vacancy occurred on the books, it was filled up with his name.

He joined the *Seahorse* in October 1773, very little more than a fortnight after being paid off from the *Carcass*; and now he was about to traverse the Indian Ocean. The manners of Nelson did not at first please his new messmates; his indefatigable attention to his duties did not altogether accord with their aristocratic feelings; and when they saw him dipping his hands into a tar-bucket, and assisting the men in working amongst the rigging, they looked upon it as degrading to an officer; but his amiable disposition soon conquered. In the difficulties of this crisis, he was much supported by a kindred spirit which he found in a midshipman named Thomas Troubridge, afterwards associated with him in several of his most brilliant adventures, and who, like himself, had been connected with the merchant service. Two such natures could not be near each other without forming a strong friendship: that of Nelson and Troubridge was to last for life. They were fortunate in having for the master of their vessel a gentleman named Surridge, who, sympathising in their extreme desire to advance in professional skill, took them under his especial care and tuition, and afforded them admirable nautical instruction, particularly after reaching the East Indies, when with his pupils he engaged himself in making accurate surveys in the Bay of Bengal.

At first the climate agreed with Nelson's health; he grew stout in person and florid in complexion; but his anxious zeal and untiring application preyed upon a constitution still weak. He was attacked

by fever, which reduced him to a skeleton, and for some time he lost the entire use of his limbs. The commander-in-chief, Sir Edward Hughes, would willingly have retained him upon the station ; but regard for his existence pleaded for his being sent home, though apprehensions were entertained that he could never reach England. His friend Troubridge, who attended to his wants, and nursed him with the utmost care, was greatly distressed at his situation. His disease baffled the power of medicine, and he appeared to be sinking fast, when he was put on board the *Dolphin* of 20 guns, commanded by Captain James Pigot—his old commander, Captain Farmer, giving him strong testimonials as to conduct and character. The parting between Nelson and Troubridge was very affecting—the former expecting soon to be in eternity, the latter left to toil in the duties of the naval service.

For a long time during the passage to England, Nelson's life hung tremblingly in the balance ; and had he been in less humane hands, his hammock would have been his shroud, and his grave the ocean ; but from Captain Pigot he received the most careful attention and kindness ; and to this worthy officer, under the blessing of Providence, may be attributed the rescuing of the future hero from death. On his arrival at home, about the middle of September 1776, his health was found to be improved, but he was still weak and emaciated, and labouring under that heavy depression of spirit which may truly be called sickness of heart. He had left his mess-mates happy in pursuing the line of active duty, and full of exulting hopes ; whilst he, enervated and almost helpless, had a dark cloud hanging over him, presaging a career that seemed dreary and unprofitable. Some years afterwards, when speaking upon this subject, he said : ' I felt impressed with a feeling that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties that opposed my progress, and the little interest I possessed to advance me in the service. There appeared to be no means by which I could attain the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled in my breast, and presented my sovereign and my country as my patrons, and I exclaimed : Well, then, I will yet live to be a hero, and confiding in Providence, I will fearlessly meet and brave every danger.'

This was a spirit of mingled enthusiasm and natural piety, which at all future periods animated Nelson, and supported him under every trial. Previous to his return from India, Captain Suckling had been made comptroller of the navy, an office that conferred considerable influence. When the *Dolphin* was paid off on the 24th September, Nelson was sent on board the *Worcester* of 64 guns, commanded by Captain Mark Robinson, whose name has been recorded amongst the bravest in England's naval history. He served a short time as master's mate ; but whilst lying at Spithead under

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sailing orders to convoy a fleet of transports and merchantmen to Gibraltar, one of the lieutenants committed suicide during a fit of insanity, and Nelson, at the request of his captain, was appointed acting-lieutenant in his stead by the port-admiral at Portsmouth, Sir James Douglas. He had not then entered upon his nineteenth year, nor had he passed his examination; but so excellent were his recommendations, that the utmost confidence was reposed in him; and his captain was often heard to say, that 'in the night-watches he felt equally as easy when Nelson had charge of the deck as when the oldest officer in the ship was there.' His grateful esteem was continued to Captain Robinson throughout his life.

RISES IN THE SERVICE DURING THE AMERICAN WAR.

The *Worcester* was employed with convoys till April 1777, on the 10th of which month Nelson passed his examination most triumphantly. On the following day he received his commission as second-lieutenant of the *Lowestoffe*, a frigate of 32 guns, under Captain William Locker, in which he sailed for Jamaica. At this time Britain was engaged in the disastrous war with her colonies. The *Lowestoffe*, in one of her cruises after French and American privateers, captured an American letter of marque. It was blowing a strong gale at the time, and a heavy sea running, but it was deemed necessary to board; and the boat being hoisted out, the first-lieutenant was ordered away for the purpose. Whether he disliked the job or not, he was rather long below in seeking for his side-arms. Captain Locker, during the interval, came on deck, and seeing that the boat was likely to be swamped alongside, exclaimed: 'What! have I no officer in the ship to board the prize?' The master immediately volunteered; but Nelson, whom a sense of delicacy to the first-lieutenant had kept from offering himself, instantly ran to the gangway, and stopping the master, said: 'Avast there; it is my turn now; and if I come back, it will be yours.' He jumped into the boat, and succeeded in getting upon the American's deck. He found her completely water-logged, from the heavy press of canvas she had been carrying, so that the boat was washed in board and out again with the sea.

Similar acts endeared him to Captain Locker; and the death of his uncle about this time rendered his commander's friendship the more valuable. Earnestly desirous of active employment, he obtained the command of a small schooner, tender to the frigate, and in her he cruised amongst the islands, and gained a correct knowledge of West India pilotage, particularly of the keys to the northward of Hispaniola—a cluster of small rocks and islands, which render the navigation extremely difficult. By Captain Locker's warm eulogiums and recommendations, Sir Peter Parker removed him into the *Bristol*, his flag-ship; but this change was only for a short time;

for, on the 8th of December 1778, Nelson, then about twenty years and two months old, was appointed commander of the *Badger* sloop, Collingwood taking his place as first-lieutenant of the *Bristol*. He was ordered to protect the Mosquito shore and the Bay of Honduras from the depredations of American privateers, which service he effectually performed, gaining so much grateful respect from the settlers, that they unanimously voted him their thanks. On his return to Montego Bay, Jamaica, the *Glasgow* frigate came in, and, in about two hours after her arrival, was discovered to be in flames, from the igniting of a cask of rum. Nelson repaired on board without a moment's delay, and, by his presence of mind and promptitude, was mainly instrumental in preventing the loss of life which otherwise must certainly have ensued. He continued in the *Badger* till the 11th June 1779, when (though not twenty-one) he was posted into the *Hinchinbrooke*, of 28 guns, a captured French merchantman that had been bought into the service, and Collingwood again succeeded him in the *Badger*.

Nelson was next concerned in a naval expedition against the Spanish territories in Honduras ; but this proved a disastrous affair. The troops, under the charge of a major in the army, were disembarked on this low part of the South American continent, March 24, 1780. When too late, it was found that no one knew the country, and the difficulties which presented themselves were of so formidable a character that most hearts failed. Nelson, who had charge of the nautical part of the enterprise, was not the man to be appalled by such difficulties. He mustered a party of seamen, and, with his own boats and the canoes of the Indians, ascended the river San Juan, then unusually low. Every day the hazards and labour increased under the intense heat of a scorching sun, and both banks of the river being covered with lofty trees, the circulation of air was utterly impeded, and at night the unwholesome and heavy dews saturated the clothes of the people. Sickness broke out ; but still they persevered till the 9th of April, when a battery upon the island of St Bartolomeo opened its fire upon them, and Nelson, accompanied by Captain Despard of the army, leaped upon the muddy beach at the head of a few seamen, stormed the fortification, and took it. Two days afterwards they appeared before the fortress of St Juan. Nelson advised that it should be carried at once by assault, and volunteered, as he called it, 'to head the boarders ;' but the military chief deemed it necessary to carry on a protracted siege, with all its details and formalities, and thus much time was thrown away. The fatigue and unhealthy climate rapidly thinned the ranks ; the rains set in, and disease to an alarming extent prevailed when the garrison surrendered on the 24th. Had Nelson's counsel been followed, the greater portion of these disasters might have been spared. They found the castle and town destitute of everything that was required by the sick, and devoid of all comfort and

maintenance for those who still remained on duty. At last the interment of the dead became impracticable to the living, and the putrid bodies were launched into the stream, or left for the birds to prey upon. In these circumstances, the conquest was abandoned, and out of 1800 men, not more than 380 returned; whilst, of the whole crew of the *Hinchinbrooke*, consisting of 200 men, only 10 were saved. The transports' people all died; and several of the vessels being destitute of hands, were left to sink at their anchors.

It may easily be supposed what were the feelings of Nelson under the pressure of such calamities. He had been injured by drinking from a brook into which boughs of the manchineel-tree had been thrown; and though his undaunted spirit remained unsubdued, yet sickness almost conquered his frame, and he never ceased to feel the consequences through the remainder of his life.

During the siege, Captain Glover died at Jamaica, and Nelson was appointed to his vacant command in the *Fason*, of 44 guns, Collingwood being at the same time made post on board the *Hinchinbrooke*. Nelson joined his new command; but though the admiral had him nursed at his own residence, and the best medical aid was afforded, yet his constitution was so severely affected, that it was deemed necessary that he should return to England. Accordingly he sailed in the *Lion*, 64, commanded by the Honourable William Cornwallis; and to the indefatigable care of this gallant but rough seaman, Nelson believed himself to be indebted for the prolongation of his life.

On his arrival in England, the emaciated and helpless young captain was conveyed on shore, and carried to Bath, where the effects of the change, and the waters, produced a satisfactory result; and at the end of three months he found himself so far recovered, that to remain any longer idle was distressing to him. He hastened to the metropolis, applied for employment, and in August 1781, he was appointed to the command of the *Albemarle*, 28, and was kept, during the ensuing winter, on that coldest and most unpleasant of stations—the North Sea.

The war at this time carried on against France and the United States rendered it necessary that British merchant ships, in their voyages across the Atlantic, should be protected by vessels of war. In April 1782, Nelson went with the *Albemarle* as part of a convoy to Newfoundland and Quebec, and afterwards cruised in Boston Bay. While here, he captured a fishing-schooner, and although the master of this small craft pled hard for liberty, the whole of his property being embarked in his vessel, and having a wife and family at home, Nelson was inexorable, and, retaining his vessel, kept him as pilot. The taking of helpless fishing-vessels during war has been generally condemned as an act of tyranny, and is so rarely practised, that the capture on the present occasion is only excusable in Nelson from the emergency in which he was placed. The result, at any

rate, proved that he acted from no bad feeling. Four French sail-of-the-line, and a large frigate, came out from Boston to capture the *Albemarle*, and as their sailing was superior, there was every prospect of her being taken; but Nelson, guided by the master of the captured schooner, boldly ran amongst the many shoals of St George's Bank, where his larger pursuers did not deem it advisable to follow him. The frigate continued the chase; but seeing that Nelson had thrown his main-topsail to the mast to wait for him, he discontinued his pursuit, and joined the squadron. For this service the fishing-schooner was restored to its owner, with a certificate from Nelson to secure its master from being molested by any other vessel. The grateful man afterwards came at night, at the hazard of his life, to the ship with a present of sheep, poultry, and vegetables, which proved a seasonable supply, as the scurvy was very bad amongst the seamen. The certificate then given is still preserved in Boston.

In October 1782, the *Albemarle* was ordered to take a convoy from Quebec to New York, where Nelson found Lord Hood, and accompanied him to the West Indies. Here he was introduced to Prince William Henry (afterwards king of England), who was a midshipman in the flag-ship, the *Barfleur*, 98. Their first interview was rather remarkable. As a matter of course, his Royal Highness had heard much of Nelson, and picturing his appearance and stature in accordance with the fame he had acquired, he expected to see something noble-looking and gigantic. His surprise was great when he found him 'the merest boy of a captain he had ever seen, dressed in a full gold-laced uniform coat, an old-fashioned white waistcoat, slashed in front, and the flaps hanging down over his thighs, white knee-breeches, buckles in his shoes, and his hair, lank and unpowdered, tied behind in a stiff Hessian tail of considerable length.' His Royal Highness could not conceive who he was, or what he wanted; but Lord Hood soon solved the mystery by an introduction, and telling the prince that 'if he wished for any information upon naval tactics, he knew of no officer of the fleet more capable of affording it.' From this period the prince became the firm friend of Nelson, and declared that 'his address and conversation were irresistibly pleasing; and when he spoke on professional subjects, it was with an enthusiasm that evidenced how much his whole soul was engaged in them.'

From his earliest years Nelson possessed a happy power of making friends, and the still happier power of securing their friendship when once it was gained. His character was firm, but mild and conciliating; and though the ebullitions of temper, arising from the irritation caused by bodily infirmities, would at times manifest themselves, yet these instances were rare; and no one could be more ready to offer an apology, or make an atonement, when he conceived that his words or actions had been harsh or unjust. The seamen loved him with

a fervour peculiar to their character; for though he was strict in discipline, he was ever ready to give encouragement, and never flinched from his own duty, however severe. He led them in their enterprises, bore more than a due proportion of their hardships, and in difficult circumstances indulged in no better fare than themselves. To the officers under him he was considerate and kind; and when a youngster who had never before washed his hands in salt water joined him, he invariably made it a rule to encourage him in every possible way, probably remembering what he had himself suffered when he first stepped on board a ship of war. We shall give an instance of his readiness to render justice to every one. It appears that Lord Hood placed great reliance on his judgment and skill. His lordship, apprehensive that the French would endeavour to escape through some of the intricate passages of the Bahamas, said to Nelson: 'I suppose, sir, from the length of time you were cruising among the Bahama Keys, you must have a good knowledge of the pilotage?' Nelson replied: 'It is true, my lord, I have made myself well acquainted with the different channels, but in that respect my *second-lieutenant* is by far my superior.'

Intelligence was received that the French had got into Puerto Cabello, on the coast of Venezuela, and Nelson took his station between that port and La Guayra, where he cruised under French colours. It happened that one of the royal launches belonging to the Spaniards, deceived by the appearance of the *Albemarle*, came within hail of her, and the officers were invited in the French language to 'come on board.' They did so without hesitation, and freely gave information respecting the numbers and force of the enemy. The officers and crew of the launch, supposing that the frigate was recently from France, were anxious to obtain intelligence of what was passing in that country, and their surprise may be conjectured when they found themselves prisoners. Nelson, however, treated them with the utmost urbanity; the men were supplied with food by the brave tars, and the officers (amongst whom was a prince of the German Empire, and brother to the heir of the Electorate of Bavaria, with several Frenchmen of distinction, who, in the pursuit of science, were collecting specimens in the various departments of natural history) were regaled at Nelson's own table with the best his ship afforded. Nevertheless they were not much at ease when they looked upon themselves as captives, and their scientific pursuits arrested. For a short interval Nelson enjoyed their embarrassment and chagrin; but he was too noble-minded to triumph over distress when it was in his power to relieve it; and therefore, with all the generosity characteristic of his nature, he told them 'they were perfectly free, and might depart with their boat and all in it as soon as they wished;' and it may be truly believed that no one was better pleased with this act than Nelson himself.

In the beginning of 1783, war between England and France and

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Spain ceased, and the unhappy and ill-conceived contest with the American colonists was likewise terminated. Nelson returned home, and his ship was paid off at Portsmouth (July 31). He had, before this time, formed an attachment to a young lady, daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, and he was desirous of marrying; but his narrow circumstances forbade their union, and he was even induced to reside for some time in France, that he might economise his half-pay. Returning early in the ensuing year, he obtained an appointment to the *Boreas*, 28 guns, ready to sail for the Leeward Islands with the lady of the commander-in-chief, Sir Richard Hughes, and her family. Being on the peace establishment, the frigate's complement of officers was considerably increased. There were not fewer than thirty young gentlemen as volunteers of the first class, and midshipmen; and Nelson generously took upon himself the task of superintending their nautical education, and never missed a day visiting the school-room, and personally aiding the youngsters in their studies. Nor did his benevolence stop here; for, being an excellent practical seaman himself, he lost no opportunity of imparting the best instruction to 'his boys.' If he saw any of the lads manifest symptoms of fear on first going aloft, he would ascend the rigging himself, to shew how easily it might be accomplished; and by these means he created a stimulus that never failed to produce the best effects.

In the course of his service at this period, Nelson shewed that he was not only a bold and able seaman, but a man of a sagacious and determined mind. Previous to the American colonies declaring their independence of England, they enjoyed, almost exclusively, the trade with the West India Islands; and, taking advantage of their vessels still retaining British registers, they continued to carry on their traffic as subjects of Great Britain, to the injury of the loyalists who had settled in Nova Scotia. The Navigation Act of England expressly prohibited all foreigners from carrying on trade with the West Indies, and Nelson, considering the Americans as foreigners since their separation from the mother-country, resolved to carry out the provisions of the act to its fullest extent. He gave the Americans warning of his intention, and sent many away, that it might not be charged upon him that he had taken undue advantage of them. He apprised the admiral, Sir Richard Hughes, of his design, who at first gave it his sanction, but subsequently withdrew it, and sent Nelson a written order not to proceed. Major-general Sir Thomas Shirley, governor of the Leeward Islands, also opposed the captain of the *Boreas*, and at an interview between the two officers, Sir Thomas angrily exclaimed that 'old generals were not in the habit of taking advice from young gentlemen.' To which Nelson replied: 'Sir, the prime-minister of England is not older than I am, and I think myself as capable of commanding one of his Majesty's ships as Mr Pitt is of governing the state.'

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The alternative with him was, that he must either disobey the order of the admiral, or render acts of parliament a nullity ; and therefore, relying on his integrity, he wrote to the admiral, declining obedience to his instruction. Sir Richard was extremely angry, and would have superseded Nelson ; but the flag-captain dissuaded him from it, and told him that the whole squadron considered the order illegal. The admiral afterwards became convinced of his error, and thanked Nelson for having shewn it to him.

Nelson prepared to act with promptitude, in which he was joined by his old friend Collingwood, who commanded the *Mediator* frigate, and his brother, who commanded the *Rattler* sloop. At Nevis, four Americans were seized, both hulls and cargoes, and condemned in the Admiralty Court. The owners instituted suits against Nelson, and laid their damages at £40,000. Frequent attempts were made to arrest him ; but through the address of his first-lieutenant, Mr Wallis, he escaped the process. One day an officer, remarking upon the harassment and restraint under which he laboured, happened to use the word 'pity.' Nelson sharply answered : 'Pity, did you say? I shall live, sir, to be envied, and to that point I shall always direct my course.' Representations being made to the king, orders were sent out that he should be defended at the expense of the crown, and at his suggestions the Registry Act was framed.

This approbation of his sovereign and the government could not but be welcome to him ; but when the thanks of the treasury were transmitted to Sir Richard Hughes for that which Nelson had performed in defiance of the admiral, he felt both offended and indignant ; under a conviction, however, that he had fulfilled his duty, he took no further notice of the affair.

While on the West India station, Nelson married (March 11, 1787) Mrs Nisbet, widow of a physician in Nevis, and niece of Mr Herbert, the president of that island. Mr Herbert, it appears, had been offended with his daughter, and expressed a determination to bequeath all his property to his niece : but Nelson's noble mind scorned to profit by such a resolve : he unceasingly pleaded for the daughter, and at length succeeded in accomplishing a reconciliation between Mr Herbert and his child.

Nelson's unaccommodating integrity brought him at this time into discredit with certain Admiralty functionaries. Becoming aware, and obtaining proofs of vast frauds being practised on government in the West Indies, he transmitted the information to the proper quarter, and for his pains was ordered to return with his vessel to England. This was a gross and most undeserved indignity ; for no officer had conducted himself with more ability. On his return he was attacked by fever and sore throat, but he never quitted his ship ; and when orders arrived for her to be paid off, he solemnly declared his intention to resign his commission, and for this purpose he immediately waited upon the first lord of the Admiralty. Lord Howe

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conversed with him for some time, and having become fully satisfied of his rigid integrity and honour, his lordship presented him to the king, who received him graciously. Pleased with his reception, he not only remained in the service, but, by dint of exertion, brought the speculators to justice, and caused an immense saving to government.

Having no command, he took his wife and son-in-law to visit his father at Burnham-Thorpe, where he occupied himself in field-sports and agriculture, Mrs Nelson generally accompanying him. But he was not suffered to remain in perfect quiet. The Americans renewed their vexatious actions, laying the damages at £20,000; and he would have quitted England for France, had he not received the assurances of the administration that all necessary protection and support would be afforded to him.

CAREER DURING THE FRENCH WAR.

We have now to follow Nelson into the heat of the great war in which he obtained such high distinction. Hitherto, his adventurous character had enjoyed but limited scope; now, it was to be afforded a wide field for exertion. The French having declared war against Great Britain, February 1, 1793, a contest began, which soon brought Spain and Holland into union with France, and caused the English, with some wretched allies, to maintain one of the most tremendous struggles known in history. In anticipation of this event, the British navy was strengthened, and Nelson, among other adventurers, applied for an appointment. After repeated applications, he was successful, and procured the command of the *Agamemnon*, 64 guns, with an entirely new company of men; these in a short time he had the address to train up to an equality with any seamen in the service.

The *Agamemnon* left England in the squadron of Admiral Hotham, to join Lord Hood in the Mediterranean. The object of this expedition was to aid the French royalists who stood out against the Revolution; and by that unfortunate party Toulon was surrendered to the English and Spanish fleets, in trust for the nominal sovereign of France, Louis XVII.

Previous to Lord Hood entering the port, the *Agamemnon* was sent with dispatches for Sir William Hamilton, the ambassador at Naples; and Nelson, having executed his commission, was ordered to join Commodore Linzee at Tunis. Whilst running along the coast of Sardinia, he discovered five vessels supposed to be enemies, and immediately gave chase. They proved to be three 44-gun frigates, a corvette of 24 guns, and a brig of 12—making a total force of 168 guns and about 1400 men; whilst the *Agamemnon* carried 70 guns, and could muster only 345 men at quarters. Notwithstanding this

immense disparity, Nelson engaged one of the frigates (the *Melpomene*), and would certainly have captured her, but for the others coming up to her relief. She was so mauled, that the French made no pursuit of the *Agamemnon*, but remained by their consort to render her assistance. Nelson would have been mad to have awaited the conjoined attack of a squadron so vastly superior in strength; he therefore pursued his course to Tunis, and shortly afterwards was sent with a small squadron to act with the troops under General Paoli in Corsica, against the domination of France. Whilst cruising with his squadron off St Fiorenzo, he landed with 120 men, and destroyed a storehouse filled with flour for the French garrison, which stood near their only mill. This mill he burned, and after throwing the flour into the sea, re-embarked without the loss of a single man, though 1000 soldiers had been sent against him. His constant activity afloat intercepted all supplies to the enemy; and day and night he was engaged in cutting out vessels from the bays and ports upon the coast, or assaulting the French forts and outposts.

These attacks not only afforded sharp practice for his crew, but they tended also greatly to alarm and annoy the enemy. Troops were landed under General Dundas, and on the evacuation of Toulon, Lord Hood also repaired to the spot. The French quitted St Fiorenzo, and retreated across the neck of land at the northern extremity of the island to the strong fortress of Bastia, which the British proposed to assault; but General Dundas considered it impracticable. This did not exactly suit the temperament of Nelson, who declared that 'with 500 men, he would have stormed the town, under a full conviction that he should have carried it.' Lord Hood determined upon laying siege to the place; but neither Dundas nor General D'Aubant, who succeeded to the command of the army, would render any aid, and the siege was commenced, in defiance of the generals, with 1183 soldiers, artillerymen, and marines, and 250 sailors—there being then five good regiments idle at St Fiorenzo.

Nelson was now greatly exhilarated; he served on shore with the rank of brigadier, and not only personally superintended the erecting of batteries and getting guns up the mountains, but also frequently lent a hand to the more laborious part. The siege was carried on with vigour by this handful of men. On the 19th May the enemy offered to capitulate. The five idle regiments marched over from St Fiorenzo; and the next morning those who had not been allowed by their commander-in-chief to share in the peril and the toil, entered Bastia to reap the reward; but not till 4000 soldiers, who defended the place, had laid down their arms to about 1200 soldiers, marines, and seamen. The commanders of the idle troops received applause; Nelson, on whom the weight of service principally devolved, was not even mentioned, except by his admiral, Lord Hood, who spoke of him in the highest terms.

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Calvi still held out; and after a short cruise, in which a French fleet, coming out to relieve the island, was forced to retire under the security of their batteries on shore, the siege of Calvi was begun, Sir Charles Stuart having command of the land forces, and Nelson working with might and main at the advanced batteries. In a letter to Lord Hood he remarks: 'We will fag ourselves to death before any blame shall lie at our doors. I trust it will not be forgotten that twenty-five pieces of heavy ordnance have been dragged to the different batteries, mounted, and all but three fought by seamen, except one artilleryman to point the guns.' At this time Nelson suffered severely from the diseases incidental to the climate, as well as from his arduous exertions and anxiety of mind; added to these, a shot striking the battery near him, forced a small piece of stone into his right eye, and deprived him of the sight of it for ever. His head also was much cut; but he only lay aside for one day; and then, though suffering much from pain, returned with renewed alacrity to his duty. The utmost notice he took of this misfortune was in a letter to his relation, William Suckling, Esq., in which he says: 'You will be surprised when I say I was wounded in the head by stones from the merlon of our battery. My right eye is cut entirely down, but the surgeons flatter me I shall not entirely lose my sight of that eye. At present I can distinguish light from dark, but no object. It confined me one day, when, thank God, I was able to attend to my duty.'

On the 10th August 1794, Calvi surrendered. It would most probably have done so earlier had Nelson's counsel been acted upon; but there appears to have been some jealousy between the chiefs of the army and navy; and this is more evident from General Stuart making scarcely any mention of Captain Nelson in his dispatches, notwithstanding that it was well known the gallant seaman had rendered the most important services, and was mainly instrumental to the success that was achieved. Lord Hood's account did very little more than refer to Nelson's exertions; and neither the general nor the admiral said one word about the loss of Nelson's sight. His journal, however, in which he had noted down every day's occurrence during the siege, was forwarded to the Admiralty.

The taking of Calvi put the English in possession of Corsica, and here Nelson found his antagonist, the *Melpomene*, which he states to be 'the most beautiful frigate I ever saw.' In speaking of the weather, he remarks: 'The climate here from July to October is most unfavourable for military operations. It is now what we call the dog-days; here it is termed the Leon Sun: no person can endure it: we have upwards of 1000 sick out of 2000, and the others not better than so many phantoms. We have lost many men from the season, very few from the enemy. I am here the reed amongst the oaks; and the prevailing disorders have attacked me, but I have

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not strength for them to fasten. I bow before the storm, whilst the sturdy oak is laid low.'

It may naturally be conjectured that, to a sanguine mind like Nelson's, the marked neglect he experienced from his superiors would have repressed his ardour; but, greatly to his credit, it only served to incite him to stronger efforts, as if he were to force himself by his deeds alone to that pinnacle of fame which he subsequently attained. In a letter to his sister, complaining of the treatment he had received, he adds: 'But never mind, I will some day have a gazette of my own.' This he well fulfilled; and it must be added to his praise, that when he had his own gazettes, the merits of *his* inferior officers were never forgotten.

After the fall of Calvi, Nelson proceeded to Genoa in the *Agamemnon*, which ship he would not quit, though several seventy-fours had been offered to him, preferring to remain with his brave Norfolkmen, who had so faithfully served with him. At Genoa the doge behaved to him with great courtesy. Lord Hood was ordered home, and Vice-admiral Hotham succeeding to the chief command in the Mediterranean, Nelson was especially appointed to watch the French fleet in Toulon, which, by the junction of ships from Gourjeau Bay, consisted of sixteen sail-of-the-line, ten frigates and corvettes, whose intentions, it was supposed, were the retaking of Corsica, now formally annexed to the crown of Great Britain. There were likewise seven sail-of-the-line on the stocks, and the *neutral* state of Genoa was liberally supplying the French with materials. Admiral Hotham, whilst at Leghorn, received intelligence that the Toulon fleet had put to sea, and with his whole force he immediately went in search of it. He had fourteen sail-of-the-line, and a Neapolitan 74; but the English ships were scarcely more than half-manned—only 7650 men amongst the whole. The enemy, besides the superiority in vessels, had not fewer than 16,900 men.

The two fleets met. That of France had been sent out purposely to fight the English; but when in sight of the British flag they had no desire to engage; for, after manœuvring a whole day, they took to flight, and Admiral Hotham went in chase, during which the *Ca-Ira*, 84, lost her fore and main topmasts, and the *Inconstant* frigate being the nearest, fired at her, but was obliged to sheer off. A French frigate took the 84 in tow, whilst the *Sans Culottes*, 120, and the *Jean Barras*, kept pretty close on her weather-bow. Nelson's eagerness to get into the fight induced him to carry sail till he had distanced every ship in his own fleet by several miles. Still he pressed on, purposing to reserve his fire till he was nearly touching the Frenchman's stern; but finding that her stern-chase guns were admirably pointed, so that almost every shot struck the *Agamemnon*, he yawed about from starboard to port, and from port to starboard, delivering his broadsides with great precision, rending the canvas of the enemy into ribbons, and carrying away her mizzen-topmast,

and cross jack-yard. This manœuvre he practised two hours and a half, till the other line-of-battle ships came to the support of the *Ca-Ira*. The admiral made the signal for the van ships to join him, with which Nelson complied. Notwithstanding this sharp encounter, the *Agamemnon* had only six men hurt—the *Ca-Ira* lost 110 men.

At daylight the following morning, the body of the French fleet was seen about five miles distant, the *Ca-Ira*, and the *Censeur*, 74, that had her in tow, being about a mile and a half astern of the rest. Signal was made by the English admiral to cut these ships off, and again the crew of the *Agamemnon* not only engaged their colossal opponent of the day previous, but also the *Censeur*, both of which subsequently struck.

On securing the two prizes, Nelson hastened to Admiral Hotham, and proposed that, while two of the English seventy-fours which had been most crippled, and four frigates, should be left in charge of the captured ships, the rest of the fleet should follow up the advantage gained: but the admiral expressed himself contented; adding: 'We have done very well.' In a letter commenting on this affair, Nelson says: 'Now, had we taken ten sail, and allowed the eleventh to have escaped when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it well done. Goodall backed me; I got him to write to the admiral; but it would not do. We should have had such a day as, I believe, the annals of England never produced. I wish to be an admiral, and in command of the English fleet. Sure I am, had I commanded on the 14th, that either the whole of the French fleet would have graced my triumph, or I should have been in a dreadful scrape.' Certain it is that, with the spirit manifested by the seamen, much more ought to have been done. It is true that the Admiralty, with a petty parsimony, had very injuriously neglected the naval force in the Mediterranean: these ships were in bad condition, and the dépôts were nearly empty of stores, nor was there a single lower mast to be obtained at Gibraltar.

About this time Admiral Man arrived with a squadron of five sail-of-the-line; but even with this reinforcement the English were much inferior to the French in numbers, so that the arrival of a Neapolitan 74 to strengthen them was hailed with joy. Nelson complained very much of this recklessness in the administration; they, however, made him a colonel of marines, a mark of distinction that pleased him. He was now sent, with a squadron of eight frigates under his command, to co-operate with the Austrian general, De Vins. He left the English fleet at St Fiorenzo, but fell in with the French fleet off Cape del Mele, who chased his squadron back to St Fiorenzo; and Admiral Hotham got underway as soon as possible to drive them off. Only a partial action ensued, in which *L'Alcide*, a French 74, struck, but afterwards

caught fire and was destroyed. The *Agamemnon* was again sharply engaged; but Admiral Hotham called her off, and the French fleet got into Frejus Bay. Nelson pursued his course with his squadron; and through his advice to the British envoy, Mr Drake, put a stop to the traffic of neutrals with the French. He also projected a series of conquests over the armies of Bonaparte; but the Austrian general manifested much backwardness, and Admiral Hotham acted upon a cautious system detrimental to the public service. The neutral port of Genoa was filled with small French privateers and rowboats, that went out in the evening and picked up any English merchant vessel that was unfortunate enough to fall in their way. At length an Austrian commissary, with £10,000 in money, travelling on neutral ground between Genoa and Vado, was robbed of the whole amount at Voltri by the boat's crew of a French frigate then lying at Genoa; and on the following day men were publicly entered in the streets of that city for the French service; consequently all neutral disguise was at an end. Nelson, who had long suspected the faith of the Austrians, became satisfied of the treachery that was practising, but possessed a force totally inadequate to prevent the consequences that were likely to ensue. Sir Hyde Parker, who had for the time succeeded Admiral Hotham in the command, reduced his strength still more by withdrawing every ship except a frigate and a brig; yet even with these he still persevered unflinchingly, till the disgraceful defeat of the Austrian army; General De Vins, under pretence of illness, having resigned his command in the middle of the battle. Never was victory more complete on the part of the French; never was cowardice more powerfully manifested than by the Austrians.

This defeat of our allies placed the Genoese coast, from Savona to Voltri, in the hands of the French; and Nelson, finding he could no longer be of material service, went to Leghorn to refit. On being hauled into dock, the *Agamemnon*, though strapped with hawsers round the hull, could barely be held together, and her masts, yards, sails, and rigging were miserably cut and rent. She was, after much labour, patched up and repaired, and sailed for St Fiorenzo Bay, where, to his great gratification, Nelson found Sir John Jervis, who had assumed the entire command of the Mediterranean fleet. The manner in which the admiral received Captain Nelson was highly flattering and grateful to the latter, who, at Sir John's request, resumed his station in the Gulf of Genoa, to act against Bonaparte, who was then at the head of the army in Italy. Here he acted with great promptitude and vigilance, till orders arrived from the British government to evacuate Corsica; and Nelson was employed in bringing away the troops and stores. Having performed this rather degrading task, he was ordered to hoist a broad pennant, with the rank of commodore, on board the *Minerva* frigate, and proceed to Porto Ferrago, with the *Blanche*

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frigate under his command. On the passage they fell in with two Spanish frigates, one of which the *Minerva* captured, after a smart action. She had scarcely taken possession of her prize, when another Spanish frigate came up, and a second engagement ensued. This new opponent, however, after an hour's fighting, hauled off; and a Spanish squadron, of two ships-of-the-line and two frigates, heaving in sight, Nelson was compelled to abandon his prize and retire. All credit for these gallant actions Nelson attributed to his captain, George Cockburn, and the excellent crew he commanded.

BATTLE OFF CAPE ST VINCENT.

Having fulfilled his orders at Porto Ferrago, he went in search of the admiral; but in the mouth of the straits he was, on the 11th February 1797, chased by two Spanish ships-of-the-line, and soon afterwards came in sight of the whole Spanish fleet. On the 13th he was enabled to communicate this to Sir John Jervis, whom he found off Cape St Vincent. He was then ordered to shift his broad pennant to the *Captain*, 74, Captain R. W. Miller. On the morning of the 14th, day broke with light winds and foggy weather, and the Spanish fleet was discovered through the haze much scattered, while the British ships preserved close order of battle; and by carrying a press of sail, passed through the Spanish fleet, so as to cut off nine ships from the main body. The Spanish admiral, who was to windward, attempted to join his ships to leeward, which Nelson, who was in the rear, perceiving, he had no sooner passed the rear of the windward ships of the enemy than, notwithstanding the signal from Sir John Jervis to tack in succession, he ordered the *Captain* to be wore round, and stood towards the Spaniards, thus frustrating their union. The sixth ship from the Spanish rear was the *Santissima Trinidad*, of 136 guns upon four decks, carrying the flag of the Spanish admiral. Without a moment's hesitation, Nelson, in his little 74, not only engaged this truly formidable opponent, but had also to contend against her seconds, ahead and astern, each of three decks.

Nelson's manœuvre, and the purport of it, was quickly revealed to the British fleet, and the most enthusiastic admiration, mingled with anxiety, pervaded every breast as they saw three or four other large Spanish ships gathering round him. His old messmate, Troubridge, in the *Culloden* 74, hastened to his support, and was followed by the *Blenheim*, 90, Captain Frederick, who took off the heat of the fire from the *Captain*. The brave Collingwood, in the *Excellent*, soon afterwards joined in the fight, and one or two of the Spaniards hauled down their colours. Rear-admiral Parker, with the *Prince George*, *Orion*, *Irresistible*, and *Diadem*, were on the advance; and the Spanish admiral, instead of joining his ships to leeward, made signal for his fleet to haul their wind on the larboard tack, and make sail.

Nelson, after quitting the *Santissima Trinidad*, engaged the *San*

Josef, a three-decker, carrying a rear-admiral's flag, and the *San Nicholas*, 80, till these latter two ships got foul of each other, when the commodore ordered the boarders to be called, and the helm of the *Captain* being clapped a-starboard, her sprit-sail yard hooked in the main-rigging of the *San Nicholas*, and that desperate rush of seamen, which must be witnessed to be properly understood, ensued. Lieutenant Berry boarded by the mizzen-rigging of the enemy, the commodore entered by the quarter-gallery window; but the affray did not last long; the Spanish brigadier fell whilst retreating to his quarter-deck; and the *San Nicholas* was soon in full possession of her conquerors.

The stern windows of the *San Josef* were directly over the weather-beam of the *San Nicholas*, and from these and the poop the Spaniards kept up a galling fire of musketry upon the British in the prize; but Nelson was equal to this emergency, and calling for more men from the *Captain*, he shouted: 'Westminster Abbey, or glorious victory!' and, taking the lead, boarded the three-decker: a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck rail and said 'they surrendered.' Nelson ascended to the quarter-deck, where he received the sword of the Spanish captain, who stated that the admiral was 'below dying of his wounds.' The officers in succession tendered the commodore their swords, which he passed to a Norfolk-man, one of his old Agamemnons, who tucked them under his left arm with the same composure as if collecting sticks for a fagot. To estimate properly the nature of the victory which Nelson had achieved, it may be mentioned that, while the Spanish fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail-of-the-line and nine frigates—the whole carrying 2282 guns—the British fleet amounted to fifteen sail-of-the-line, four frigates, and three smaller vessels, carrying an aggregate of 1232 guns.

As soon as the battle was over, Nelson went on board the admiral's ship. Sir John Jervis took the commodore in his arms on the quarter-deck, and declared that 'he could not sufficiently thank him.' Yet in his public dispatches the admiral made no particular mention of Nelson, or his gallant achievement by which the conquest was gained. The commander-in-chief, who did scarcely anything, was created Earl St Vincent, with a pension of £3000 a year; and the intrepid and heroic Nelson (whose rank as rear-admiral was on its way to him at the time of the action) received the Order of the Bath. The real facts, however, could not be long concealed from the nation; the public press teemed with the gallant exploit; applause and congratulations poured in from all quarters; and though Sir John Jervis got the earldom, it was Nelson who received all the honour.

Soon afterwards, Sir Horatio hoisted his flag (blue at the mizzen) in the *Theseus*, 74, having Captain Miller under him. This ship had been prominent in the mutiny in England; but the rear-admiral had not long been on board before a paper was picked up on the quarter-deck with these words: 'Success attend Admiral Nelson!

God bless Captain Miller! We thank them for the officers they have placed over us. We are happy and comfortable, and will shed every drop of blood in our veins to support them; and the name of the *Theseus* shall be immortalised as high as the *Captain's*.

At the blockade of Cadiz, Sir Horatio had the command of the in-shore squadron; and in a boat action at night his barge got alongside of a large Spanish launch of twenty-six men. Nelson had only his ten bargemen, Captain Freemantle, and John Sykes, his coxswain. The contest was desperate—hand to hand with cutlasses. Sykes twice saved the admiral's life by receiving the blows—once upon his own head—that were intended for his chief. Eighteen of the enemy were killed, and all the rest wounded, including the commandant: the launch was captured.

About a fortnight after this encounter the rear-admiral led an expedition against the island of Teneriffe; but it utterly failed; though even in this instance the character of Englishmen was respected by the Spaniards. Nelson was stepping out of his boat at the landing, when a shot struck his right elbow and shattered it. He had drawn his sword which was given him by his uncle Captain Suckling; the blow forced him to drop it; but catching it with his left hand, remarked that 'he had promised never to part with it while he lived.' His son-in-law, Lieutenant Nisbet, got him into the boat, and, whilst rowing off to the *Theseus* under the enemy's guns, the *Fox* cutter was sunk by a shot, and 97 men perished in her. Nelson ordered his boat to the assistance of those who were swimming; and, notwithstanding the great anguish he was suffering, personally assisted in rescuing many from death: 83 were saved. On getting on board his own ship, his arm was amputated, and his mind appears to have taken a rather gloomy view of his future prospects. He returned to England, where distinguished honours awaited him. The freedom of the cities of London and Bristol were presented to him, and he was awarded a pension of £1000 a year. The requisite memorial of his services stated that he had been four times engaged with fleets, and no less than one hundred and twenty times in action; had assisted at the capture of seven sail-of-the-line, six frigates, four corvettes, eleven privateers of different sizes, and taken or destroyed nearly fifty sail of merchant vessels. On his appearance at court, after being invested with the Order of the Bath, the king received him most graciously, and consoled with him on the loss he had sustained, which he feared might deprive the country of his future services. Nelson replied: 'I can never think *that* a loss which the performance of my duty has occasioned; and so long as I have a foot to stand on, I will combat for my king and country.'

When the rear-admiral's arm was amputated, a nerve had been taken up with, or instead of, an artery, and the constant irritation and anguish this caused almost wore out his already shattered frame; the ligature at last came away, and he was freed from pain. On the

occasion of his recovery, with that pious feeling which has been already remarked as a feature of his character, he transmitted a note of thanks to the minister of St George's, Hanover Square: 'An officer desires to return thanks to Almighty God for his perfect recovery from a severe wound, and also for the many mercies bestowed on him.'

BATTLE OF THE NILE.

At the close of 1797, Sir Horatio hoisted his flag in the *Vanguard*, 74, and on the 29th April 1798 he joined Earl St Vincent off Cadiz. The next day he was detached from the commander-in-chief with two seventy-fours, two frigates, and a sloop of war, and was shortly afterwards joined by Troubridge in the *Culloden*, with ten more sail-of-the-line, the whole intended to watch the proceedings of an expedition then fitting out at Toulon, and supposed to be destined for Malta and Egypt. The first news Nelson received of this armament was, that it had taken Malta, and he prepared to attack the fleet at anchor; but further intelligence told him that it had already sailed; and still conjecturing they were gone to Egypt, thither did Nelson follow. He arrived off Alexandria on the 28th of June; but the French were not there, and he returned to Sicily without obtaining any information of them. Through the secret agency of Sir William Hamilton, the ambassador at Naples, he obtained requisite supplies, and again renewed his search, endeavouring to gain intelligence wherever he could; till at last he resolved once more to visit Alexandria, where, on the forenoon of the 1st August 1798, he saw the French fleet at anchor in Aboukir Bay, and made immediate dispositions for the attack. The English had thirteen ships-of-the-line, all seventy-fours, and one 50, carrying in the whole 1012 guns and 8068 men. The French had the same number of line-of-battle ships, of which there was one of 120 guns and three of 80: there were, besides, four frigates. The number of their men was 11,230, and the number of guns 1196. Nelson's plan was to double upon the French, and anchor his ships, one on the outer bow, and another on the outer quarter of each ship of the enemy's as far as his force would extend. A heavy cannonade commenced as the British advanced; but not a shot was returned, as the crews were aloft furling sails. At length, when anchored mostly by the stern, the English opened a destructive fire. The *Vanguard* had six colours flying in different parts of the rigging; and the whole of the ships being judiciously placed, the battle raged with the utmost fury. Unfortunately the *Culloden* took the ground; and though she served as a beacon to warn others of the danger, yet she could not join the fight. It was quite dark before the whole of the fleet had anchored.

It was about the middle of the action, and after several French

ships had struck, that Nelson was severely cut on the head by either a heavy splinter or langrage; the skin of his forehead was stript away, and hung down over his face. He was carried below to the cockpit, and, from the great effusion of blood, it was feared the wound was mortal. The surgeon hurrying to examine him, he exclaimed: 'No, I will take my turn with my brave fellows;' and believing himself to be dying, he signed a post-captain's commission for Thomas Hardy, who commanded the *Mutine* brig. When the surgeon had examined the wound, and pronounced it to be a severe flesh wound that was not mortal, the utmost joy prevailed; and as soon as it was dressed, he sat down and began the official letter which appeared in the *Gazette*. The largest of the French ships, *L'Orient*, carrying the flag of Admiral Brueys, took fire, and the flames, amidst the darkness of night, rendered the colours of both fleets distinguishable. Nelson, with his head bandaged, and almost deprived of sight, found his way to the quarter-deck of the *Vanguard*, and despatched boats to rescue all they could from the burning pile; but about ten o'clock she blew up with an explosion that shook every ship, and from the awe which the spectacle occasioned, reduced every vessel on both sides to silence for several minutes. The cannonading was partially continued till three in the morning, when it ceased, leaving the English in possession of nine French ships-of-the-line. Two were burnt; and two, with a couple of frigates, effected their escape. Of the other two frigates, one was sunk; the second, after hauling down her colours, was set fire to by her captain, and destroyed. The loss of the English, in killed and wounded, was 895; that of the French, 5225; the rest, including the wounded, were sent on shore.

As soon as the conquest was completed, Nelson ordered on board every ship a thanksgiving for the victory which had blessed his Majesty's arms; and the solemn stillness that prevailed throughout the fleet during the performance of this ceremony made a deep impression upon both friends and foes. Nelson had been well aware that the object of the French army was to attack our possessions in the East Indies; and now that this was frustrated, he despatched an officer to Bombay, who conveyed information to the governor of the total destruction of the fleet, and thus was prevented an enormous outlay for defensive operations, which had been already begun.

The victory of the Nile was received by the nation with delight, for it was felt to have at once frustrated the designs of Bonaparte, and vastly elevated the reputation of the British navy. So highly were Nelson's achievements on this occasion esteemed, that he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Nelson of the Nile, and a pension of £2000 a year was granted for his own life and two successors. The parliament of Ireland also granted him a pension of £1000 per annum; the East India Company presented him with

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£10,000 ; and various other gifts were bestowed from different bodies in England : whilst from Turkey, Sicily, Naples, Sardinia, &c. rich presents were forwarded.

It is delightful, amidst all Nelson's successes in the cruel business of war, to find symptoms of his generous nature continually breaking out. When the government was distributing its honours, he was particularly anxious that his old friend Troubridge and his first-lieutenant should not be overlooked. But the *Culloden* having been stranded in the commencement of the action, it seemed quite impossible to official judgment that her officers should be in any way distinguished. Nelson pleaded earnestly against this decision. 'It was Troubridge,' he said, 'who equipped the squadron so soon at Syracuse ; it was Troubridge who exerted himself for me after the action ; it was Troubridge who saved the *Culloden*, when none that I know in the service would have attempted it.' It is distressing to add that these disinterested solicitations did not prevail with respect to Troubridge ; Nelson only obtained permission to promote the lieutenant on the first vacancy.

Seventeen days after the battle, Nelson quitted Aboukir Bay for Naples, where he arrived on the 22d of September, in a state of the greatest weakness, in consequence of a severe illness which had attacked him on the passage. The Neapolitans and their court, apprised of his victory by two vessels which had preceded him, received him with all possible honours. He remained at this city till December, and it was on this occasion that his hitherto respectable character was first tarnished by a disgraceful connection with Lady Hamilton, which proved the bane of his future existence. It is painful to see dishonour thus at length fall, in the midst of great triumphs, upon one who had been entirely amiable and pure while struggling with all kinds of adverse circumstances. The worst, however, was not yet come. We have now to trace the career of Nelson through a more historical dishonour ; partly, however, the result of the other. Naples was at this time overpowered by the French arms, and all that Nelson could do was to carry off the imbecile king and his court to Palermo. Aided by the French, a small party of Neapolitans, including many of the nobility, formed a republican government ; but it did not last long. A change in the state of the French armies caused the withdrawal of most of the troops from Naples. The opportunity was taken by the king's friends to restore his sway. The handful of leading patriots could only throw themselves into two forts, and capitulate for their lives and property. At this crisis Nelson entered on the scene with his fleet, and, full of fervour for the interests of the king, and to gratify Lady Hamilton, he interfered to annul the terms of the capitulation. The unfortunate republicans were handed over to the vengeance of the court, which was sanguinary in the extreme. Nelson caused the aged Prince Caraccioli to be tried by his enemies, and immediately

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hanged at the yard-arm of a Neapolitan vessel. His generous nature seems to have been on this occasion completely changed; and the whole series of transactions must ever remain a remarkable illustration of the power of one degrading error to produce others and worse.

After performing other important services, which the Neapolitan king acknowledged by conferring upon him the title of Duke of Bronté, with a wealthy appanage, Nelson, accompanied by Sir William and Lady Hamilton, returned to England, travelling through Germany to Hamburg by land. During his journey he received high honours from all authorities; and on reaching Yarmouth, the rejoicings were extreme. In the metropolis his lordship met with the most enthusiastic reception from the sovereign as well as his subjects; and the day succeeding his arrival being Lord Mayor's Day, he was invited to the civic feast, where a sword of 200 guineas' value was presented to him. For several months he remained in England; but though fêted and distinguished, his mind was far from easy; for, in consequence of his association with Lady Hamilton, he had separated from his wife, and he desired active employment to avert dismal reflection.

EXPEDITION AGAINST DENMARK.

His wish was quickly gratified; for, government having been made aware that Napoleon purposed obtaining possession of the fleets of the northern powers, to make up for those captured and destroyed by England, Sir Hyde Parker was sent with an adequate force to Copenhagen to secure the Danish ships, and Nelson was appointed to act under him. With twelve sail-of-the-line he boldly attacked the Danes, whose batteries ashore, as well as afloat, were extremely formidable. Sir Hyde Parker, with the rest of the fleet, lay at a considerable distance; and Nelson was deprived of the support of two of his own squadron, that grounded on the shoals. Nevertheless his magnanimity did not desert him for one moment. The battle was one of the most determined and desperate that have been fought. About the middle of it, Sir Hyde Parker, who could perceive the hot fire that was kept up upon the British, hoisted the signal to 'discontinue the action.' This was reported to Nelson, who, placing his glass to his blind eye, declared that 'he could not see it;' adding: 'Keep my flag for closer battle flying—nail it to the mast.'

A characteristic instance of Nelson's coolness occurred towards the close of the engagement. Desirous of sparing a further effusion of blood, his lordship wrote a letter to the crown-prince: 'Vice-admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken,

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without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies of the English.' His attendant placed a box of wafers before him, but Nelson put them aside, and ordered a candle to be brought, by which means he sealed the letter with wax, observing, that 'this was no time to appear hurried and informal.' A flag of truce conveyed the communication ashore; it led to the suspension of hostilities; and Nelson extricated his own shattered fleet from imminent peril, and brought out the prizes they had captured. The English sustained a loss in killed and wounded of 953; the Danes, including prisoners, of 6000.

In order to arrange preliminaries of peace, Nelson landed, and walking almost alone amidst the enemy he had been contending against, was received with silent respect. He afterwards partook of a repast prepared by the crown-prince. The prizes—six ships-of-the-line and eight praams, were safely brought out; but only one of the former was sent home, Sir Hyde Parker ordering the rest to be burned where they lay, so that their fine brass guns, which sank with the hulls, were afterwards recovered by the Danes. This proceeding was in opposition to the wishes of Nelson, who looked upon it as robbing the officers and seamen of their prize-money. His lordship was also extremely discontented at the dilatoriness of the commander-in-chief, for he apprehended the junction of the Russian and Swedish fleets to act against the English; and though he never doubted the achieving a victory over them, yet his mind was anxious to prevent the slaughter that must ensue. Sir Hyde sailed with the ships fit for service, leaving Nelson to follow with the rest; but the latter, on hearing that the English and Swedish fleets were near to each other, quitted his ship (the *St George*) in an open boat, and rowed nearly thirty miles, till he got on board the *Elephant* about midnight—the wind cold and piercing—and in the hurry of departure his greatcoat had been left behind. The next day they saw the Swedish fleet, which took shelter in Carlsrona.

On the 5th May 1801, Sir Hyde Parker was recalled: Nelson received the appointment of commander-in-chief, and his title as viscount. Prompt measures immediately followed; by his active exertions, aided by the death of the Emperor Paul, the northern confederacy was broken up; and though Denmark prepared to resent the conduct of the English, and the crown-prince was still under the dictation of Napoleon, yet they were powerless to act.

Sir Charles Maurice Pole succeeded Nelson in the command; for the latter had earnestly entreated to be recalled, as his health was rapidly declining in that inclement climate; but he would not weaken the fleet by returning home in any of the large ships, contenting himself with a brig; and on his landing at Yarmouth, the first place he visited was the hospital, to see the brave wounded who had fought with him at Copenhagen.

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A few weeks afterwards, on the apprehensions of invasion, he was appointed to command from Orfordness to Beachy Head. He attacked the French flotilla at Boulogne; but the peace of Amiens put a stop to further hostilities, and Nelson retired to an estate he had purchased at Merton, in Surrey. Here he was not allowed to remain long; for war being renewed, he was appointed commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean fleet. The French put to sea from Toulon; his lordship went in pursuit during a succession of severe gales, which compelled the enemy to return to port. In March 1805 they again sailed, and having formed a junction off Cadiz with the Spaniards (against whom war had also been declared), this formidable fleet quitted the Mediterranean, designing to attack the British possessions in the West Indies. The combined fleet consisted of twenty sail-of-the-line, seven 44-gun frigates, one of 26 guns, three corvettes, and a brig. Nelson, when he at length was apprised of their course, unhesitatingly pursued with ten sail-of-the-line and three frigates. He followed them closely, sometimes deceived by false intelligence, and at others making himself assured of falling in with them; but it soon appeared that even the inferior force of Nelson was sufficient to deter the French admiral, for suddenly his course was altered, and he conducted his fleet back to Europe. Again Nelson pursued, and on the 19th June anchored at Gibraltar. The next day, he remarks in his diary: 'I went on shore for the first time since June 16, 1803, and from having my foot out of the *Victory*, two years wanting ten days;' in fact, from May 1803 to August 1805, he quitted his ship but three times, each time upon the king's service, and his absence never exceeded an hour.

At Gibraltar he obtained no news of the French. Once more he went in search of them, and after traversing the Bay of Biscay and other seas, on the 15th August he received orders to proceed with the *Victory* and *Superb* to Portsmouth. On his arrival at that place, he learned that the French fleet, consisting of twenty sail-of-the-line, three 50-gun ships, five frigates, and two brigs, had been attacked by Sir Robert Calder with fifteen sail-of-the-line, two frigates, a cutter, and a lugger, on the 22d July, sixty leagues west of Cape Finisterre, and two sail of the French line captured. The fleets remained in sight of each other till the 26th, when the French bore away for Vigo, where, having refitted, they proceeded to Ferrol, and taking another squadron from thence, succeeded in getting into Cadiz. For not doing more, Sir Robert Calder was tried by court-martial, and adjudged to be severely reprimanded.

LAST GREAT VICTORY AND DEATH.

Nelson again offered his services, and they were willingly accepted: he hoisted his flag in the *Victory*, and on the 29th September, his birthday, took his station off Cadiz, where a rigorous blockade was

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instituted to force the enemy to sea. From this period till the 19th October, Nelson daily took an opportunity of imparting to his captains the mode of attack he purposed to adopt, not merely for subduing, but annihilating the enemy; adding: 'If his signals could not be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy.'

On the 19th, Villeneuve quitted Cadiz, and on the 21st, after some skilful manœuvring, he formed the combined fleet into a crescent, verging to leeward, every opening in his order of battle being filled up by a ship under the lee of the French. The number of the enemy was fifteen Spanish and eighteen French, making thirty-three ships-of-the-line. The English, with twenty-seven line-of-battle ships, bore down in two divisions, the van led by Nelson, the rear by Lord Collingwood, who, on account of the van steering more to the northward, was the first in action. Whilst running down, Nelson made his last celebrated telegraphic signal:

'England expects every man will do his duty,'

which was received throughout the fleet with a burst of acclamation, harmonising with the spirit which it breathed. 'Now,' said Nelson, 'I can do no more; we must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty.'

It appears that this hero of a hundred fights was on the present occasion assured of victory, but at the same time under a presentiment that he himself should not survive. Fully believing that his last hour was at hand, he had gone into his cabin and written a prayer, as also a paper bequeathing to the care of his country the infamous woman who had been the only disgrace of his life. One of his captains found him calm, but exhibiting none of the exhilaration with which he had entered upon the battles of Aboukir and Copenhagen. It being known that there were select musketeers throughout the French ships, many of them Tyrolese, he was entreated to lay aside the frock-coat bearing his various decorations, as these might cause him to be singled out by some experienced marksman; but with a sort of infatuation, he refused, saying: 'In honour I gained them, and in honour I will die with them.' With difficulty he was induced to consent that two other vessels should be allowed to go into action before his own; but he nevertheless pressed on, and thus rendered the concession practically unavailing, as the two vessels were thereby prevented from passing his own. The *Victory*, while approaching the *Santissima Trinidad*—Nelson's old adversary at Cape St Vincent—was severely raked by the numerous guns of that vessel; fifty men were killed; and Nelson's secretary, Mr Scott, fell by his side. He was soon in the heat of battle, with the *Santissima Trinidad* and *Bucentaur* close on one side, and the *Redoubtable* equally close on the other so that he had

occasion to fire from both sides. After the action had continued for about an hour, supposing the *Redoubtable* had surrendered—for she was silenced, and bore no flag—he gave orders, with his usual humanity, to cease firing upon her. This order had been repeated more earnestly than before, when from that very vessel he received his death-wound. It was at about a quarter past one that a musket-ball from the rigging of the *Redoubtable* struck him on the left shoulder, carrying part of the lace of his epaulette into his body. He fell upon his face amidst the blood of his slain secretary. As a sergeant of marines and two seamen raised him up, he said to his captain: ‘They have done for me at last, Hardy.’

‘I hope not,’ replied Captain Hardy.

‘Yes,’ he rejoined, ‘my backbone is shot through.’

Yet he preserved so much presence of mind, that, while they were conveying him down, he gave an order about the tiller-ropes, which he observed to have been injured. He was laid on a mattress in the midshipmen’s berth. Mr (afterwards Sir William) Beatty, the surgeon, attended him, and ascertained by the symptoms that the wound was mortal, the ball having lodged in the spine; but the fact of his danger was concealed from the crew. Nelson knew that his end was approaching, and entreated his surgeon to leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful. Whilst lying in great agony, he heard the cheers of his people as each of the enemy struck, and a gleam of joy each time illumined his countenance. He issued his orders clearly and distinctly, and conversed affectionately with those around him, frequently thanking God most fervently that he had done his duty. When Hardy came down, he eagerly asked how the day was going. ‘Very well,’ said the captain; ‘ten of the enemy have struck.’ Returning rather less than an hour after, he took the hand of the dying admiral, and congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. He expressed gratification on learning that fourteen or fifteen of the enemy’s vessels had surrendered, but remarked: ‘I bargained for twenty.’ He recommended Hardy immediately to anchor—an order which, had it been followed, might have made the victory over the enemy more complete. After having spoken some words to his chaplain, he breathed this sentence—and it was his last—‘I thank God I have done my duty.’ He expired at half-past four, three hours and a quarter after receiving the fatal wound.

Ultimately, the vessels taken reached the number required by Nelson; but, from the neglect of his order to anchor, a gale which came on dispersed and sunk several of them. Still, the battle of Trafalgar was a death-blow to the maritime power of France and Spain, and proved of incalculable service to England, counterpoising as it did the great land successes of Napoleon, by which it appeared as if our country must have otherwise been reduced in a few years to French domination. The victory was gained at great expense;

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since, besides the irreparable loss of Nelson, there fell 23 officers, 15 petty officers, and 409 seamen and marines; while 52 officers, 57 petty officers, and 1177 seamen and marines were wounded. The losses on the part of the enemy are scarcely calculable, but must have been several thousands, on account of the severe gales that followed the battle.

All that a grateful nation could bestow upon a dead hero was manifested towards the devoted Nelson. His remains were landed at Greenwich, and lay in gorgeous state three days. A public funeral, attended by most of the male members of the royal family, took place in St Paul's Cathedral. His brother was created Earl Nelson, with a grant of £6000 a year: £10,000 was voted to each of his sisters, and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate. Statues and monuments have been erected to his memory; but perhaps none is more characteristic of quiet after the storms of life than the tomb raised over his body in the crypt of St Paul's. It is a sarcophagus of black marble, which was originally prepared by order of Cardinal Wolsey for his own remains. On the pedestal are the words, HORATIO VISCOUNT NELSON. His old friend Collingwood lies under an altar-tomb on one side of Nelson's; and on the other is the body of the Earl of Northesk, another distinguished naval commander.

The character of Nelson has been seen displayed in his actions. He was ardent and fearless in the line of his duty to an extraordinary extent. No labour or sacrifice seemed to him too great which promised to make him better as a sailor and an officer; no danger appalled him where he saw a reasonable chance of succeeding in an enterprise. There was in him a singular union of sagacity with these ardent qualities; and while unwilling to be too ready to admit difficulties, yet it was observed that he generally kept a steady eye at the same time to the means by which any of his objects were to be realised. The originality and genius of the man are fully shewn in the number of remarkable expressions which he is remembered as using on particular occasions—his last signal being the chief. When we consider, in addition to these high qualities, his generous and magnanimous nature—his constant readiness to acknowledge merit in others—his invariable humanity—we must admit that few characters have exceeded that of Nelson in all desirable gifts. It clearly appears that these qualities, without any extrinsic aid whatever, bore our hero onward from the humblest rank in the service that a gentleman ever accepts, to the supreme command; and his life thus becomes a valuable illustration of a truth which cannot be too deeply impressed, that *good character and conduct form the true talisman of success.*



THE GOLDMAKERS' VILLAGE.

A STORY.*

I.

OSWALD RETURNS FROM THE WARS TO HIS NATIVE VILLAGE—THE MILLER TELLS HIS STORY.

ONE fine summer afternoon, a good many years ago, the outdoor loiterers of Goldenthal, who were listlessly spending their time beneath the shade of the bushy lime-trees which overhung the village street, had their attention drawn to a stranger who was making his way towards them. Tall, well made, and dressed in a gray coat, with a knapsack on his back and a sword at his side, he was evidently no ordinary wanderer. He looked so formidable, with a large scar on his brow, and a black moustache under his nose, that the children shrunk aside from him as he passed up the village. The shout which some of them raised brought several old women to the doors, and

* This simple story is a translation from *Das Goldmacher-Dorf* of Heinrich Zschokke, a late popular writer in Germany, whose pen was devoted to the improvement of the humbler classes of society. To bring it within the compass of a sheet, the story is slightly abridged; and to adapt it to the apprehension, as well as to excite the sympathies of English readers, some of the descriptions and sentiments have been necessarily altered or modified. In other respects, the child-like simplicity of the original remains.—ED.

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these soon recognised the stranger. 'Here is Oswald again,' they exclaimed, 'who went for a soldier years ago.'

A crowd was soon collected round the wayfarer, who was kindly greeted by all his old friends and acquaintances, every one inquiring if he had come back to reside amongst them. To these inquiries Oswald announced that, tired of the life of a soldier, he had given up the military profession, and intended to remain for the rest of his days in the village of Goldenthal. Pleased with the intelligence, and desirous of gathering an account of our hero's life, a number of persons asked him to retire to a tavern with them for a little friendly chat; but this invitation he respectfully declined, and asked them by whom his father's house was now inhabited. The miller, who had taken care of the house and land left by Oswald's father to his son, now came forward and said that a few days only would be required to make the house ready for its new inmate, and, in the meantime, he should have pleasure in entertaining Oswald at the mill. This kind invitation was accepted; and, after spending a few days with the sensible and hospitable miller, the retired soldier took possession of his own house.

For some time, Oswald was so busily engaged in making a number of repairs and improvements on his premises, that he had no time to bestow on intercourse with his neighbours, whose amusements were anything but agreeable to him. In consequence of this neglect, the villagers began to cherish bad suspicions against the new settler, and to make remarks on his conduct. They said they could not understand the man—his foreign travel had made him churlish and unsocial—constantly toiling or reading, he did not seem to have a moment to spare for an occasional sip at the wine-flask—a strange thing, indeed, for an old soldier not to take a glass.

Possessing naturally much good sense, which had been greatly improved by experience in the bustling life which he had led, and also some choice reading, Oswald possessed opinions on various subjects considerably different from those of his old village companions, whose proceedings were not at all to his mind. A yearning for the scenes of his infancy had brought him back to Goldenthal, which he loved with all its shortcomings and errors. It grieved him, on looking through the village, and learning something of its history, to discover that it had been for some years declining in its prosperity, and was now in an exceedingly bad condition. Formerly, it could boast of not a few respectable men in good circumstances, persons who could creditably take a lead in affairs; with a considerable number who, though not rich, were yet industrious, and removed above poverty. And what a difference now! Except the miller, the tavern-keepers, and two or three farmers, the people were generally worse than poor, for they were in debt. There was likewise a deterioration of manners, and things upon the whole looked desolate. Many of the houses were greatly in want of repair; rubbish lay in

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masses in different quarters; the gutters were far from cleanly, and sent up a pestiferous odour; while the insides of the houses were correspondingly mean and untidy. The clothes of the people, also, did not seem what they used to be; their universal shabbiness shewing a want of self-respect. To complete the picture, men might be seen at all hours listlessly dozing away existence with pipes in their mouths, instead of working at some useful occupation. All too truly told a tale of sloth and impoverishment. Oswald took the liberty of hinting at these symptoms of general decline; but he was only abused for his pains. It is a thankless task to remind people of their duties.

Distressed with all he had seen, Oswald betook himself one day to the house of the miller, who could sympathise with him in his feelings. 'Pray, tell me, my friend,' said he, 'what has been the cause of this strange social degeneracy? When I departed from Goldenthal, it was a brisk little prosperous place; now it is all going to ruin. Surely it has not been scourged to a greater extent by war than its neighbours?'

'You are right,' replied the miller; 'our village has not suffered by war more than other villages which are flourishing. The causes of our decay are more continually at work, and I shall try to give you an insight into them. There has been gradually creeping over us a disposition to take things easily. Two or three men, who are our parish-officers, are tavern-keepers, and they manage public business for their own benefit. The village common, which used to be of some consequence, is thus badly managed; in fact, the funds are abused, and no little is spent in feasting and carousing. Still, you would say, it must after all be people's own blame if they get poor; the mere robbery of some public revenues cannot do it. That is true. But, with a bad example before them, the bulk of the villagers become careless, imitate bad habits, and, in short, spend a large share of their earnings in the taverns, and at cards and billiards. It is a curious thing, I tell you, that few men are able to keep the small properties left them by their fathers and grandfathers. They first get them burdened with debt, and then they are compelled to sell them. It all comes from following low habits.'

'When you have known all this,' said Oswald, 'why did you not expose it, so as to open the eyes of the people?'

'Because I had no hope of a good result,' said the miller; 'for, while all allow that we are in a deplorable case, and all will agree in general complaints and reproaches, none will thank you for attempting to discover the true causes of our decline, since every one fears lest he should have to bear some portion of the blame.'

'What! is there neither conscience nor religion left in the place?' exclaimed Oswald. 'What does the parson say to all this?'

'Oh, he preaches on his customary round of topics, but never enters particularly into the real circumstances of the people, nor

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makes any close and practical application of his doctrine to them. He is an old man, rather reserved and haughty in his manners. He seems to preach from habit, as the people go to church from habit, and come back no better. And the young are following the example of their elders.'

'Is your schoolmaster, then, good for nothing?' Oswald asked.

'Since your father died,' said the miller, 'our school has never prospered. The boys and girls learn, by compulsion, to read, write, and reckon a little, and perhaps to repeat a prayer besides; but then, what is this against all that they learn from their parents at home—deceit and lying, swearing, quarrelling, begging and stealing, idleness and intemperance, envy and slander.'

Oswald heard with pain all that the miller had to tell of the parish, then shook his head with a dejected air, and went away to meditate on the melancholy account.

II.

OSWALD BOLDLY ATTEMPTS THE REFORMATION OF GOLDENTHAL, AND ENCOUNTERS PERSECUTION.

On the next Sunday, after service, the people, as is customary in Germany, were assembled under the large lime-trees on the green. A weighty matter had drawn them together; for not only had they to consider how they should raise the taxes about to be levied, but also how they should make up old deficiencies of payment. The head men of Goldenthal formed the inner circle, and around them stood the women and children to hear the result of the consultation.

Oswald, who had been waiting for an opportunity of addressing his fellow-villagers on the state of affairs, thought he might do so now with advantage, and joined the assembly. When the overseers and others had done speaking, he mounted a stone, and after craving leave to be heard, which was not refused, he spoke as follows:

'Dear fellow-villagers—I went away a boy to the field of battle, and have returned to you a man. Scarcely can I recognise my native village: my heart is pained by the alterations I find among you. Once our village deserved indeed the name of Goldenthal. You know that most of the people were once in good circumstances; few were poor, and none were beggars: we could lend money then to our neighbours, and had none of the anxieties and vexations of debtors; our land was well cultivated; our cottages were neat and clean, inside and outside. A Goldenthaler in those good days was a gentleman, and could have borrowed a hundred guilders on the bare credit of his word. That was the golden age of Goldenthal!'

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Here all the assembly nodded assent, and some exclaimed : 'Oswald is right for once !'

Oswald went on : 'Tis not so now ! The place should be no longer called the Golden Valley, but rather the valley of dirt and thorns and thistles. The blessing of Heaven seems to have forsaken our fields ; some have too much land, others have too little ; the greater number of you do not improve what you have ; you stupefy your senses with incessant smoking, or, what is worse, drinking ; most of you are in debts and difficulties ; and, being idle, you occupy yourselves in speaking evil of your neighbours. Our village has lost its good character, and is now known as one of the most intemperate and badly behaved places in the whole country ; and when people wish to call any one a good-for-nothing wretch, they say he is a Goldenthaler !'

At these plain words there was a muttering of displeasure among the hearers, and every brow looked threateningly on Oswald. Elizabeth, the miller's daughter, who stood listening on the bench before the house, trembled for the perilous situation of the too faithful expositor. But he went on : 'Men of Goldenthal ! if there is still a drop of honourable blood in your veins, join your hands and say : "The village shall be mended !" Whence comes your ruin ? From your taverns. There your land melts away in liquor, and your cattle are lost in gambling.—I ask your parish-officers where is the public money, or where is your strict account of what you have done with it ? Why is it that you had rather eat at the public cost than drain the parish land, or mend your neck-breaking roads ?'

Here two or three of the official men called out : 'Hold your tongue, you vagabond ! If you thus go on speaking evil of the constituted authorities, we will send you to the lock-up, with bread and water for eight-and-forty hours !'

Oswald, however, went on : 'You can put me into your prison, no doubt ; but I can also bring you before your superiors. And when I tell them a little of your management, you will perhaps be less comfortable than I could be with bread and water.—But I turn to you all, my fellow-villagers ; shew me if I have spoken falsely, or slandered any person. Ask your consciences whether you have done well or ill—whether you have enriched or impoverished yourselves—whether you are notable for honesty and piety, or for indolence, fraud, and selfishness. Or, if your consciences have lost their tongues, look round you and behold your tumbling houses and sheds, your barren fields and gardens, your empty purses and chests, your ragged coats and tattered shirts, your destitute-looking children—these are my witnesses against you !'

The preacher would have said more, but he was hurled from the stone by the angry crowd. Some would have proceeded to violence ; but Oswald thrust himself through the throng, and, having armed

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himself with a weighty cudgel, threatened severe punishment to the first who should dare to lay hands upon him. Loud outcries of vengeance pursued him homeward, and stones were hurled, one of which inflicted a wound upon his brow. But he reached his house without further injury, and there washed away the blood from his face, bound up the wound, and was soon composed and quiet. Elizabeth, pale and alarmed, came to inquire of his wound; but he assured her it was trifling, and bade her dismiss her fear.

So ended Oswald's first attempt at reformation; but he was not to be defeated. From the day on which he delivered his address, he continued to be the object of many petty persecutions. One night the boys threw stones at his windows; another night they barked six young fruit-trees in his garden. When he complained to the parish-officers of these offences, they only told him he had brought ill-will upon himself, and that he deserved worse than he got.

Not daunted with want of success in his exhortation, and possessing the ardour of a man convinced of the truthfulness of his cause, he now determined on trying to rouse the clergyman to adopt his views. Perhaps, thought he, he requires only a little coaxing; he has probably been disheartened without a proper reason. Oswald accordingly waited on the pastor, and as tenderly as possible laid before him the condition of the parish, waxing bolder, however, as he proceeded.

Having stated what he considered his case, the old man replied: 'You are quite in a mistake coming to me. I have nothing to do with the concerns you mention, nor can I mix myself up in your business. All the unhappiness of this village is owing to the sinfulness of the people. They disregard the word of God. They defraud me of my dues in every possible way. The long-suffering of Heaven cannot endure this much longer; and there must surely come a heavy judgment upon them.'

'But, reverend sir,' said Oswald, 'you can do something towards the reformation of these people. Their lives are vicious, because their minds are dark and ignorant. If you would encourage a better regulation of the school, the young might grow up well informed and with good habits, and we should doubtless reap good fruit from such a labour.'

The clergyman answered: 'That is the schoolmaster's business, not mine; I have no time for it. I have enough to do to study my sermons.'

Oswald still urged his petition: 'Reverend sir, I am sorry to have to remind you, that as a good shepherd, you are bound to care for every one of your flock. If you did but visit their abodes, and see how they have habituated themselves to vice, indolence, and misery; if you could see the neglected children who are growing up in the midst of so many bad examples; if you could'——

Here the old clergyman, who had been listening impatiently to the

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harangue of his visitor, interrupted him by exclaiming: 'This is intolerable. You, an unlettered man, come here to lecture me on my duties! Pray, what do you take me for? Do you think I am a police-officer, to be poking about everywhere? The flock should themselves attend to their temporal concerns. I am a spiritual pastor, and know my place. Get along with you; and let me hear no more of such impertinence!'

Oswald left the parsonage disappointed. Pretty nearly at his wits' end, he bethought him of taking counsel from the magistrates of the next town, who had a kind of supervisional authority over Goldenthal. Having arrayed himself in his best suit, and taken his walking-stick in his hand, he set out for the neighbouring town, where he expected to find good advisers and helpers. On his arrival, he waited on the most respectable public characters to lay the condition of Goldenthal before them. But the first person he applied to was giving a great dinner, and could not attend to the miserable story; another was just going to take a walk, and could not stop; a third was deeply immersed in a game of billiards, which required all his thoughts; a fourth was reckoning up his accounts, and had no time for any other business; a fifth was about to conduct a lady to the dancing-room, and of course could not be interrupted; the sixth, an old gentleman with a white peruke and queue, sitting in an easy-chair, looked patronisingly on Oswald; without desiring him to be seated, he heard the story he had to tell of the misery of Goldenthal, the bad measures of the parish-officers, and the ignorance of the schoolmaster—to all which he shook his head very gravely.

Encouraged by the interest which he appeared to have excited, Oswald next spoke of the indifference of the parson; but here he struck a wrong chord. Looking sternly at his visitor, and his neatly tied queue almost bristling with indignation, the old man called on him to stop his false accusations. 'You ill-mannered rascal,' said he, 'do you imagine I can sit here to listen to your revilements of all authorities, spiritual as well as temporal! I suppose you are one of those discontented, fault-finding wretches who are never at rest, but would turn everything topsy-turvy! Away with you and your catalogue of grievances, or I will send you to the house of correction! Your clergyman, so far from being what you represent him, is one of the best of men, for he is my own cousin!'

After this rebuff, Oswald had not the courage to apply elsewhere on the subject, and he returned sorrowfully to the village.

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III.

A NEW SCHOOLMASTER—OSWALD'S MODE OF TEACHING—THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—THE OCCURRENCE AT THE MILL.

On arriving at Goldenthal, in the afternoon, Oswald told no one of the bad result of his journey, but put on a cheerful face, and spoke in a friendly way to those whom he met, even to his worst enemy, Brenzel, the host of the *Lion*, who was majestically standing with folded arms at the tavern-door.

'Good-evening, neighbour Brenzel,' said Oswald; 'you have soon done your day's work.'

'I think I deserve my day's wages at all events,' said Brenzel, 'if I stay at home only to drive the beggars from my door.'

Oswald was disgusted as he heard this unfeeling speech from the man, and, without any further conversation, hastened homeward. He was cheered when, approaching the mill, he found Elizabeth, the daughter of Siegfried the miller, sitting in the shadow of the cherry-tree, at the front of the house, and sewing. Though he endeavoured to appear cheerful, she saw that he was sorrowful at heart, and earnestly questioned him of the cause of his grief. 'You have been over to the town,' said she, 'and have seen what you like better than anything at Goldenthal, and now you will not be able to remain with us.'

Then Oswald explained to her the cause of his sorrow. He did not mean to leave Goldenthal; but the deterioration of the place had grieved him deeply, and he could find none disposed to assist him in the work of reformation. As he spoke of the sad habits of the villagers, Elizabeth replied: 'We have just had another instance. Our old schoolmaster, who, you know, was a dissipated character, is drowned. Coming home tipsy from the *Eagle*, he fell into the pond by the roadside, and was found only after life was extinct. Happily, he has left neither wife nor child.'

This news seemed to affect Oswald in no small degree. He became studious after hearing it, and went home full of thought. Elizabeth could not guess what great matter he was considering, but she discovered it the following Sunday. After service, the parishioners were called together to elect a new schoolmaster. Oswald attended the meeting. The miller, at the suggestion of his daughter Elizabeth, stood at the side of Oswald, ready to check him whenever his indignation was in danger of uttering itself too strongly.

The first of the parish authorities, Mr Brenzel, opened the meeting by a speech. As the office of schoolmaster was vacant, and was one of the least important in the parish (for the salary was only forty

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guilders a year*), he was happy to be able to recommend to the parish a suitable man, willing to fill the place. This was the tailor, Mr Specht, whose trade was very dull, and who was, moreover, related to him, the speaker, on the mother's side.

The host of the *Eagle* came forward to propose, as an amendment, that his poor cousin Schluck, a lame fiddler, should fill the office; for he was willing to do it, considering the poverty of the parish, for a salary of only thirty-five guilders per annum. In weighing the qualifications of the candidates, he hoped it would be remembered that Mr Schluck had a large family. This, with the fact of the saving of five guilders, would doubtless influence the votes of the parishioners.

Specht the tailor, as he saw that many of the voters were very much taken with this tempting offer, came forward to give the fiddler a very bad character, and, further, offered to perform all the duties of the office at a salary of only thirty guilders. At this the fiddler was so enraged, that he called the tailor by many most disgraceful names, and again offered himself at a reduced salary: twenty-five guilders would be enough for him. The tailor, who could not go below this, declared he would call Schluck before the magistrate to answer for the libels he had uttered, and so gave up further competition.

The voters were accordingly prepared to instal the fiddler in the office of schoolmaster, when Oswald stood forward and spoke: 'What! will you give more to your cow-herd, and even to your swine-herd, than to the man to whom you would confide the instruction of your children in piety and useful knowledge? Are you not ashamed of such a sin? I know your parish purse is empty; and the poor 'people, who can hardly gain potatoes and salt, let alone bread, cannot afford to pay for schooling. I will make a third offer: I will be your schoolmaster, and demand no salary. It shall not cost the parish a farthing: only let me have the place.' The Goldenthalers looked at each other in amazement. Some objected to the proposal: they did not know what such a man would teach their children; perhaps the black art! But the majority in the meeting considered chiefly the saving of twenty-five guilders yearly, and cried out that Oswald should by all means be the schoolmaster. Accordingly, he was elected.

Elizabeth heard the result of the meeting, and felt as if she must sink into the earth with shame and confusion. No wonder; for, next to the watchman and the swine-herd, no man in the village held an office so low in estimation as that of the schoolmaster. Even the sensible miller, Siegfried, shook his head, and said: 'Oswald must have lost his senses!' But Oswald had formed his plan, and kept to his determination. He formally passed an examination; and as

* £3, 6s. 8d. sterling.

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he could write a good hand, and knew something more of accounts than a peasant needed, he was considered eligible, and appointed, by the authorities of the neighbouring town, schoolmaster at Golden-thal. But now he had to convince his friends of the propriety of his plan. 'Elizabeth,' said he, 'do not despair of my undertaking, nor count it a folly. You see we can do little for the old people; let us begin with the young ones, and try what we can do with them. A village schoolmaster's is indeed a despised office; but our religion teaches us to remember how low the Saviour stooped to teach mankind. If our rulers and great men had a better understanding, they would be more careful about the appointment of country schoolmasters than of the professors in our colleges. But lowly matters are too much neglected; and the consequence is, the nation seems top-heavy, and even thrones stand upon an insecure foundation.'

Having formed his resolutions, Oswald was not the man to shrink from what he considered his duty. It was no doubt a thankless task he was undertaking; but it is no true benevolence which looks about for thanks. Conscious that he was doing good to the best of his ability, he felt that his reward would consist in seeing his ends accomplished. With no fear of the result, he made preparations for commencing the profession of teacher, and when winter came on, he opened his school. On the first day, he placed himself at the door of the school-house, and received the children with kind attention. Some had muddy shoes, and he bade them clean them before they entered the decent school-room. He shook hands with all who came in cleanly style, but turned away the dirty hands to be washed. Some came with hair uncombed and matted, and were sent home to use comb and brush. But all who came combed and washed, received from their new teacher a kiss on the brow. The boys and girls wondered: some blushed, some laughed, and others cried. They had never known such treatment before. Many parents complained of these over-nice regulations; but Oswald insisted on them, and in the course of a little time found a good result in the decency of his pupils. The reformation he produced in the course of a quarter, by mild and firm management, amazed the parents. Some old women broadly hinted that such wonders could not be done by fair means: there must be some magic at work. Others told a strange story of a rat-catcher somewhere, who enticed many children to follow him, and then vanished with them all down a hole in a mountain. But the most prevalent report was, that Oswald was teaching the children a new religion; and this was so seriously believed, that two official gentlemen from the town were deputed to inspect the school.

The badly disposed villagers were delighted to hear of this commission of inspection, and waited with anxiety to hear that Oswald was to be dismissed. The commission came unexpectedly

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one morning when Oswald was about to open his school ; but the appearance of the gentlemen by no means discomposed him, for he had nothing to conceal. The visitors, after explaining their object, watched the children as they assembled and took their seats in an orderly manner. When all were seated, Oswald, as usual, addressed his pupils.

'Dear children,' said he, 'let us, before all things, bow before God our Father, and offer our thanksgivings and prayers.' As he spoke, the children, in number fifty-five, folded their hands, and fell upon their knees. Oswald then knelt down, and the visitors, a little surprised, followed his example. The teacher then read a prayer, beautiful, and yet so simple, that the child of only six years could understand it ; and one of the visitors, an alderman, was so far moved that tears gathered in his eyes. When the prayer was ended, all the children arose, and, guided by the notes and words on a suspended board, sang in harmony a morning hymn. Then the school divided itself into classes, under the appointed monitors, and the various tasks of the day were studied. One peculiar method of teaching used by Oswald should be mentioned. The last hour in the afternoon he generally occupied by telling the boys and girls an amusing story, in which some useful lesson was contained. The visitors saw enough of his methods during the day to be convinced that Oswald was one of the best and worthiest teachers in the country, and that all that was said against him was a scandal.

The winter passed away. In the summer, the school was closed, for the elder boys and girls could then be of service to their parents in the fields. But Oswald collected the little ones at his house, and gave them a few lessons, or amused them in some light occupations about his premises. It was part of his convictions that instruction in anything without actual training is of little use ; he therefore tried to train his pupils to industrial pursuits, and so lead them to a practical acquaintance with what they read of in books. In this way he taught them gardening and a knowledge of plants, also various other things which would be useful to them through life. A great point with Oswald was to form habits of order and cleanliness in his young scholars, and this not only at school, but when out of doors, enforcing his rules with persuasions suited to young minds. Perhaps, however, all this was held by him of inferior moment to the education of the feelings—a love of the beautiful, the tender, and the poetical—for without these the mind remains hard and intractable, and cannot be led to know the finer religious emotions. How charming was it to see this benevolent man with his band of scholars, happy in each other, neither sourness nor severity in the master, nor fear in the pupils ! It was throughout a labour of love : addressed as their dear master, Oswald was always ready to encourage and explain. No one dreaded to ask him a question : he was their friend not less than their instructor. The

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happiness in these young parties drew the attention of the elder scholars, and they begged Oswald not to forget them. He accordingly arranged that they should at times visit his house, or walk with him in the fields. On these occasions, he opened their understandings to many branches of knowledge—among others, the wonders of creation and providence, and the nature of human society, of which they had formerly known very little. He took care not to be dry or tedious, but mixed up all he said with stories of natural history, of foreign lands and people, of wild animals, mountains, seas, and rivers.

The young men of the village heard reports of these pleasant conversations, and some of the more curious and intelligent among them began to seek Oswald's society. He gathered a class of these young men, and devoted some part of his leisure on Sundays to their instruction, giving them subjects to study during the week, and recommending to them suitable books for reading. But while he had such success among the young people, many of the leading men in the village remained his determined foes. Though they could not understand his measures, they felt that there was something in them which tended to overthrow the existing state of society in Goldenthal; consequently, Oswald found little society in the village, except at the mill, where he was always welcomed by Elizabeth and her parents.

One evening, when Oswald, as was customary, went to the house of the miller, he was received in a style so altered as to surprise him. His old friend looked studious and reserved, his wife seemed in ill humour, and Elizabeth had a sorrowful and anxious face. After a while, her parents left the room, and Oswald asked Elizabeth the reason for this cold reception. Her answer was for some moments delayed by sobs and tears; at last she told him that, a year ago, Brenzel, the host of the *Lion*, and the richest man in the parish, had asked for her as the wife of his eldest son, a dissipated young man. She had claimed of her parents a year for consideration; but now the time had expired, and her father, who wished to see her settled in life, was somewhat displeased at her unwillingness. This she told with tears, and Oswald understood more than she said. He assured her tenderly that long ago he had chosen her as his own bride, and she received his confession with great delight. He then went to her parents, and while Elizabeth was praying for a favourable result of the interview, he gave such an explanation of his condition and prospects, that, after a short time, the miller came into the room where Elizabeth was sitting, and, joining the hands of his daughter and Oswald, pronounced a blessing upon the betrothal. To Elizabeth it seemed like a dream—too happy to be true.

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IV.

OSWALD IS STILL UNPOPULAR, BUT ELIZABETH IS WELL SPOKEN OF—THE HOST OF THE LION FALLS AND BREAKS HIS NOSE.

On the following Sunday, when Oswald and Elizabeth were named from the pulpit as betrothed, the Goldenthalers stared, and there was no little whispering among the women. But the host of the *Lion* immediately went out of the church as angry as the wild beast upon his sign, declaring that he would ruin the perfidious miller and all his family. However, in spite of this threat, Oswald and Elizabeth celebrated their marriage about three weeks afterwards.

Soon after the wedding, Oswald said to his bride: 'To insure our happiness, let us make a threefold vow: first, that there shall be no secrets between us; secondly, that none, not even our parents, shall be allowed to interfere between us in any of our affairs; and thirdly, that we will never speak unkindly towards each other, no, not even in jest.' To these propositions Elizabeth gladly assented.

It is customary in Germany to utter the voice of congratulation in song. Conformably with this ancient usage, Oswald's pupils resolved on serenading their beloved master. Oswald and his wife, therefore, on the morning after their marriage, were awakened by a harmonious hymn of congratulation, and wishes of long life and happiness, in which many voices joined. On looking out to return thanks for this kindness, Oswald was delighted to see so many of his scholars composing the choir. He observed, too, several persons standing and pointing to his cottage; for the children had secretly covered the walls with garlands in the evening, and even the least of them had brought wild-flowers from the fields and hedges to add to the display of affection. At school, all the children appeared with nosegays and wreaths of flowers, as if it was a great festival-day.

Notwithstanding these demonstrations, Oswald was still unpopular in the village. The oldest and most experienced people found reasons for grave suspicions, not only in his wonderful success as a teacher, but also in his sudden marriage with the miller's daughter. Such wonders, they were sure, could not be done by fair means: there was something supernatural in it. The old miller heard all this idle chatter, and only laughed at it; but his wife, though a pious and sensible woman, had her share of pride, and could not bear that it should be said she had given her daughter to a poor vagabond schoolmaster. Out of patience with the inquisitive gossip of the hostess of the *Eagle*, she one evening could not refrain from boasting. 'Hold your tongue,' said she; 'you know nothing about it. Oswald, I tell you, could buy up both your husband and the host of the *Lion*. I have seen proof of what I say; and, if I might speak, I could tell

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you such things of him as would make the hair on your head stand on end.'

No sooner had the miller's wife made this idle boast, than she repented of it, and extorted from the hostess of the *Eagle* a promise that it should be kept as a strict secret. So the hostess kept it, and mentioned it to nobody, excepting her sister and her husband, and these also promised secrecy. They only added a little to the story, so that it was soon reported that heaps of gold and silver had been seen in Oswald's cottage; that he could buy all Goldenthal if he chose; and that such things were done in his house as, if they could be known, would make the hair bristle up upon the head like porcupines' quills. As the story went round the village, it increased like a snowball: it was declared that a second Dr Faustus had settled in Goldenthal; that Oswald had sold himself to Satan for thirty years; that he could make gold as fast as he liked; that he had bewitched Elizabeth, and compelled her to marry him; that he could call up spirits; discover treasures in the earth; and finally, could, if he liked, ride through the air on a broomstick!

This stupid tale had one advantage for Oswald, as it protected him from all other insulting treatment. The respect which they would not pay simply to the man of superior wisdom and virtue, they were now compelled to pay to the reputed necromancer. Many of the ignorant Goldenthalers secretly crossed themselves when they happened to meet the schoolmaster.

Elizabeth enjoyed a better reputation. The young people did not cross themselves when they met her, but enjoyed a friendly glance from her face, and secretly blessed her. She became the true friend and adviser of all the young maidens in Goldenthal. On one occasion, two young damsels about to be married came to ask of her the important secret of preserving their beauty, and retaining the affections of their husbands. Elizabeth assured them that no magic was required to do it. Said she: 'If wives frequently lose their attraction, and consequently the love of their husbands, it is often their own fault. Before they were married, they were cleanly and neat, with burnished brows, and hair as smooth and glossy as in a painting; now see them strolling about in the morning, with stockings hanging loose, shoes down in the heels, and papers in their uncombed locks, as if they thought slovenliness a proof of a good housewife. Be sure that when the wife goes about in this slothful tawdry way, there is little hope of happiness in the house.'

'But all of us cannot get new clothes so well as you can,' said one of the maidens.

'I use perhaps less than some of you,' replied Elizabeth, 'because I am careful and punctual in mending, whenever a garment requires it.'

Then one of the young women blushed as she confessed she had never learned to sew, but would be glad if any one would teach her.

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'I will do so gladly,' said Elizabeth: 'come both of you to me at the time I shall appoint.'

When Oswald heard of this plan, he was delighted with the benevolence of his wife, and proposed that she should make this a beginning of a school for sewing. 'The waste of materials, and the misery of families for want of good domestic knowledge in the wives of the poor, cannot be properly counted. It is a shame to our country that we have not in every village a sensible woman and good housewife appointed to teach poor young women good, wholesome, and cheap cookery, as well as plain sewing. It would prevent an enormous waste of money, and make many marriages happy.'

Elizabeth took the hint; and when her two pupils had invited, by their example, a class of young women to meet at the schoolmaster's house, the lessons were not confined to sewing and knitting, but the kitchen was turned into a school, and the clever young wife explained the modes of preparing plain and inexpensive dishes for the family table. Even the aspect of her neat and orderly house, filled with decent and well-cleaned furniture and utensils of every sort, had a good effect upon the minds of these young disciples in domestic economy. All these labours gave Oswald and Elizabeth plenty to do, but still they wished to do something more. Already the children had been trained to industrial occupations, and now all were taught to plait straw for hats and bonnets, and besides, the girls were taught to do various kinds of knitting. The long winter evenings, which had formerly been spent in idleness or foolish sports, were now devoted to these useful occupations. No sight was more pleasing than to see happy parties of young straw-plaiters in the kitchens of the village cottagers, all laughing or chatting while their fingers were busy, or listening attentively to one who read to them by the light of a burning fagot.

By such services, Oswald and Elizabeth won the affections of the young villagers. Still, Oswald could not banish the absurd reports about himself. Mr Brenzel particularly, the host of the *Lion*, knew that the easiest way to ruin a man is to get up reports that he is not orthodox in his creed, and accordingly watched for an opportunity of doing Oswald a serious injury. At last this determined foe and spy supposed he had found out something worthy of a legal scrutiny. Said he: 'I have got enough to twist the schoolmaster's neck about. I will compel his own mother-in-law to appear against him. As a parish-officer, I am bound to report what I have heard.'

Accordingly, one Sunday he arrayed himself in his best clothes, adjusted a three-cornered hat majestically on his head, took his Spanish cane tipped with silver, and set out with vast strides to walk to the town. Not a word did he say to anybody of his business, for he feared that, if Oswald caught a whisper of it, some serious accident would befall him before he could give information of the

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Goldenthal wizard. As he went along he talked to himself, muttering over the speech he had prepared to recite to the magistrate, and as the tone of the address rose, he quickened his pace, and beat the air with his hands. In his zeal and hurry, he got his walking-stick between his legs, and fell over it so heavily, that he arose with a nose swollen and discoloured like a large plum. 'Oswald, surely enough, did that!' he exclaimed, as he recovered his breath.

As he was wiping his face, a gentleman on horseback galloped up to him, and asked: 'Have you a gentleman named Oswald in your village, and where shall I find him?'

'Yes: what do you want with him?' replied the host of the *Lion*.

'The prince wishes to see him,' said the horseman, and rode away towards Goldenthal.

The host of the *Lion* gaped wide with amazement. 'Wha—what!' he gasped; 'the prince visit Oswald!' Just then a carriage rolled by, drawn by six horses. Brenzel now caught a glimpse of a young man in it, dressed in a blue surtout, and with a silver star on his breast.

'O dear, dear!' exclaimed Brenzel. 'The prince means to go to the *Lion*; I am not at home; and now he will put up at the *Eagle*!' So saying, he hurried homeward, running until he lost his breath, and getting the fine cane once more between his legs, so that he came down again with violence upon his already battered nose. Rising up, he hastened on, notwithstanding the pain, and found his part of the village quite deserted—no prince at the *Lion*—no prince at the *Eagle*; but his kitchen-maid came breathless to tell him: 'All the people are down at the schoolmaster's waiting to see the prince.' And there, sure enough, he found a crowd in front of Oswald's house. Presently, the door was opened, the prince appeared, walking between Oswald and Elizabeth, then kindly shook hands with them, stepped into his carriage, and was soon whirled away, leaving the spectators more than ever convinced that Oswald was a magician.

'Even great princes come to him for money,' said one of the sages of Goldenthal when the adventure was talked over. 'If I had his deep knowledge, do you think I would live here and keep school as he does? No; I would ride about like the prince, and have my kitchen full of good living, and my cellar full of wine. If I sold myself to Satan, it would be for something worth while.'

Poverty, like riches, corrupts the heart; and there were some poor wretches in Goldenthal who, while they talked of Oswald's supposed arrangement with Satan, secretly wished that they could make as good a bargain.

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V.

THE GOLDMAKERS' CONFEDERACY.

The inhabitants of Goldenthal, as may be already judged, were ill instructed, and full of the prejudices belonging to a rude and primitive state of things. Never accustomed to observe the operation of natural causes, they readily traced all that was remarkable to something beyond nature—to magic, or the practice of unholy arts. That their neighbour Oswald, a discharged soldier, with means not above the common, should live in comfort, want for no money, and be visited by princes, was to their minds supernatural. The report spread by his mother-in-law added strength to this wild notion; and now it was a confirmed belief among many that he could derive his wealth only by an intercourse with evil spirits; perhaps, as has been already hinted, he had, like Dr Faustus, sold himself body and soul to the great enemy of mankind.

Worked on by necessity, a number of the poorest men in Goldenthal, unknown to each other, began to cultivate Oswald's friendship. Seizing on favourable opportunities, they, one after the other, visited him privately, and hinted that they required his advice respecting their circumstances. They had evidently a mighty secret, which they longed to utter. At last one ventured to speak out, and said: 'Oswald, you can make gold; teach me to do it. I am so poor, that I care for nothing, not even to see Beelzebub in proper person. I am, in short, ready to strike any bargain to get out of my poverty.' Oswald was amazed at the folly and impiety of this confession. But for some time he hardly knew what to say to men so ignorant and vicious.

Having at length, after some time for deliberation, formed a scheme by which he might take advantage of the men's willingness to work out any plan he might suggest, he told them all individually that he was prepared to teach them the art of goldmaking, and that for this purpose they must come to his house on a certain evening, a short time before midnight. All, as a matter of course, gladly promised to attend.

Accordingly, on the appointed night, the would-be goldmakers arrived at Oswald's house, each supposing himself a solitary visitor, and all were conducted into one room in entire darkness. Every one shuddered as he felt others near him, and all stood together in the darkness in breathless terror until the church clock struck twelve. Then suddenly the door was opened, and Oswald walked in arrayed in full military costume, with a feather in his cap, a sword at his side, and bearing two candles in his hands. He found thirty-two visitors present, all looking ashamed of their mutual recognition, and

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terrified at the appearance of one whom they believed to be closely allied with evil demons. But Oswald looked on them with a very serious face, and began to speak: 'Look at me, unhappy men, and see who I am. I follow no black art. I am a worshipper of God. In God's way only is prosperity to be found. But you have been far out of that way. You have been drunken lazy wretches, cruel to your wives and children, and now you are in debt and misery. Will you let me help you? If you would be as rich as I am, do as I do!' So saying, he poured upon the table a heap of gold from a bag. The men all stared with dazzled eyes; their hearts beat and fluttered fearfully. Oswald continued: 'You have come to learn how to make gold. I will teach you. But you must serve an apprenticeship of seven years and seven weeks. He who observes my lessons for that time, shall at the end have more gold to spare than you see now upon this table. But, I tell you, my rules will be hard to obey, unless you turn your hearts and become new men.'

All the listeners, in anxious silence, stared on Oswald's face, as if he were their judge just about to pronounce their doom.

'Now, hear my rules for goldmaking,' said he, 'to be kept for the space of seven years and seven weeks. If any of you will not observe these rules, let him depart.' Not one moved from his place; so Oswald delivered the following rules for goldmaking:

'1. You shall avoid all taverns, and regularly attend the church.

'2. You shall play no games with cards, dice, &c., nor gamble in any way.

'3. You shall use no oaths, nor lying and slanderous words.

'4. Every day you shall have prayers in your families, and labour industriously.

'5. You shall consume neither wine nor brandy, and be strictly temperate in everything, not even smoking tobacco.

'6. You shall suffer no weeds to stand in your gardens, nor rubbish to lie in your houses.

'7. You shall keep your own persons and those of your children clean and decent.

'By this last sign I shall know if you are faithful.—Now, if you will promise to observe these rules for the time mentioned, step forward and join hands with me.'

One after another came forward and reached his arm over the pile of gold on the table, and clasped Oswald's hand, and said: 'I will!' At length all the men present made the promise.

'Now,' said Oswald, 'go to your homes, and remember that you have entered into a confederacy for well-doing. We are all, henceforth, to be as one man in the cause. Each is to support the other. If any is weak, we will help him. Farewell.'*

* This conference and its objects remind us of an anecdote in Scottish social history. When James I. visited Scotland in 1617, he found his old friend Thomas, first Earl of

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In silence the men departed and sought their respective homes. None of them but was surprised at the unexpected turn which affairs had taken, and individually, they might have rejected the plan pointed out for their acceptance; they were, however, pledged to each other, and shame, if nothing else, would keep them from breaking their promise. It is at least certain that one and all acted on Oswald's midnight injunction. Next morning, considerably advised by Oswald, they set about divers little reforms in and about their dwellings, also in their outward appearance.

'What is the matter? Is the prince coming again?' exclaimed the lame old village watchman as he went his round the next morning, and saw several men dressed more decently than was usual. Besides, there were other wonders in Goldenthal—washing, sweeping, and rubbing of windows, doorways, tables, and benches!

And this marvel did not suddenly die away; but from week to week new causes of wonder arose for all the Goldenthalers who were not in the secret of the Goldmakers' confederacy. The taverns

Haddington, who at the time filled the office of President of the Court of Session, exceedingly rich, and that there was a general belief of his having discovered the Philosopher's Stone—the art of goldmaking. James, who was in the habit of nicknaming all his courtiers, had given the earl the familiar title of Tam o' the Cowgate, from his residing in a street of that name. Highly taken with the idea that Tam had possessed himself of the enviable talisman of the Philosopher's Stone, he was not long in letting his friend and gossip know of the story which he had heard respecting him. Whether the Lord President was offended at the imputation, has not been recorded; but it is probable that he took it in good part, as he immediately invited the king and the rest of the company present to come to his house in the Cowgate next day, when he would both do his best to give them a good dinner, and lay open to them the whole mystery of the Philosopher's Stone. This agreeable invitation was of course accepted; and the next day accordingly saw his house thronged with the gay and gorgeous figures of England's king and courtiers, all of whom the President feasted to their heart's content. After dinner, the king reminded him of his Philosopher's Stone, and expressed the utmost anxiety to be speedily made acquainted with so rare a treasure, when the pawky lord addressed his majesty and the company in a short speech, concluding with this information, that his whole secret lay in two simple and familiar maxims: 'Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day; nor ever trust to another's hand what your own can execute.' He might have added, from the works of an illustrious contemporary:

'This only is the witchcraft I have used.'

The guests, who expected to find the earl's talisman of a more tangible character, were perhaps disappointed that the whole matter turned out to be mere words; but the king, who could appreciate a good saying, took up the affair more blithely, and complimented his host upon the means he had employed in the construction of his fortune, adding, that these admirable apothegms should henceforth be proverbial, under the appellation of '*Tam o' the Cowgate's Philosopher's Stone.*' The king appears to have been obeyed in this by his Scottish subjects with more readiness than he found in certain other of the edicts which he issued upon the occasion of his visit to Scotland, for, long after the Episcopal forms of worship which he then engrafted upon Presbytery had passed away and been forgotten, Tam o' the Cowgate's Philosopher's Stone was remembered with satisfaction, and it has even been used as an adage within the recollection of aged persons still alive.

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began to look deserted; the court for ninepins on Sunday echoed neither to rolling balls, curses, nor laughter; cards and dice lay almost undisturbed. Those who had been the most frequent visitors at the taverns, now employed their evenings with their wives and children, or in looking over their fields. The host of the *Eagle*, when he saw his benches almost empty on Sunday, nearly shed tears of vexation as he exclaimed: 'Have all the people lost their senses? There must be some amendment of this—such a sad state of things must not be tolerated!' Brenzel, too, joined loudly in the complaint. Said he: 'This is an infamous conspiracy against me!' The reformation in his parish attracted the attention even of the old parson, and he dated it all from the delivery of one of his longest sermons. Enraged that the clergyman should acknowledge the change of manners as an improvement, the two publicans almost entirely left their places in the church.

VI.

ACCOUNTS ARE EXAMINED—THE SAVINGS-BOX—THE SOUP-KITCHEN—TAVERNS SHUT UP.

As the year passed on, several members of the goldmakers' party came to the schoolmaster, complaining that, though they had attended to all his rules of economy, they were encumbered with old debts, and threatened with expulsion from their houses. Oswald looked carefully into all their accounts. The disorderly and melancholy state in which he found them gave him great trouble; but he toiled through them. He then helped the poor people to reckon up their earnings, their expenditure, and the sums they could contrive to lay by for the payment of their old debts. Some families he helped by finding employment for the young people in the town.

Having, in the course of his reading, learned the nature of savings-banks, Oswald thought there was a good opportunity of establishing one in the village. He therefore collected a number of persons, among the rest the members of the confederacy, and explained to them how one of these banks might be set up. All agreed that it might answer, if Oswald would undertake its management. This he very willingly consented to do. The savings-bank was begun, and the money which was collected was lent at interest to those who needed it, and who could be trusted.

The getting of interest was a new thing to so many of the villagers, that they became zealous in saving, and were even so economical as to be disposed to rob themselves and their children of necessary

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food. This suggested to Oswald a new means of economy. He persuaded his mother-in-law, with the help of others, to prepare soup for the poor families, for which they paid a very low price, and so gained food at a great saving of time and expense in fuel and cookery. Soon this plan was found to be so beneficial, and became so popular, that the host of the *Eagle* opened a rival soup-kitchen. This, however, did not succeed well, nor did it deserve to do, for the publican thought only of his own interest. With all their poverty, the Goldenthalers had been famous for their propensity to litigation, and just now the host of the *Eagle* tavern was engaged in a lawsuit about an old oak tree which, he thought, belonged to his land. It had already cost him a thousand guilders; and now he was led on and on until he was compelled to sell his house and fields to pay his lawyers and other creditors. This, however, brought good to Goldenthal, for the *Eagle* was now shut up, and the *Lion* left alone.

The number of well-doers was now so greatly increased, that Oswald was not exposed to the same ungracious persecutions he once was. Still, there was an old set, confirmed in bad habits and prejudices, who shook their heads at the signs of the times, and said: 'Tis plain the village is going to ruin. There is only one public-house supported. Alas! we once had three!' Oswald reproved their mistake, and told them that the *Lion* and the *Eagle* were ravenous wild beasts that had fed on the substance of the community too long. When Brenzel heard that the schoolmaster had called the *Lion* a wild beast, he was ready to burst with anger, and threatened an action for damages; but Oswald kept out of the claws of the *Lion*.

VII.

A THUNDER-STORM—THE NEW CLERGYMAN.

About this time there was a terrible storm one night. All the sky seemed as if in flames. The thunder rolled, houses shook, and windows clattered. A terrible flash of lightning burst upon the parsonage, and blazed around the building; but happily no part caught fire. Yet so severe was the shock of alarm to the poor old clergyman, that he was very ill, and in the course of a few days he died. The ignorant Goldenthalers laid the blame upon the government, for forbidding the ringing of the church-bells in thunder-storms. 'We might have rung the thunder away,' said some of the old ones. Oswald shewed them the error of their notion, and taught them the cause of thunder, and the use of the lightning-conductor. He fitted one to his own house, and the miller followed his example.

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This, again, displeased some, who said it was an impious folly, and asked: 'Cannot the Almighty send his lightning wherever he pleases?' Oswald took pains to correct this mistake, and shewed them the right way of trusting in Providence, and still making use of all proper means of averting danger. His doctrine was new and strange; but it happily made some converts.

To supply the place of the deceased parson, a young preacher, named Roderick, was appointed to Goldenthal. 'What can such a boy as that do for us?' said some of the old people, when they saw the new parson, who was about twenty-seven years of age; and when they had heard him, they added: 'Ah, we see our new parson is one of the new-fangled preachers. We can understand every word that he says. What is the good of that? He is not learned enough: he should go more deeply into things. Our worthy old parson was a different man: he could preach for an hour and a half far beyond our understandings. It was quite delightful to hear him!'

Fortunately, there were some in Goldenthal who could better estimate the new parson, and they found him a pious, worthy, and learned man, though young. He was sociable, and yet serious; humble in deportment, and yet commanding respect; full of patience; and when he spoke reproof, it was still the voice of love. Soon after his arrival in Goldenthal, he visited every family in his parish. His manifest kindness infused confidence into the minds of his people; he heard their complaints, overruled their dissensions, attended to all their wants, and visited most frequently the poorest and the lowest of his flock. On Sunday, in the pulpit, he spoke so that every hearer believed the discourse to be addressed especially to himself.

Great was the delight of this good young clergyman on his first visit to Oswald's school. The cleanliness, quietness, and good order of the children pleasingly surprised him. As Oswald knelt down to offer his prayer of thanksgiving and adoration, the visitor knelt beside him, and tears fell from his eyes as Oswald prayed for the children. When this devotional exercise was over, he addressed to Oswald the warmest expression of thanks for the attention he had paid to the young. 'Excellent man!' said he, 'you have here sown good seed for eternity: may I be able to follow your example! If ever I am discouraged in my duties, I shall come here and be a scholar myself.'

And now, when the children found that the new parson so highly esteemed their teacher, their love and admiration of Oswald rose higher than before, and the consequence was, the school prospered more rapidly than ever. Roderick was a healer of the bodies as well as the souls of his people. He turned them from the error of their fantastic ways of dealing with some diseases by spells, charms, &c.; and as he had studied medicine so as to know the remedies for many common complaints, he wrought so many good cures,

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that the poor people had great confidence in him. Thus he followed his Master—'healing the sick, and preaching the kingdom of heaven.' He was also skilful in many other useful things, for he had considered in his youth that no knowledge of the affairs of life ought to be neglected by the country parson. Among other things, he was skilled in the management of bees, and had brought some very choice hives to Goldenthal; and the result of his endeavours to introduce the care of bees among the people was, that, in the course of a few years, Goldenthal was famous in all the neighbouring towns for its rich and luscious honey.

He knew how to divide his attention well between the souls and bodies of his people; and as he attended to their comfort in their houses, he laboured to refine and elevate their minds by the services at church. He determined to reform their practice of singing in church, which had been coarse, violent, and noisy. Every one had been accustomed to bawl with all his might, as if he would crack the windows or raise the roof; and the old people were so attached to this custom, that they thought the praise of God could be sung in no other way. Oswald had made a reformation among the young, and had taught them to sing with him at school harmoniously, in four parts. Some of the old people admired this style of singing in the school, but still they thought nothing but the old style of bawling would do for the church. But the young parson determined to quell the storm of discord which offended his ears, and therefore he proposed that service should be opened by the children singing alone. This was done; but by degrees some of the adults were tempted to join softly in the tune, which was just as Oswald and Roderick desired; and, in course of time, such a right feeling for true, harmonious, and devotional singing was spread among the people, that the whole congregation united their voices so softly and well, that the harmony from the choir of children was heard distinct from the general sound, and with a solemn and devotional effect.

VIII.

THE GOLDENTHALERS WIN GOOD FAME—A NEW OVERSEER— DEBTS TO BE PAID.

We pass over a space of time during which Roderick and Oswald were labouring to confirm and extend the good work of reformation which they had begun. And what was the result? Good credit was restored to Goldenthal, and a favourable report of the village was spread throughout the neighbouring country. The hemp, flax, grain, vegetables, and fruit brought to market from Goldenthal were

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all so good as to raise surprise; the butter was exquisite and abundant; in short, the village rose so rapidly in public estimation, that the surrounding townspeople jokingly styled it the GOLDMAKERS' VILLAGE.

Some might suppose that Oswald, who was the spring of every good movement among the people, had burdened himself and his good wife with too many offices; but he knew better how to arrange his affairs. He had found out among his pupils, and trained for the service, a youth able to take the greater part of the labour of the school. This young man's name was John Heiter, and, as a teacher, he soon became almost as much beloved by the pupils as Oswald.

The confederacy of the thirty-two stood firm to their principles, and made converts by their examples; but still there were several idle and miserable men in Goldenthal, who arrayed themselves against every improvement; and at the head of these poor creatures stood the host of the *Lion*, the misguided Brenzel. Great was the wrath and vexation of this stubborn man when Oswald and an honest industrious man named Ulrich Stark were elected to fill two vacancies in the board of guardians for the village. But he disguised his anger as well as he could, and paid a visit to Oswald, congratulating him upon his election.

But now, at the first meeting of the guardians, when Oswald and Ulrich Stark proceeded to business, they first demanded a rigid examination of the account-books. Here all was in the greatest disorder. The parish still owed about seven thousand guilders, and of this half was owing to the host of the *Lion*, who received five per cent. interest on the capital he had lent, while he paid only four per cent. for sums he had borrowed from the same funds, which was clearly unjust. Great expenses had been caused by all kinds of trifling visits and little affairs of business, which honourable men would have done gratuitously. In short, the whole of the accounts bore strong testimony against the selfishness and fraud of the late managers of the parish property, and none was so seriously criminated as the host of the *Lion*. Oswald made out such a dark account against this man, that the haughty and despotic Brenzel had to humble himself and supplicate for mercy. But Oswald determined, in justice to the poor, the widows, and the orphans, to refer the whole business to the proper legal authorities, by whom the accounts of Goldenthal parish were scrutinised; and the consequence was, that a warrant was issued against the host of the *Lion*, his goods were seized, and he was condemned to imprisonment.

Oswald was now almost master of the parish; but his position was not an easy one. He had many hard journeys to perform, and much opposition and misrepresentation to endure, before he could avert the dangers which had threatened the ill-regulated place. His first task was to diminish the burden of the debt still lying upon the people—above six thousand guilders. For this purpose he commenced a

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valuation of all the land in Goldenthal, that it might be known what were the real circumstances of every parishioner, and what the amount of taxes he ought to pay. He next determined that a better use should be made of the land which was common parish property, and thus he explained his plan to his fellow-parishioners : ' You know that this common land is of little service to the poor at present. It is trodden down by the cattle belonging to those who are comparatively rich. This is not fair. Every man in the parish has a right to a share of it ; but now those who do not keep any cattle derive no benefit from it. Let us have it portioned out, and fairly cultivated.' This proposition was met by murmurs and objections from those interested in unfair usages ; but the majority were with Oswald, and the motion was carried. The rich farmers appealed to government against Oswald's innovation, but the only answer they received was : ' The common belongs to the parishioners, and not to the cows of Goldenthal ; and every peasant may claim his portion, and make use of it as he pleases. You are not so careful to preserve the ancient rights of your parish, as to defend your own selfish practices.'

The following spring found a great improvement in the waste land of Goldenthal. Gardens were now blooming where lately the cattle had grazed upon scanty herbage. Hops, beans, hemp, flax, cabbages, potatoes, clover, and corn were flourishing on the newly broken ground. Even the farmers who had opposed Oswald's plan confessed that its result was indeed cheering, for the poor people were becoming more industrious, and paying their old debts. Next, Oswald turned his attention to the forest-land belonging to the parish, and called a meeting of the Goldenthalers to consider another new project. He explained to them that he had observed a sad waste of wood in the village. ' Other parishes,' said he, ' consume less of this valuable article for household purposes, because they have public ovens, where one fire does the work of a hundred. Why cannot we follow their example? To burn wood as we do, is to burn gold.' Another of the parish-officers observed, that in some villages there were also public washing-houses, which he would recommend to the people of Goldenthal for their convenience and economy. These propositions were approved of by the meeting ; and next, Oswald led them to consider for what profitable use they might employ the spare wood, so as to make it help towards the payment of their debts. After some opposition, a good plan was agreed upon ; and the profits realised in one year by the erection of public ovens and washing-houses, as well as the economy of fuel, surprised all those who had never before turned their attention to such speculations.

And now, as the parish debt was melting away, and many of the Goldenthalers who had once been clothed in rags shewed themselves in decent apparel at the market, the townspeople imagined that not

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a single beggar was to be found in Goldenthal. But this was too good yet to be true. Some of the old race remained, and refused to be improved. There were still too many who preferred begging to any honourable labour; and even able-bodied men and women were to be found who would not only live by begging themselves, but would marry and bring up children in beggary. Such disorders grieved the heart of the worthy young parson, and he had many consultations with Oswald regarding the best mode of remedy. 'Unless we remove this great evil,' said he, 'our prosperity will have a worm at its root, and soon decay.'

The 'Spital, as the poor-house was called, was a miserable place where the poor had been huddled together like cattle in a fold, without any discrimination of age, sex, character, or state of health, and there kept without any proper supervision, and supplied with no useful employment. Roderick had often visited the place, and was resolved that such a nursery of idleness and vice should no longer defile and disgrace his parish. A list was prepared of all the people unable to support themselves. The 'Spital was reformed, and changed into quite another house. A large kitchen was made, where the cooking for all the inmates might be done; separate rooms were established for the men and women respectively, and two chambers set apart for the sick; a separate sleeping-cell, too, was provided for every healthy person. Into the newly arranged house all persons who had no houses were conducted, as well as the children of such families as had no decent accommodation at home. Children were left with their parents in all cases where this could be done without peril to the health of both their bodies and their minds.

Suitable persons were appointed to visit all the families receiving from the parish relief in their own houses, and regular reports were given by these visitors to Roderick and Oswald. All the paupers who could labour were compelled to do so in support of the funds of the 'Spital; and if any one refused to do his duty, he was condemned to imprisonment, and supplied only with bread and water. This regulation soon exposed the distinction between the worthless and those who were willing to become useful members of society. The land attached to the 'Spital was laid out in gardens, and soon shewed signs of good cultivation. Every pauper was obliged to contribute a certain amount of the produce of his allotment to the common fund, but with permission to raise more for his own purposes. Abundant work was found for all who were strong, in mending the roads, draining the boggy parts of the forest, felling trees, planting, clearing the water-courses, and other ways. There was indoor work too for rainy weather and for the women: they were required to keep all the furniture in the 'Spital in good order, and to keep themselves employed with spinning, knitting, and sewing. By such measures, enforced by a constant, kind, and watchful supervision, the 'Spital was transformed into a comfortable abode, and a nursery

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of industrious habits. And all this was soon done without any expense to the parish. The inmates of the house were soon able to prepare and cook their own food, repair their clothes, and to manufacture goods which found a sale. Their minds also improved as their physical condition was elevated by decency, industry, and orderly habits. Roderick conducted divine worship in the 'Spital on several evenings in the week; and the inmates were taught not only to respect themselves, and do justice to their neighbours, but also to be humble and devout before their Maker and Saviour.

It should be observed, that every inmate was at liberty to leave the house whenever he thought proper, provided that he could shew that he had a fair prospect of otherwise honourably supporting himself and those belonging to him. Thus many who had been burdens to themselves and to the parish, by kind and prudent means well carried out, were restored to the happy condition of being willing and able to support themselves, and contribute to the welfare of society at Goldenthal.

IX.

SOMETHING NEW AGAIN.

'What can Oswald be scheming now?' said some of the people when the reformer began to devote his evenings to the measurement of their farms. He was walking about with the schoolmaster, John Heiter, stretching the chain, or looking over the tops of the stakes he had fixed in the ground. 'What can all this mean?' asked the people.

In the course of some months, Oswald had prepared a complete map of all the land in the parish, with every stile, house, and path. This was suspended in the parish vestry, and many went to wonder at it every day, until Oswald assembled the principal land-proprietors to hear an explanation of his design.

'Here,' said he, 'is a plan of all your lands, which our schoolmaster, assisted by some of the boys, has made out for us. I will now explain my purpose. When I surveyed the fields which you have cultivated with hard labour, I could not but observe that some of them yield less than they ought to do with good management; and, in many instances, a great part of the labour and expense of cultivation might be spared. I propose to render your plans more economical, by saving, in the first place, *time*. As you have bought your several parcels of land at various times, I find that they lie widely scattered, so that a man has to cross the parish sometimes

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to go from one of his fields to another. Here is a great waste of time. One of you has a small piece of land on the hill-side, then another patch behind the wood, another near the high-road, and still another patch on the other side of our rivulet. Thus a great part of the day is spent in walking to and fro; and this loss of time by every man employed on the land, and also by your cattle drawing manure, &c., must, when summed up, appear a very serious matter at the end of the year. Now, if all these scattered pieces of land could be gathered into one compact allotment, would not there be a great saving of time, labour, and expense?'

All assented; but some suggested that it was not easy to carry land about. Oswald went on to explain his plan.

'My plan has its difficulties,' said he; 'but only be fair and obliging to each other, and as you can see now how much land belongs to each of you, I would suggest that you may, with mutual advantage, make exchanges of land, so as to have all your farms more compact. The advantage will surely be great. Throw aside selfishness; do the thing that is just; take time for consideration, and I believe you will carry the plan into effect for the good of the parish.'

Some shook their heads, and said it was impossible; yet they began to study it at their homes. It became the most popular entertainment during the winter to discuss the proposed measure; and in the spring several good arrangements were made. Then, when some of the small farmers found the profit of having their lands together, others became anxious to share in the improvement: the map was studied every evening, and the divisions of land were soon more conveniently disposed for cultivation. Perseverance in good plans carried on improvement in Goldenthal, until it indeed deserved its name. It was a golden valley. The village lay in the midst of fruitful gardens, orchards, meadows, and golden corn-fields. The foot-paths over the fields were kept smooth and clear from weeds, and the roads throughout the parish were ornamented with fruit trees. The village looked like a flourishing little town. Every house had shining windows, a polished door, a roof of tiles, a little flower-garden, and a hive of bees. The people were well clothed, and their cheerful faces told that they lived happily together. Many had brown, sunburnt faces; but strength and health were smiling from their eyes. The young men of the neighbouring villages looked wistfully at the maidens of Goldenthal, and even the sons of respectable farmers thought they did well to obtain the hand of one of these maidens, who supplied the want of money with genuine household virtues.

After service on Sunday, Goldenthal presented a scene of true rural happiness: parties of friends and relatives assembled in the houses, or sat in the gardens enjoying fruit, honey, milk, and other pastoral luxuries. The village became a favourite place of resort

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for the respectable people of the town; and even in winter, skating-parties would meet at Goldenthal. Under the guidance of Heiter, the schoolmaster, the young choir had attained such proficiency as to be able to sing choral pieces, such as could seldom be heard even in the neighbouring towns. Thus the young people, supplied with innocent and intellectual amusements, and shut out from many temptations, were able to spend their evenings in summer and in winter without feeling anything of that dulness and want of occupation by which many are led into intemperance and other vices.

As may be supposed, there were some who were disposed to mar the good results of Oswald's labours. A number of the village peasants, as they became more wealthy, were tempted to vanity; some of their daughters dressed too gaily; while some of the men indulged in the wine-flask or at the billiard-table. But this conduct aroused the fears of all the well-disposed inhabitants, and, taught by experience, they foresaw in such vanities and indulgences the first tendency to go backward. When fully aware of the evil, there were grave deliberations on the subject; and a species of union was formed of persons who agreed to abide by certain regulations as to dress and manners. This movement had the desired effect; the force of public opinion suppressing the tendencies to vice and disorder. Every year the regulations were read aloud in the church to the congregation, and such additions were made from time to time as seemed necessary. After the reading, the question was put to all, old and young, men, women, and children, in the assembly: 'Will you stand by this code of laws, which is the foundation of all our prosperity, happiness, and honour?' And all the people answered with one accord, with a loud voice, that they would. Thus the integrity of the parish was preserved.

X.

THE BAPTISM OF OSWALD'S CHILD.

And now Oswald was truly happy, for his Elizabeth presented to him a fine healthy son. He went to carry the news to his friend the new host at the *Lion*, who was one of the faithful members of the confederacy. 'Friend,' said Oswald, 'I think I have never yet asked you to bestow a favour upon me; now I must do it. My wife has just given me a son and heir. I cannot leave her, and go to the town; but I require, for a certain purpose, the loan of five hundred guilders—only for eight days.'

'Of course I will lend them,' said the host of the *Lion*; 'but I have not all that in gold.'

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'Let it be gold if you can,' said Oswald; 'see what you can do, and bring it to my house to-morrow evening exactly at eight o'clock. But say nothing of it to anybody.'

In the same way Oswald called upon every one of the two-and-thirty men who had made the promise to keep the seven rules: to each of them he addressed the same petition, and appointed the same time and place for receiving the money. All these friends met at Oswald's house at the hour of dusk, and were conducted into a chamber almost dark. Oswald went out to fetch candles, and in a few minutes returned, arrayed in a military costume, with star, sword, and feather, just as he had appeared to them in the same room seven years before. 'Have you brought the money, my friends?' said he. 'Please to lay it upon the table.' One after another stepped forward, and laid his heap of money upon it.

Then Oswald spoke: 'Remember, my friends, that now your time of probation has expired: the seven years and seven weeks are gone; and now you have placed more gold upon this table than lay upon it on the night of our engagement. My promise is fulfilled: I have taught you the art of goldmaking. And now abide faithful to God and your own vows; so shall your welfare increase from day to day. Bring up your children by the same rules, and your welfare will descend to them.' Many expressions of hearty gratitude broke forth as Oswald ceased speaking. He now returned the money to those who were so willing to lend, assuring them that he did not need it.

'Then what can we do for you to express our thankfulness?' said several at once. 'Only tell us, and we are ready to go through fire to serve you, for without you we should have been ruined.'

Then Oswald answered: 'I thank you for your sincere friendship, but I have no need of assistance of any kind. Thanks to a worthy man, my good father, who gave me a fair education. When a soldier, I found all that I had learned useful, and my knowledge of land-measurement, next to my good conduct, procured for me promotion to the rank of captain of horse. In a skirmish, when the prince was surrounded by foes, I dashed in with my squadron and rescued him. I received for that service this wound on my brow, and the star on my breast, with a good pension for life. The prince has never forgotten me, but, as you have seen, has condescended to visit me here in Goldenthal. When I returned to my native village, and found it in such miserable circumstances, I thought it prudent to disguise my real condition. I soon lost all desire of living in Goldenthal, and should have gone away had I not seen Elizabeth, my dear wife: she kept me in the place. Then I resolved to do my utmost towards improving the place where I chose to dwell. To carry out my plan, I hid my wealth and rank from all except my wife and her parents. And now,' he added, 'let this discovery of my station in the world make no difference in your intercourse with

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me: you are my brethren, and the title I shall be proudest of will be to be called your *friend*!

'Then,' said the chief speaker of the company, 'if we can express our thanks in no other way, we and our families will attend your child's baptism, and make the day a festival in all our houses!'

Sunday came, and all the young people in Goldenthal arose early, for on that day Oswald's child was to be baptised. In the morning, Oswald went to the bedside and kissed the young mother and her infant. 'See, Elizabeth,' said he, 'my heart is almost breaking with joy and sorrow mingled. My boy makes my heart glad, and the aspect of our village this morning moves me to tears. See! who dare deny the capability of goodness and gratitude in the souls of men? During the night, they have decked our house with garlands and wreaths, as they did at our bridal; and not only so, but all the cottages in the village are decorated with green boughs and wreaths of bright flowers, as if our festival was to be a festival in every family. And all the way from our house to the church, they have planted stakes on each side of the road, and hung long strings of flowers between them, while the road is strewn with green leaves and many-coloured flowers.'

The young mother blushed with pleasure, and her eyes were moistened as she heard what Oswald told. 'I have heard noises of going to and fro in the night,' said she, 'and knew not what to make of them.' She could not stay in bed, but must go to the window to see the decorations of the cottages. And then she wept silently, for nothing is more touching to a tender soul than to witness the sympathy of many united by one good feeling; it is an anticipation of the joy that will be felt in heaven. Elizabeth returned to her infant son, and her parents arrived to prepare for the baptismal ceremony. The miller's good wife could not express her joy at the gay appearance of the village. 'Never,' said she—'never was there such a baptism in Goldenthal before—no, not even at the birth of a prince have we had such a festival!' As she was speaking, a procession of boys and girls came on towards Oswald's house: all were clothed in their best Sunday garments, and every one carried some little present for the cradle of the infant. They came in two at a time, and, kneeling down, kissed the hand of the young mother, calling her 'Mother Elizabeth;,' then kissed the hand of Oswald, and called him 'Father Oswald!'

Then all the church bells began to ring joyously. The child was dressed, and carried to the church. The grandfather and the grandmother followed, and behind them walked the father, deeply moved in his soul. The whole congregation, old and young, stood before the church in a wide half-circle waiting for Oswald; and as he came, all said, as with one soft and friendly voice, 'Good-morning, Father Oswald:' then all followed him into the church. After the baptism, the preacher, Roderick, delivered a sermon on

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the duty of the people to be grateful for good guardians. He seemed to be inspired more than usual with his theme. Word after word went to the hearts of the people. When he came to the closing prayer, and with tremulous voice prayed for the good guardians of Goldenthal—when, with tears no longer to be suppressed, he lisped out the name of Oswald, there was sobbing and weeping in the congregation: every one thought of all that Oswald had done for the parish; and at the conclusion of the service, the hymn ‘for the life of the public guardians’ arose to Heaven from an assembly of warm and thankful hearts.

Oswald walked to his house with his head bowed down, and yet happy at heart. When he saw his wife, he could hardly speak for emotion. The parson, the miller and his wife, and Oswald’s fellow-guardians, sat down to the christening dinner; then it was told that a festive dinner was prepared in every cottage, as if a child in every family had been baptised. Oswald shook his head, and said: ‘I am not worthy of all this kindness.’ But the general joy cheered his soul. In the evening, he visited many of the cottages to express his thanks for their display of affection; and until late in the twilight, youths and maidens were dancing on the green, and songs were resounding from the houses, the shade of the lime-trees, and the gardens all around. That day has been long talked of at Goldenthal; and since that time, Oswald has always kept the title of Father, and Elizabeth has been called Mother by all the young people of the village. Surely all good sown in this life shall be rewarded at last with a rich harvest, for God, the loving and merciful, the rewarder of the good, lives and rules over us all.





The NANA SAHIB, from an original Drawing.

STORY OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

ON the 24th of February 1857, there commenced in British India the most formidable mutiny or rebellion that had ever broken out in that vast country: a mutiny which placed the people and the government alike in great peril, taxed the utmost powers of the state to quell it, and called forth brilliant examples of heroic suffering and

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daring valour. It had more the form of a mutiny of the native soldiery than a general rebellion of the people, although the latter element was in some districts not wanting. How it happened that there was a vast native army in the service and the pay of the British, and commanded by British officers, cannot be understood until we know something of that strange historical phenomenon—the rise of British India, the formation of a British empire in that rich and important region of the East.

INDIA: THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE.

Properly, *India* and *Hindustan* are the same in meaning, signifying 'the land of the Hindus;' but English writers mostly confine the name of Hindustan to the northern part only of India. The southern part is a large peninsula; the northern is a broad belt of country, extending up to the gigantic range of the Himalaya Mountains, and watered by the Indus, the Ganges, and other important rivers. The extreme length from north to south is about 1900 miles, the extreme breadth from east to west about 1600; presenting an area a hundred and fifty times as large as Great Britain. The peninsular portion of India has 4000 miles of sea-coast—a fact to which much of the commercial prosperity of the country has been due. The flat regions bordering on the Indus and the Ganges—especially the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, Oude, Rohilcund, the Doab, and the Punjab—are for the most part very fertile and densely peopled; while Sinde, or Sindh, partakes rather of the nature of a sandy desert. Central India, comprising Malwah and Rajahstan, is an elevated plateau or table-land, much less thickly inhabited. Southern India, or the Deccan, is the peninsular portion; containing a large extent of elevated land in the centre, strips of lowland near the sea-coasts, and mountain-ranges (called the Eastern and Western Ghauts) between the highlands and the lowlands.

The natives spread over this wide region are of many nations and tribes, known by a great number of designations; but they are broadly distinguished (mainly by their religion) into Hindus and Mohammedans. It is supposed that many scattered tribes in various parts of India, less civilised than the Hindus, preceded them in the occupation of the country, and that the Hindus came as conquerors; although it is not now known at what period the irruption or invasion took place. In times comparatively modern the Mohammedans of Turkestan penetrated into India, and became the dominant race in many provinces. The vast population of nearly 200,000,000 souls is thus made up of many races, nationalities, and tribes, differing considerably in natural character and acquired influence. The ethnology of India is a difficult problem, which has as yet been only imperfectly studied.

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PROGRESS OF BRITISH POWER IN INDIA.

It was among so remarkable and numerous a people that the British gradually obtained sway. Never was there a better illustration of the saying concerning the 'thin end of the wedge;' every blow given during two centuries has driven the wedge further in. It was in the year 1600 that Queen Elizabeth gave a charter to a company of merchants, conceding certain privileges and monopolies in connection with trade to India—or the East Indies. The Company were at first traders, and traders only; but when, just about two centuries ago, Charles II., by a new charter, gave them the privilege of 'making war and peace with the native princes,' he established a foundation for the influence which afterwards became so vast and irresistible. The representatives of the Company were seldom without excuses for 'making war' or 'making peace;' and the directors at home, so long as the trade returned good dividends, did not always examine very closely the treatment which native princes received, or the means by which the servants of the Company acquired enormous fortunes. So long as the Company sent out bullion, lead, quicksilver, woollens, hardware, &c., to India, and brought home from thence silk, calicoes (originally an article of Indian manufacture), diamonds, tea, porcelain, pepper, saltpetre, opium, indigo, and drugs of various kinds, they were legitimate traders; but they gradually mixed themselves up with the quarrels of the native princes, and usually contrived to gain something out of each quarrel. In this way the Company's servants acquired power in Northern India, with Calcutta as their starting-point; while Madras and Bombay became two other nuclei of acquisition and conquest. Further power arose out of the war with France about the middle of the last century; for the political aid of the British crown was given to the Company, in reference to certain possessions which the French had in India. From that time there was never wanting great military conquerors in the service of the East India Company, albeit the latter were properly only a trading body of British merchants. Lord Clive, by splendid victories over the French in the Madras presidency, and over the native princes in Bengal, gained large dominions for the Company between 1751 and 1757; and before he finally left India, he virtually established what might be called the British empire in the East.

The history of the hundred years preceding the mutiny was crowded with incidents, all tending in one direction—the increase of British power in India, both for the crown and for the Company. Hyder Ali was brought more or less under subjection in Mysore, the Nizam in the Deccan, the Mahrattas in Central India; and Tippoo Saib was supplanted at Seringapatam by a Hindu prince under British protection. And so the eighteenth century wore away. A

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governor-general for all the British possessions in India was first appointed in 1773; and during the subsequent period of nearly a century, this post has been occupied by a succession of eminent men. Great, indeed, were the battles, great the acquisitions of territory—in some instances, great the sacrifice of English blood—during those eventful years. The successful war against the Ghorkas; the defeat and subjection of the Pindarries; the Burmese War; the extraordinary campaign against the Thugs, or fanatic murderers of India; the deplorable Afghan War, with its tragic termination at the Khyber Pass; the second or retributive war against the Afghans; the conquest of Sind; the terrible Sikh War, with its battles of Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon; the second Sikh War, ending with the decisive victory of Gujerat; the second Burmese War; the annexation or absorption of the great kingdoms of Punjab, Pegu, Nagpoor, and Oude—all tended to make the first half of the present century a very warlike one.*

BRITISH AND NATIVE ARMIES IN INDIA.

It becomes necessary to know what portion of the vast region was in British hands at the time of the mutiny in 1857. We should find, in tracing it out on a map, that this portion extended from the Himalaya on the north to Ceylon on the south, from the Brahmaputra and the Ganges on the east to the mouths of the Indus on the west; but that it was dotted here and there, in various parts, with independent or semi-independent states. British India, though under one governor-general and one commander-in-chief, was divided into five governments, as follow: 1. Presidency of Bengal, with 41,000,000 inhabitants; 2. Presidency of Madras, 22,000,000; 3. Presidency of Bombay, 12,000,000; 4. North-west Provinces, 34,000,000; 5. Territories under the immediate administration of the governor-general in council, 23,000,000. There were thus no less than 132,000,000 natives of India subject either to the Queen of England or to the East India Company—it was not very easy to say which. The separate kingdoms, states, or provinces, which by their annexation made up this large total, were very numerous. Taking them in the order of acquisition, they comprised at least sixty different states, acquired in exactly one hundred years. It will not be necessary to give all the names here; those most familiar to English readers were Bengal, Bahar, Benares, Bombay, Malabar, Tanjore, portions of the Deccan and Mysore, the Carnatic, Delhi, Gujerat, Khandeish, Poonah, portions of the Mahratta country, Assam, Aracan, Patna, Sind, Pegu, Punjab, Nagpoor, Oude, Satara, and Berar. British India altogether, containing the

* The story of the 'British Conquest of India' will be told at greater length in a subsequent Number; in the meantime, the above sketch may serve as an opening to the tragic episode of 1857-8.

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132,000,000 inhabitants, covered 840,000 square miles of area; the independent and protected states, with an area of 630,000 square miles, added another 48,000,000 to the population. It is only by a little stretch of magniloquence that the Queen of England, as 'Empress of India,' is said to have 200,000,000 souls under her dominion in that land.

These wide-spreading territories were, at the time of the breaking out of the mutiny, defended by 280,000 soldiers in the pay of the East India Company; besides 40,000 men whom the protected states were bound by treaty to furnish as contingents. Most of the troops were natives, commanded by British officers; some were Europeans, raised by recruiting in England as direct soldiers of the Company; and some were regular regiments of the Queen's army, *lent* by the home government, and *paid for* by the Company. The English soldiers were called 'Queen's troops' and 'Europeans,' according as they belonged to the royal or to the Company's armies; the native soldiers were called 'Regulars' and 'Irregulars,' according to the mode of their organisation. The most perilous element in this great military force, so far as the mutiny was concerned, was also the largest; it was the native regular infantry, comprising 155 complete regiments. The native cavalry was strong in Mohammedans; but an overwhelming preponderance of the native foot-soldiers were Hindus; and this was the worst of the two religions, so far as concerned the causes of the outbreak. A Bengal native infantry regiment, in some instances, contained no less than 400 *Brahmins*, or Hindus of the religious caste, and 200 *Rajpoots*, or Hindus of the military caste—the remaining four or five hundred being lower-caste Hindus and Mohammedans. Every caste among the Hindus has its own peculiar rules and customs, more rigidly enforced perhaps than class distinctions in any other part of the world. A Hindu *cannot* rise out of his caste, however wealthy he may become; and he cannot depart from the usages of his caste, without being regarded as a heretic, pariah, or outcast. It is extremely difficult for Europeans to become acquainted with the inner life, thoughts, feelings, hopes, fears, plans of the Hindus; and the embarrassment of the government in troubled times is much increased by this difficulty.

BREAKING OUT OF THE MUTINY.

Such was the country, such the people, such the army, suddenly set in commotion in the early weeks of 1857. Many of the natives appear to have quietly conspired to make that year memorable, as the centenary of 1757; they hoped to put an end in the one year to the British rule which Clive had virtually established in the other. It is now known that the Mohammedans were the leaders in this particular movement, with the hope of re-establishing a great

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Moslem empire ; that the Hindus had special motives of their own, connected chiefly with the subjects of religion and caste ; that a written paper was circulating from hand to hand, containing some sort of prediction concerning 1857, as a year in which British supremacy in India was to come to an end ; that *chupatties* (small cakes of unleavened maize-flour) were sent from village to village during the second half of 1856, supposed to have been used as some kind of war-signal or conspiracy-symbol ; that a lotus-flower was very often brought to a military cantonment, given to the chief native officer of a regiment, passed from hand to hand throughout the regiment, and then carried or conveyed by the last man to the next regiment or cantonment—probably to effect the same work among the native soldiery as the *chupatties* wrought among the villagers ; that the Hindu soldiers were irritated and alarmed whenever their cartridges were supposed to be greased with the fat of the bullock or cow, lest their mouths should be defiled in biting off the ends, and they should lose caste ; that the native soldiers of the Bengal army were more discontented than those of the Madras and Bombay armies, because the chance of promotion from the ranks was smaller ; and that the Earl of Dalhousie's annexation of Oude in 1856 had left a deep wound in the minds of many of the Mohammedan inhabitants of that kingdom. All these facts are now known, with more or less distinctness ; and all are believed to have contributed to the sudden and formidable outbreak in 1857 ; but the authorities were deplorably ignorant at the time of the danger ; they either did not observe the symptoms, or disregarded them as of no importance.

Quite early in the year, a rumour spread that a mutinous seizure of arms at Calcutta was intended ; then a seditious proclamation was found on a Mohammedan fanatic priest in Oude ; then an attempt was made on the fidelity of the guard at the Calcutta Mint ; then some of the non-commissioned officers of a native corps at Soorie, in a strange way declined to avail themselves of an annual holiday or furlough at the usual period ; and then, about the end of January, insubordination was shewn at the station of Dum-dum (a few miles north of Calcutta), arising out of the cartridges used for the recently introduced Enfield rifle—the Mohammedans fearing that the lubricating grease contained the much-abhorred swine's fat, the Hindus that it contained the scrupulously avoided cow's fat (the swine being too vile for the one, the cow too sacred for the other, to touch with their lips). But the first actual outbreak was at Berhampore. Some of the native troops came to the cantonment, and appear to have excited the men by accounts of disturbances at Dum-dum and Barrackpore ; insomuch that the 19th Native Infantry rose in insurrection. The movement was soon checked, and the 19th soon afterwards disbanded in disgrace ; but it was a grave event, which rendered many of the old officers of the Company very anxious ; and it was followed by another at Barrackpore on

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the 29th of March, which necessitated the disbanding of the 34th Native Infantry.

But much more alarming things were at hand. During March and April, the military authorities at Umballa were rendered uneasy by a mutinous tendency on the part of the native troops stationed there ; and as Umballa is more than a thousand miles from Calcutta, with the great cities and provinces of Delhi, Meerut, Agra, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Allahabad, Benares, and Patna lying between them, it shewed how wide was the area over which the spirit of insubordination spread.

REVOLT AT MEERUT, AND LOSS OF DELHI.

On Sunday the 10th of May, the *real* mutiny began at Meerut. A large cantonment at that place, not many miles from the famous city of Delhi, contained several regiments, European and native. The native troops, after many days of great excitement, rose suddenly in arms, wounded or drove away their officers, broke open the jail, liberated 1200 malefactors, and established a temporary reign of terror. English ladies and children, families of the military and civil officers, were going to evening church when the tumult began ; but a sad evening was in store for them. Colonel Finnis, of the 11th Native Infantry, fell riddled with bullets ; bungalows (officers' residences) and government offices were burned to the ground ; ladies were murdered, and even mutilated ; and little children were ruthlessly massacred. Where, it may be asked, were the British troops all this time ? It appears that at the military stations in India, the natives and the Europeans are encamped apart, with a bazaar or trading town for the accommodation of the former, and officers' bungalows in various places ; the whole covering a great area. The 60th Rifles and the 6th Carabiniers, as well as a troop of horse-artillery, were there ; but so far distant were they from the native troops, and so utterly unprepared for such a scene on a quiet Sunday evening, that they could not come to the rescue in time. The native regiments (11th and 20th Infantry, and 3d Cavalry), after this brief season of fire and slaughter, marched off to Delhi ; the natives at the two places had evidently some pre-arranged plot. The English troops tried to check them, but without avail.

Delhi, a great and splendid city with seven gates, and a wide frontage to the river Jumna, contained not a single British regiment at that time ; there were three native regiments, besides artillery ; all the Europeans in the place were a mere handful. These three regiments were joined, in the early morning of the 11th of May, by the three from Meerut. There was an old, debauched, decrepit monarch there, the Mogul king of Delhi, a powerless pensioner of the British ; but it very soon appeared that he and all his family were among the conspirators. The mutineers entered triumphantly

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and welcomely, and the gates were closed behind them, to cut off any of the British who might be in pursuit. Not one single European was in a position to give a connected account of that terrible day at Delhi. The sepoy (native infantry) at the station assumed a seeming faithfulness until those from Meerut had entered; then they threw off the mask; and the families of the English officers and civilians were hunted about like wild beasts. Some took refuge in the Flagstaff Tower, a building a mile and a half out of the city; some fled into the open plain, to wander they knew not whither; some sought refuge in the jungle, only to be dragged forth and cruelly murdered; some were burned in their own bungalows. The narratives of suffering, collected afterwards one by one, were far more terrible than those at Meerut. The scene closed by the whole city of Delhi being in the hands of mutineers, with a grandson of the old monarch set up as a sort of temporary king or chief. How many months elapsed before the British regained possession of the place, will be seen in due course.

RAPID SPREAD OF THE MUTINY.

Some slight idea of the difficulties and perils in which the English were placed over the whole face of Northern India, may be gained by considering their position in ordinary times. The civil servants of the Company, called commissioners, judges, magistrates, collectors, &c., mostly had their families residing with them; and if the city or town were also a military station, there were also the families of the English officers (or some of them) who commanded the native troops. British troops were comparatively few. At the time of the breaking out of the mutiny, almost half the Queen's troops in India were either near Pegu in the east, or in the Punjab and the Indus provinces on the west; while the twelve hundred miles of distance between Calcutta and the Sutlej were almost denuded of them. Hence, when the sepoy broke out in insurrection, the position of the handful of English became very precarious, for they were literally tens among thousands. With a map of India open before him, the reader will see over how vast an area the hostilities spread. In the first half of the month of May, three regiments mutinied at Meerut, three at Delhi, and one at Lucknow. In the second half of the same month, one at Murdan, one at Allyghur, one at Hattress, two at Nuseerabad, four at Lucknow, and one at Shahjehanpore. The first half of June witnessed the mutinying of one regiment at Azimghur, four at Seetapoor, one at Mooradabad, two at Neemuch, three at Benares, two at Jhansi, four at Cawnpore, one at Bhagput, one at Allahabad, one at Hansi, one at Bhurtpore, three at Jullundoor, two at Fyzabad, one at Sultanpore, one at Pershadepore, two at Nowgong, one at Rohtuk, two at Ferozpoore, and one at Gwalior. This was a terrible fortnight; more than thirty native regiments

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suddenly turned their arms against their former masters. In the second half of June, there was only one mutiny at Futteghur and one at Mozuffernugger. The months of July, August, and September witnessed the revolt of about twenty more regiments. The materials for mutiny were now pretty well exhausted; seeing that most of the Bengal native regiments (in which the disaffected spirit chiefly manifested itself) were by this time either disarmed or in mutiny. Almost every one of these several acts of mutiny was attended with misery and danger to English civilians, ladies, and children; and the tales of suffering committed to paper were often of the most touching and harrowing kind. Military officers there were in abundance; for every mutiny of a native regiment deprived of immediate duties, even if not of life itself, the British officers who had commanded it. Many were the instances in which these officers themselves formed voluntary corps, to aid the heroic endeavours which were made—now in this region, now in that—to stay the progress of revolt, and to reconquer the positions which the mutineers had gained.

THE HEROIC DEFENCE OF ARRAH.

As the stirring events at Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi, presently to be described, extended over several months, and require to be narrated in some consecutive order, we will here treat of one isolated and brief episode, soon begun and soon ended. There were few deeds in the whole history of the mutiny more gallant than the defence of Arrah by Mr Wake and Mr Boyle. A miserable affair at Dinapoor—in which (for a rarity) an Indian officer was found to be too old and feeble, too gentle and irresolute, for the duties intrusted to him—gave occasion for this heroism.

Dinapoor was a great military station, in the rich province of Bahar, lying between Bengal and Oude, and about ten miles distant from the great commercial city of Patna. General Lloyd, commandant at Dinapoor, unfortunately credited his sepoy regiments with fidelity long after most other officials had learned the stern truth. There were, in July, three of those regiments in the wide cantonment outside Dinapoor—the 7th, 8th, and 40th Bengal Infantry. Portions of H.M. 10th and 37th Foot were in the British lines; and General Lloyd was strongly urged to employ them to disarm the sepoys, as soon as the terrible news from Meerut, Delhi, and other stations arrived. But he was old, infirm, kind, and indulgent—totally unfitted for the exigency. On the 25th of July, the whole of the sepoys marched off, taking arms and ammunition with them. The 400 British troops could and would have prevented this departure of 3000 native sepoys, or would at anyrate have disarmed them; but the bewildered and paralysed commander issued no orders until too late; and the mutineers got clear off. They went to Arrah, a town

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24 miles distant. The chief magistrate, the representative of British power at Arrah, was Mr Wake, a man of great energy and determination. He had for weeks kept the government acquainted with the fact that the district of Shahabad (of which Arrah was a sort of capital) was in a very turbulent state; but his appeals for military aid were unsuccessful. At length the 26th of July came, and with it the mutineers from Dinapoor.

Now took place the heroic and memorable *defence of Arrah*. Mr Boyle, a civil engineer, in anticipation of the events which followed, had strongly fortified his detached two-storied house, and placed in it provisions, water, and a supply of ammunition. On news of the outbreak at Dinapoor (where the women and children had been sent for greater safety) the Europeans and others in Arrah entered the building. There were thirteen of them, together with one Mohammedan servant of the Company, and fifty Sikh police, who remained 'true to their salt.' The house was about fifty feet square, and Mr Wake resolved to defend it to the last. The Dinapoor mutineers, marching into Arrah on the morning of the 27th, liberated all the prisoners in the jail, sacked the treasury, and laid siege to Boyle's house, bringing not only musketry but cannon to bear upon it. The siege was an extraordinary one; 64 men defended the house for seven days against an army of 3000 troops—not undisciplined rabble, but men who had been drilled to active service by British officers. As fast as the enemy increased their attack, so did the little band strengthen the defence; new batteries were opposed by new barricades; and mines were frustrated by countermines. The Sikhs behaved nobly, never flinching an inch. One night, when provisions were running low, they sallied out, captured four sheep, and brought them safe within the house; they also dug a well beneath the very floor of the house, and obtained thereby a welcome supply of water. Whether it was possible for any of the defenders to obtain an hour's sleep during the seven days, may almost be doubted; for they had to be on the alert night and day. Poor General Lloyd, hoping to repair the disaster at Dinapoor, sent British troops and 150 Sikhs after the mutineers to Arrah; but these, by gross mismanagement, met with a mortifying defeat in the very suburbs of that place, on the night of the 29th—290 men being killed or wounded out of 450. Mr Wake and his companions heard the firing consequent on this encounter, but could neither receive nor render assistance. The siege continued. How much longer the defenders would have been able to hold out cannot be known; but aid came to them on the 2d of August. Major Vincent Eyre, *en route* to Allahabad with some artillery, hearing of the events at Arrah, resolved to turn aside from his road, and attempt a rescue. He had only 270 men and 3 guns; but, by a series of brilliant manœuvres, he thoroughly defeated 2500 mutineers outside Arrah, entered the town, and joined Mr Wake's little band.

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Extraordinary to relate, none of the defenders were killed, and only one dangerously wounded.

NANA SAHIB, AND THE MASSACRE AT CAWNPORE.

We shall next trace the circumstances which led to the slaughter of British soldiers and civilians, delicate women, and little children, by the miscreant Nana Sahib.

Cawnpore is a large town on the river Ganges, about 120 miles above Allahabad, 650 by land from Calcutta, and 250 from Delhi. A very large military cantonment lay outside the city; the native troops were numerous, the stores and treasure valuable, and the position important, as commanding the highway of the Ganges. Sir Hugh Wheeler, in command at that station, was very uneasy at the prospect around him during the month of May; he had few English among his troops, and little hope that reinforcements could reach him from other quarters. As June advanced, and telegraph wires were cut by the rebels, no authentic news could come to or from Cawnpore; dark rumours and scraps of messages, reaching other parts of India from time to time, told of something terrible going on; but it was not till many weeks later that the awful truth came to light, and the authorities at Calcutta knew of the tragedy at Cawnpore. Although having very few English soldiers, Wheeler had many English civilians, political and civil officers, merchants, missionaries, &c. to think for. The native troops stationed there were the 1st, 53d, and 56th Bengal Infantry, and the 2d Bengal Cavalry: if these should prove unfaithful, he had very few English soldiers to come to his aid. He caused a square plot of ground (afterwards well known as the *Intrenchment*) to be laid out on the grand military parade, apart alike from the town and the cantonment; it was about 600 feet square, bounded by a trench and an earthen parapet, and containing two barrack-hospitals, a few other buildings, and a well. Into this enclosure he caused to be conveyed, by degrees, a large amount of treasure, commissariat and pay-office records, and enough grain, rice, salt, sugar, tea, coffee, rum, beer, &c. for 30 days' consumption for 1000 persons. This was a matter of precaution, taken about the middle of May; but when Sir Hugh Wheeler found that no help could be obtained from other quarters, and that the mutinous spirit increased among the natives, he caused the civilians and their families to sleep within the Intrenchment at night, together with the wives and children of the few score military officers; but the officers themselves continued near their troops, in the cantonment. A miserable time it was within the Intrenchment, nearly every one sleeping under canvas, and not knowing what the morrow would bring forth: they little suspected the real horrors that were in store. There was near Cawnpore one Nana Sahib, a Mahratta prince or chieftain, who, justly or unjustly, conceived that the East

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India Company had wronged him in regard to his inheritance of title and possessions. Resolved on revenge, he took the lead of the mutineers; and his leadership was all the more terrible because he simulated friendship; even Sir Hugh Wheeler trusted him. A very fiend he proved to be, when the opportunity came for shewing himself in his true colours. On the 5th of June, the open mutiny began in earnest: bungalows were burned; some of the native troops marched off to join insurgents in other quarters; elephants and stores were seized; and Wheeler directed all whom he could trust to come into the Intrenchment. Nana Sahib openly took command of the insurgents; he brought reinforcements with him, and commenced a veritable siege of the Intrenchment. A large store of ammunition lay in boats on a short canal leading to the Ganges; and these boats were unfortunately seized by Nana Sahib instead of by Wheeler. To make matters worse, he imitated the tactics of the mutineers at Meerut, by setting free several hundred ruffians from the jail: these men joined the mutineers, and helped to wreak vengeance on the unfortunate Europeans. The number of persons within the Intrenchment was upwards of 900, more than one-third of them English women and children; the English soldiers were somewhat over 200. There they remained day after day, week after week, withstanding a siege from the mutinied regiments, and from additional forces brought up by the treacherous Nana. What they suffered, especially the ladies and children, can with difficulty be realised. The earthen rampart was so low, that the besieged required to be constantly on the alert to keep out the besiegers; and as the defenders were so weak, they were harassed with daily and nightly duties. A few of Her Majesty's 32d and 84th Foot, and a few artillerymen—this was all. The firing began on the 6th of June; from that day, no succour of any kind could enter the Intrenchment; and in what plight the remnant of the sufferers left the place on the 27th, we shall soon have to tell. During these eventful three weeks, the defenders stood to their guns till ready to drop. There was scarcely any shelter within the Intrenchment for the non-combatants; the rebels brought down more and more guns to bear on the devoted place; it became a matter of life and death to go and draw water from the one well within the enclosure; the oxen were driven away or slaughtered, because there was no water for them, and then the meat-rations fell off; the hundred or so of native servants ran away, leaving the English to shift for themselves; hogs-heads of rum and beer were burst in by the enemy's cannon-balls: and then thirst and scarcity followed in the train of fatigue, sickness, and wounds. Many poor women and children died in the first week, through sickness, fright, and numberless privations; and the dead bodies were thrown into a deserted well, for there was no possibility of decent interment. On one particular day, red-hot shot from the enemy's guns set fire to the thatch of one of the two barrack-hospitals;

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forty poor creatures—sick, wounded, women, and children—were burned to death ; and nearly all the medicines and surgical instruments were destroyed. Those who were too young or too weak to fight, lived more like nomad tribes than Christian people ; for the remaining barrack was too completely riddled with shot to shelter them safely ; and hence women and children were to be seen crouching behind any barrier that offered, or even in holes in the ground.

These three weeks were a terrible time ; but the real tragedy was still to come. On the 24th of June, Nana Sahib sent a messenger to say that all the English might retire to Allahabad, in boats down the Ganges, if they would give up the Intrenchment, treasure, guns, and ammunition. Sir Hugh Wheeler, hopeless and worn down, agreed to the proposal. On the 27th, the forlorn band, the remnant of the 900, quitted the place. They started to embark in about twenty boats ; but then Nana Sahib's villainous plan shewed itself. Guns were brought down to the river-banks ; rebel soldiers rushed into the water with swords, and killed most of the men of the hapless party. The women and children, denied the mercy of a speedy death, were conveyed on shore, and shut up in a building at Cawnpore called the Subadar Kothee, at Nana Sahib's headquarters. How many women and children went into this place, and what they suffered during the next eighteen days, no credible witness has ever told ; they appear, however, to have exceeded 200 in number. After suffering cruel privations and shameful indignities, they were put to death on or about the 15th of July. Nana Sahib wished to prosecute ambitious projects of his own in other quarters ; and he determined to get rid of the encumbrance of women and children. It was a butchery of the most savage and barbarous kind. Not only were tender women and children killed, but many of them were cut up piecemeal ; and the room in which they were confined—the slaughter-house, indeed—was strewed with women's and children's garments, clotted tresses of women's hair on the walls and floor, and pools of blood. The mangled and mutilated bodies and limbs were thrown indiscriminately into a well near at hand.

NEILL'S ADVANCE FROM CALCUTTA.

Seldom has a government been placed in such complicated difficulties as those which beset the India authorities in May and June. General Anson, commander-in-chief of all the forces in India, being struck down by cholera, General Reed took his place, until the arrival of Sir Patrick Grant from Madras ; and the latter officer held it only until the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell (afterwards Lord Clyde) from England. These fluctuations in headship greatly marred the progress of affairs ; unity of purpose was wanting. Viscount Canning, at Calcutta, had no troops to send to the

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imperilled districts ; and more than 1200 miles of distance separated him from Sir John Lawrence, who had to hold and protect the whole of the north-west of India by his own skill and energy. The governor-general had much to bear, from the vituperation of the Calcutta press and the adverse criticisms of English orators and writers ; his best defence was pronounced when all was ended—that he had done well. It happened that, about that time, a little war with Persia had just been concluded, and that trusty troops were about to return from the Persian Gulf to India. It happened, too, that an expedition was just then being sent out from England to China, comprising military as well as naval forces. Viscount Canning, by a prompt use of such telegraphic means as were within his power, succeeded in obtaining the aid of a few choice British troops from both those sources. But an immense time would necessarily elapse before those troops could reach the focus of action. Under the old order of things in India, many weeks were required for a military force to reach Cawnpore or Lucknow from Calcutta, and a still longer time to reach Delhi ; and although railways were constructed and opened by the year 1857, they did not render much assistance in the early months of the mutiny. Fortunate was it that the native soldiers in the Madras and Bombay armies were but little affected by the insurrectionary spirit of the Bengal sepoys and the Oude troopers ; they came to the aid of the British regiments in Hindustan, though many a scorching week's march had to be accomplished.

The names of two gallant men are specially associated with the prompt and daring advance of small bands of soldiery through hundreds of miles of territory imperilled by the mutineers. One was General Neill ; the other, still more renowned, General Havelock.

Neill was, in actual army rank, only a lieutenant-colonel in the month of June. He brought a few companies of Europeans from Madras, and advanced rapidly with them to Benares, which city he saved from imminent peril on the 4th of that month. Indeed, a plot had been formed by treacherous sepoys in the barracks, under the mask of fidelity to the last moment, to massacre all the Europeans in the city on that very night, and to repeat once more the drama of Meerut and Delhi. Neill had only a tiny force of 240 men and three guns with him ; but he discomfited the rebels, and saved Benares. The rebels, however, maddened by failure, wreaked their vengeance on other parts of the city, in which the civilians and their families were in terrible danger throughout the month of June. Several of the imperilled persons took refuge in outhouses and stables, on roofs, or behind parapets, or in boats moored in the middle of the Ganges ; ladies, children, and ayahs were guarded by a band of civilians ever on the alert, leaving the military free to operate in other quarters. No sooner were the events at Benares known at Allahabad—a very important place at the confluence of

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the Ganges and the Jumna, commanding the traffic on both rivers—than a native regiment, the 6th Bengal Infantry, suddenly mutinied on the 6th of June. The officers were astonished and dismayed, for the sepoys had vowed to be true to their salt, and had even volunteered to march against the rebels at Delhi. The scene was hideous. The sepoys, joined by jail-birds and ruffians of every stamp, commenced a work of death and devastation. Europeans were shot wherever they could be seen; the few English women who had not been so fortunate as to seek refuge in the fort, were grossly outraged before being put to death; the treasury was plundered; the houses of Europeans were pillaged. Tales were afterwards told of so appalling a character, that we can only hope that terror had exaggerated actual facts—of a whole family being roasted alive; of poor creatures being killed by the slow process of cutting off ears, nose, fingers, feet, &c. in succession; of men and women being chopped to pieces; of little children being tossed on bayonets before their mothers' eyes.

No sooner did Neill hear of these terrible events, than he prepared to come to the rescue at once—however small might be the number of faithful troops at his disposal. He was a man of indomitable energy and courage, just fitted for the emergency. He started on the 9th, with only 44 men, and marched the distance of 75 miles from Benares by the 11th. On the way, he found the country infested with bands of plunderers, the villages deserted, and none of the authorities remaining. He succeeded in entering the fort at Allahabad (situated a considerable distance from the main streets of the town). Neill now assumed command of the few faithful troops already in the fort, the handful which he brought with him, and another small detachment which followed him from Benares. By incessant activity, he kept in awe the thousands of insurgents and marauders who infested Allahabad on every side. His severity was terrible, and called forth much animadversion afterwards in England; but the astounding duplicity of the sepoys had rendered it necessary to make use of terror as one means of coercing them; kindness having utterly failed.

HAVELOCK AND NEILL AT CAWNPORE.

And now we come to the achievements of Havelock—the hero of the Indian mutiny wars, in the estimation of many English readers. There is some little danger of injustice here; for, though he gained marvellous victories with very small means, he was not embarrassed by those distressing difficulties which arose (in the case of Sir Hugh Wheeler and other responsible officers) from the presence of hundreds of helpless women and children. He was a noble character in all respects, and could well afford to share the credit for heroism which belonged to so many remarkable men during that eventful period.

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Havelock, engaged in nearly every Indian war between 1823 and 1846, had been employed in 1856 in the brief expedition against Persia; and he was one of the officers of that expedition who responded to the urgent demand of the governor-general for military reinforcements. Steaming from the Persian Gulf to Bombay, thence to Ceylon, and thence to Calcutta, Havelock was at once placed in command of such a force as could be hastily got together, for the relief of Cawnpore, and then for service elsewhere. It was literally by fragments of companies, 20 or 50 men at a time, that troops were sent from Calcutta on to Benares, Allahabad, &c.; for it would have been worse than useless to send any but men of tried fidelity; and of these there were, alas! few besides Europeans in any part of Bengal.

Havelock reached Allahabad on the 1st of July, his progress so far having been facilitated by the gallant Neill; and then commenced the arrangements for an advance on Cawnpore. Or rather, those arrangements had already been commenced by Neill, who, on this very 1st of July, had pushed on a few troops to aid the beleaguered Sir Hugh Wheeler. What Sir Hugh's actual condition was at this time, his brother-officers little knew: the terrible truth had still to reach them. Neill sent on 800 men towards Cawnpore; but, in accordance with military ideas of seniority, he was superseded by Havelock as chief of the expedition: Neill himself remaining in command at Allahabad. Rumours of a direful kind came in from Cawnpore, and Havelock resolved to push on as rapidly as possible. Two of the many Indian nationalities, Sikhs and Ghoorkas, he and his brother-officers felt that they could trust; and the spirit of the man is shewn in a brief and pithy telegram transmitted to Calcutta: '1000 Europeans, 1000 Sikhs, and 1000 Ghoorkas, with 8 or 10 guns, will thrash everything.' In reality he had less than 2000 men in all in his little army, presenting an extraordinary mixture of Queen's troops, Company's Europeans, Sikhs, irregular cavalry, and volunteer cavalry from Allahabad—no Ghoorkas at present. His advance from Allahabad to Cawnpore, 250 miles (never far removed from the Ganges), was literally a fight the whole of the way. The rebels infested the country in enormous numbers, and tried their utmost to prevent his advance towards Cawnpore. But nothing could check him and his little band. Whether initiating or bearing an attack, the result was everywhere the same. He 'thrashed' them (to use his own language) at Futtehpore on the 12th, at Aong on the 15th, at Pandoo Nuddee on the same day, at Aherwa on the 16th, and at other places in minor achievements during these memorable days. The battle of Futtehpore was so extraordinary, that Havelock, in thanking his troops on the following day, said that it had 'produced the strange result of a whole army driven from a strong position, eleven guns captured, and their whole force scattered to the winds, without the loss of a single British soldier.'

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He attributed this brilliant result to the rapid and accurate fire of the artillery, the power of the Enfield rifle, British pluck, and 'the blessing of Almighty God on a most righteous cause.' Having reason to suspect the fidelity of the few native horse with him (Oude irregulars), he disarmed and dismissed them in good time. On the other hand, there was hardly any limit to his trust of those whom he *knew* might be trusted. Here was an instance: 'The opportunity had arrived, for which I have long anxiously waited, of developing the prowess of the 78th Highlanders. Three guns of the enemy were strongly posted behind a lofty hamlet, well intrenched. I directed this regiment to advance; and never have I witnessed conduct more admirable. They were led by Colonel Hamilton, and followed him with surpassing steadiness and gallantry under a heavy fire. As they approached the village, they cheered and charged with the bayonet, the pipes sounding the pibroch. Need I add that the enemy fled, the village was taken, and the guns captured?' On another occasion, the general's son, Lieutenant Havelock, headed a few men of the 64th Foot to capture one of the enemy's guns; he literally walked his horse directly up towards the gun, in spite of repeated firing, and succeeded in the capture—an achievement which won for him the Victoria Cross. What the officers as well as the rank and file had to bear, in those days of long marches, constant fighting, and fierce sun's heat, is well shewn in the case of one young officer, a stripling volunteer horseman of eighteen. He was on picket all night, with no refreshment save biscuit and water; he marched with his corps 16 miles during the next forenoon; stood sentry for an hour with the enemy hovering around him; fought during the whole afternoon; lay down supperless to rest at nightfall, holding his horse's bridle the while; mounted night-guard from 9 till 11 o'clock; and then had his midnight sleep broken by an alarm from the enemy.

Neill and Havelock had been so much delayed in their march from Calcutta to Cawnpore, that Nana Sahib's fiendish work was achieved before Havelock's column arrived. The hapless women and children, and all that remained of poor Wheeler's band of military and civilians, were put to death by the filthy ruffian just two days before Havelock entered Cawnpore.

In what direction the prowess of the gallant general next shewed itself, will be seen presently.

LUCKNOW: SIR HENRY LAWRENCE'S DEATH.

The story of Lucknow is by far the most interesting of all which the mutiny presented; for there was six months' perpetual display of heroism, military skill, and untiring patience, although not the tragic horrors of Cawnpore. We shall best understand the events by treating them in four or five brief episodes.

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After a very stormy history, under Mohammedan sovereigns, the kingdom of Oude was annexed to the British dominions in 1856, by the Earl of Dalhousie. The irritating influence of this measure was felt in 1857, when the mutiny broke out. On Sunday the 3d of May (just one week before the outbreak at Meerut), some of the native troops at Lucknow displayed insubordination, which gave great uneasiness to their officers. Sir Henry Lawrence, chief commissioner or viceroy over the whole of Oude, harangued the troops in their own native language, exhorting them to remain true to Queen Victoria; he had temporary success; but every day produced additional symptoms that insurrection was probable. The military cantonment was six miles out of the city; the British troops were only a few hundreds in number, while the native were many thousands. Just outside the city was a building which became very famous—the *Residency*. It was, in fact, a large enclosure, bounded on four sides by walls, and containing the chief commissioner's house and other public buildings. The English women and children, the sick, a large amount of stores, and a few faithful English soldiers, were prudently brought within this enclosure by Sir Henry Lawrence, who watched with uneasiness the growing turbulence of the natives. The month of May ended very gloomily. Of the native troops, many escaped to join malcontents elsewhere; and during the early days of June, it became evident that various towns and stations in Oude—Seetapore, Shahjehanpore, Secrora, Beraytch, Fyzabad, Jounpore—were in the hands of mutineers, who meditated a combined attack on Lucknow, and an expulsion of the British. The telegraphic wires were cut, spies and watchers were placed on the various roads, and Lawrence had the utmost difficulty in sending messages to, or receiving them from, the authorities at Calcutta. The whole month of June passed in this way, until the 30th, when a powerful force of rebels approached from Fyzabad. Lawrence went out to encounter them, but his native troops deserted him almost to a man, and he was obliged to flee back into Lucknow, with such of his officers as escaped death. On the 1st of July, he abandoned all the outposts, blew up a vast magazine, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy, and shut himself up with his companions in the *Residency*, there to make a stout resistance until haply aid might come. But Sir Henry Lawrence did not live to welcome this aid. On the very next day, July 2, he was killed by a shot from the enemy; and many months elapsed before the authorities at Calcutta knew how the little band in the *Residency* at Lucknow bore up under this and an accumulation of other calamities.

LUCKNOW: DEFENCE OF THE RESIDENCY BY INGLIS.

The defence of the *Residency*, after Sir Henry Lawrence's death, was a notable exemplification of undaunted courage, heroic patience,

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and fertility of resources in time of extreme peril. It was on the 2d of July that the gallant man fell; it was not till the 25th of September that another gallant man came to the rescue; and what the British in the Residency bore up against, during these eighty-five days, can with difficulty be realised. Sir John Inglis succeeded to the command after Sir Henry Lawrence's death, and his difficulties were great. 'He occupied one corner of a great city,' it has been said, 'every other part of which was swarming with deadly enemies. No companion could leave him, without danger of instant death at the hands of the rebel sepoys and the Lucknow rabble; no friends could succour him, seeing that anything less than a considerable military force would have been cut off ere it reached the gates of the Residency; no food or drink, no medicines or comforts, no clothing, no ammunition, in addition to that which was actually within the place at the beginning of July, could be brought in.' The Residency was not one single structure; it was a walled enclosure, with the British commissioner's residence as the principal building. Within this enclosure all were cooped up—officers, soldiers, judges, magistrates, collectors, chaplains, merchants, clerks, ladies, and children; together with a few faithful natives. The total number appears to have been about 1200. It was hardly possible to say who were fighting-men, for almost every man had to fight in turn. All the buildings were fortified as well as circumstances permitted, and arrangements made for hospitals, dispensaries, barracks, magazines, store-rooms, &c. The rebels kept up a siege, a continuous pouring in of shell and shot, bullet and ball, for the whole of the eighty-five days; and for not one single hour could the garrison (whether military or civilian) relax their watchfulness. The sufferings were very great, and of a multifarious kind. Mines, dug from the street outside, exploded within the Residency; ladies were struck by cannon-balls while sitting quietly at their work; bullocks' fodder was fired by the enemy's shot, and endangered the powder-magazines; balls entered the mess-room where the officers took their hurried meals, and on one occasion cut off both the legs of an officer; bombarding was kept up more fiercely by night than even by day, to prevent the beleaguered garrison from obtaining any rest; dead bullocks had to be buried, lest their decaying carcasses should pollute the air; artillery-horses went mad for want of water; hot vapours from stagnant pools produced fever, cholera, dysentery, and diarrhoea; the poor children died rapidly, unable to bear up against the accumulated sufferings; half rations were very early adopted, as a matter of precaution against absolute famine; and what food there was became almost poisoned by flies and mosquitoes. Inglis tried every means of sending messengers to Cawnpore, with entreaties for aid; but very few of them escaped the alertness of the enemy. At the end of July, a rumour spread that aid was coming; but August advanced, no assistance came, and the garrison were in danger of

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sinking into despondency. Out of twenty letters or messages at different times, only one received a direct reply from Cawnpore, and that one told that the time was still far distant when a military force could be sent from that town to Lucknow. The little band became weakened day by day, while the enemy waxed more strongly than ever. No one could pass the open ground without being shot at, by rebel musketeers posted on various buildings outside. One of the civilians, writing afterwards of this extraordinary scene, said: 'At one time a bullet passed through my hat; at another, I escaped being shot dead by one of the enemy's best riflemen, by an unfortunate soldier passing unexpectedly before me, and receiving the bullet through the temples instead; at another, I moved off from a place where, in less than a twinkling of an eye afterwards, a musket-bullet stuck in the wall; at another, a shell burst a couple of yards away from me, killing an old woman, and wounding a native boy and a native cook.' So wore on the terrible month of August, at the end of which another letter was stealthily brought in from Cawnpore, announcing that three more weeks must elapse before aid could reach Lucknow. Every kind of misery was more intense in September than in the preceding months—death, wounds, disease, hunger, thirst, fatigue. A few poor little creatures—'siege-babies,' as their mothers called them—were born at this terrible time, and began their existence amid the sound of cannon-balls. All the suffering had to be borne, however, for there were at least 5000 rebels investing the place; yet was the cry: 'No surrender.' As for dress, the whole of the inmates of the garrison were a mere bundle of rags; fire, wear, and tear had done their work; shirt, trousers, and slippers were all the costume of many an officer accustomed to military trappings.

At length the reward came. Some wept for joy, some laughed and shouted, some sank on their knees in prayerful thankfulness, when—on the 21st of September—authentic news arrived that succour was really at hand. It came. On the 25th, Inglis shook hands with two trusty generals within the Residency.

LUCKNOW: ACHIEVEMENTS OF HAVELOCK AND OUTRAM.

General Havelock's advance from Cawnpore to Lucknow, to relieve Inglis and his gallant band, was a work of great difficulty, long delayed for the need of increased reinforcements. He had cut his way triumphantly from Allahabad to Cawnpore; he had now greater numbers and sterner enemies to meet between Cawnpore and Lucknow. Neill hastened up from Allahabad, after Havelock's capture of Cawnpore on July 16; he assumed command there, while Havelock prepared to cross the Ganges, and march towards Lucknow. The prospect was somewhat appalling. Leaving his sick and wounded at Cawnpore, Havelock's little army was actually limited

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to 1500 men, with 10 badly equipped guns. He crossed the broad and turbulent Ganges with his troops on the 25th; on the 27th, he defeated a large force of rebels at Onao; on the same day, he vanquished the enemy again at Busherutgunje; and on the next three days, he was marching and fighting with very little intermission. But now a deep mortification was in store for him. Every fight cost him some men, even if only a few. He calculated that, by the time he reached Lucknow, he would only have 600 fighting-men left, after allowing for killed, wounded, and sick; he would then have two miles of street-fighting, before reaching the Residency; and the result would probably be, that only 200 or 300 troops would succeed in joining Sir John Inglis—certainly too few to relieve and liberate the gallant but weakened band at the Residency.

Havelock retreated to Mungulwar, with little more than 1000 men, there to wait for such reinforcements as good fortune might send him from Cawnpore; and there soon accumulated between him and Lucknow a rebel army of no less than 30,000 men and 50 guns. He fought a second battle of Busherutgunje on the 4th of August, and a third on the 11th—defeating an enormous force of the enemy on each occasion. On the 13th he recrossed the Ganges to Cawnpore, because every battle he fought, and victory he achieved, cut up some or other of his glorious little band. The next five weeks were vexing weeks to him; he knew that the British at Lucknow were suffering much, though he did not know how much; and yet he was too weak to advance to their rescue. He had perforce to wait at Cawnpore until reinforcements reached him. Meanwhile, Nana Sahib was collecting a large number of rebel sepoys at Bithoor, ready for an attack on the British at Cawnpore. Havelock and Neill resolved to anticipate him. Marching out with 1300 men (all that he and Neill could muster), Havelock thoroughly defeated Nana Sahib at Bithoor, and thereby earned a few days' rest for his over-worked troops at Cawnpore. It was a wonderful work which this brave man achieved—gaining 10 battles in 37 days, against enormous odds. By the 21st of August, his position had become extraordinary; he and Neill together had only 700 men fit for the field, so largely had the sick and wounded lessened the number of effectives; while it was known that more than 35,000 rebel troops menaced him on the north, south, and west.

Another name now comes upon the scene. General Sir James Outram, after bringing the brief war with Persia to a conclusion, was appointed to command the whole military district from Dinapoor to Cawnpore, all the other officers being placed under him. This gave increased unity of purpose, though it could not possibly give greater heroism or fortitude. Every exertion was made to send up troops, by land and by water, as fast as they could be got together in small bands; these were sent on during the first half of September, on the 15th of which month Havelock and Neill had the pleasure

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of seeing Outram himself enter Cawnpore. Havelock had before superseded Neill in command, and now Outram superseded Havelock ; but all three were chivalrous men, who knew how to interpret the etiquette of their profession. Outram especially behaved nobly at this juncture ; he requested Havelock to retain the command until Lucknow should be relieved—Outram himself, although a superior officer in rank, promising to act as a subordinate. This generosity, and the reinforcements forthcoming, quite reanimated Havelock and his gallant little band. Havelock crossed the Ganges again into Oude on the 19th, at the head of a larger force than he had yet had under him. He beat back the enemy day after day, in their endeavour to frustrate his passage. On the 23d, he reached a large building outside Lucknow, called the Alum Bagh ; and here, as he knew the little band in the Residency would be able to hear his guns, he purposely poured forth a thundering salvo : how this sound cheered the hearts of Inglis and his companions can but faintly be conceived by those who know not the agony of the preceding three months. Exhausted by a deluge of rain, scanty food, and slight covering, Havelock allowed his troops the whole day on the 24th to rest. On the 25th, leaving his baggage and tents under an escort at the Alum Bagh, he marched on towards the Residency—now traversing roads cut by trenches, crossed by palisades, and intersected by houses held by rebel musketeers ; now passing a bridge where a perfect storm of shot from a large body of the enemy met them ; then through a range of streets of flat-roofed and loop-holed houses, each house a fortress. At last they reached the Residency, where they were received with cheers that rent the skies. Havelock's loss was very severe, more than 530 killed, wounded, and missing—shewing how desperate the fighting had been. Outram received a flesh-wound, and—much more lamentable—the gallant Neill was struck dead by a cannon-ball. One noble regiment, the 78th Highlanders, bore the brunt of the fighting ; and of that corps no fewer than ten officers were killed or wounded. Within the Residency, there was almost a frenzy of joy. A story arose that one Jessie Brown, a corporal's wife, cheered the little band at night, in the depth of their despair, by starting up and declaring that she caught the faint sound of the *slogan* or war-cry of the approaching Highlanders, particularly that of the clan Macgregor, 'the grandest of them a'. No one else could hear it ; but she insisted. And she was right : it *was* the Macgregor, and all went down on their knees in thankfulness.—The story was touching, and has been made the basis of song, drama, and romance ; but it has never been traced to an authentic source, and is not accepted in the best-informed quarters.

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LUCKNOW : OUTRAM, HAVELOCK, AND INGLIS BESIEGED.

We have now to tell how Havelock, Outram, and Inglis were all alike hemmed in for nearly two months longer—instead of being able to emerge and confront the rebels in other regions.

Havelock gave back the trust which Outram had generously awarded to him; and now Outram became first in command at Lucknow, Havelock second, and Inglis third. By the conquest of several palatial buildings near the Residency, the area in possession of the British was increased threefold; but they soon found that they had very little other hold on the city of Lucknow. They could neither take the ladies and children to safe shelter at Cawnpore or Allahabad, nor maintain their own position without constant watchfulness. Little did Havelock think, when he left his sick, wounded, ammunition, and baggage, under an escort of 300 men, at the Alum Bagh, on the 24th, that he would be cut off from communication with that place by a body of rebels wholly beyond his present power to subdue. In short, the 'relief' of Lucknow was more in name than in substance; if there were a few more hundred men to fight, there were the same extra number to be fed, with very little additional means for doing so. The enlarged area, with its buildings, became a garrison or camp, outside which the rebels had undisputed control. Throughout the month of October, the rebels kept up a night-and-day attack upon the British; while the latter made frequent sallies to capture guns, blow up buildings, and dislodge parties of the enemy. The same thing continued till beyond the middle of November; Havelock, Outram, and Inglis being virtually prisoners in one corner of the great city of Lucknow.

What was doing at the Alum Bagh during these eight weeks, was almost absolutely unknown to the British in the city, so completely did the rebels cut off communication between the two. The Alum Bagh was heroically maintained. Although nothing could be done on the Lucknow side, the road was less guarded on the Cawnpore side; and a few hundred troops, with convoys of provisions, succeeded in reaching the place. The subordinate officers at the Alum Bagh had no more idea of yielding than the three generals at the Residency.

LUCKNOW : THE RESCUE, BY SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

Sir Colin Campbell now comes upon the scene. As soon as the news reached London, early in July, that General Anson was dead, Sir Colin was chosen to succeed him as commander-in-chief in India. Distinguished for his services on many a hard-fought field, Campbell's appointment met the approval of the nation; and his Wellington-like promptness and simplicity were looked upon as a

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good augury. On Saturday the 11th, the offer was made to him ; on Sunday the 12th, he started for India, taking little with him but the clothes on his back. Taking the quickest route by Marseille and Suez, he steamed to Calcutta at once. During that same month, no fewer than thirty troop-laden ships left England for India, carrying from 130 to 440 soldiers each ; but Sir Colin Campbell was wanted at once, to do the best available with the forces then in India. Arriving at Calcutta in September, he found it necessary to remain there several weeks, to make a comprehensive plan for the military operations in India generally ; he would gladly have advanced to the relief of Lucknow at once, but he had tens of thousands of mutineers to think about elsewhere. Having sent on all the troops he could muster, and arranged for the destination of those who were to come, he started off on the 28th of October, travelled like a quiet courier, narrowly escaped capture by some rebels on the way, availed himself of the railway so far as finished, and reached Cawnpore, November 3. Here, joining a column under Sir Hope Grant, and other troops from various quarters, he made an advance towards Lucknow. Captain William Peel's Naval Brigade was not the least interesting component element in this force. Lord Elgin (engaged in a sort of war with China) had placed at the disposal of the governor-general the two war-steamers *Shannon* and *Pearl* ; from the seamen of these ships a naval brigade was formed of 400 men with ten 68-pounders ; and this brigade was placed under the command of Captain Peel, a son of the eminent statesman. Peel and his blue-jackets entered joyfully upon the work ; but it was slow work to get such heavy ordnance up the Ganges. When he arrived at Allahabad, he employed himself in facilitating the passage of troops, seamen, and guns up to Cawnpore.

The 12th of November saw Campbell, Grant, and Peel all advancing from Cawnpore towards Lucknow. After all his exertions, the commander had with him less than 4000 men, consisting mostly of British and Punjabees. Sir Colin, knowing how severely Outram and Havelock had suffered when cutting their way through the city of Lucknow to the Residency, resolved to attack the suburbs and outer defences one by one, clearing a path for his troops as he went. This was done, against constant and determined resistance from the enemy. Various palaces and large buildings had to be conquered during this progress, by bombarding and street-fighting alternately, greatly to the delight of Peel's seamen, who felt the excitement quite a relief after a somewhat monotonous time of it in the China seas. The rebels fought so well as to excite the admiration even of those who were attacking them ; and the siege proved to be a most determined hand-to-hand contest. Sir Colin had contrived to exchange secret messages with Havelock. Leaving his heavy baggage in a safe position outside the city, Sir Colin was fighting hard in Lucknow itself on the 15th and 16th ; and he and Havelock shook hands together

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in the Residency on the 17th—to the indescribable joy of all the British then in Lucknow. The losses were severe : Sir Colin had to mourn over 470 killed and wounded ; while the rebel loss is supposed to have exceeded 3000.

Then ensued the exodus from Lucknow—one of the most remarkable events in the whole war. The British were triumphant ; but there were no less than 50,000 fighting-men in the rebel ranks in and near the city ; Sir Colin would have found it hard to keep the place against them ; and if they had succeeded in shutting *him* up in the Residency, his plans for active work elsewhere would have been frustrated. He resolved to withdraw all the British from Lucknow to Cawnpore—troops, seamen, civilians, women, and children—and leave the permanent reconquest of the city for a later period. Many of the officers were disappointed, for they wished for a little jubilation between old and new friends, to be followed by a further ‘ thrashing ’ of the enemy ; but the commander’s plans were to be judged as a comprehensive whole—and so the thing was done. They all had to pass through a city swarming with armed rebels ; and wonderful precautions were taken in sending off the sick and wounded on one day, the women and children on another, the Company’s treasure-chests, the property that was worth the trouble of taking. Sir James Outram so planned that each corps and regiment, each detachment and picket, should march out silently from the Residency in the dead of the night, without exciting suspicion among the rebels ; and yet that there should be guns and riflemen so posted as to repel the enemy in case of any serious molestation. In so masterly a way was all this managed, that after the whole of the British, of all ages and conditions, and of both sexes, had quitted the Residency (on the night of November 22—23), the rebels believed the place to be still occupied, and kept up a musketry-fire against it. The ladies and children had many privations to bear during this hurried departure, but not a life was lost ; and the exodus from Lucknow ended as a pre-eminently successful achievement.

THE PUNJAB PRESERVED BY SIR JOHN LAWRENCE.

While these extraordinary events were occurring at Allahabad, Cawnpore, and Lucknow, the operations of the overtaxed troops further westward were paralysed by the position of the rebels as masters of the great city of Delhi. Nothing effective could be achieved towards the thorough suppression of the mutiny until this stronghold was recaptured. Little was it suspected, on the 11th of May, how long a time would elapse before this recapture could be effected.

At the time when the mutiny began, Sir John Lawrence, the gallant brother of the gallant Sir Henry, was chief in command in

the Punjab, an important country situated near the extreme north-west of India. The principal inhabitants of that province are Sikhs, a kind of Hindu dissenters, very brave and warlike. They sympathised but little with the Hindus and Mohammedans of Bengal and Oude; and it was mainly owing to their good faith that Sir John was able to keep that part of India under control. Not that military insubordination was absent; there was much of it at first; but the native troops most affected by it were not Sikhs. There were great military stations at Lahore, Umritsir, Ferozpoore, Jullundur, Phillour, Peshawur, and other places in and near the Punjab; and the British authorities had to adopt a bold and decisive course at all those places, as soon as the events at Meerut and Delhi became known. Near Lahore was a large military cantonment called Meean Meer, occupied by three native infantry regiments, one of native cavalry, H.M. 81st Foot, and some artillery; while a smaller number (mostly native) were in a fort within the city. It became afterwards known that the 15th of May was the day fixed upon for a general rising in the Punjab as well as in Bengal, and that the Meerut mutineers had somewhat disarranged the plan by beginning five days too soon. On the 12th, the news from Meerut and Delhi was known at Lahore; and on the very next day, by a most admirably conceived and executed plan, 3000 native troops were disarmed by 900 British. Lahore was saved, and with it the Punjab. Umritsir, another important military station, was kept from insurrection by prudent tactics rather than by disarming the native troops; the religious animosities between the Sikhs and the Mohammedans were made use of to prevent either from joining in plots with the other. Ferozpoore, a small but important town on the Sutlej, owing its value chiefly to its position, had a large encampment just outside it. There were stationed in it two regiments of native infantry, two of native cavalry, H.M. 61st Foot, and some artillery, provided with a large amount of military stores. On the arrival of the news from Meerut, precautionary measures were taken, but not skilfully; the native troops succeeded in making off in a body, taking their arms with them; Ferozpoore and its vast military stores were saved, but the mutineers went off to join other malcontents elsewhere. Jullundur, on the high-road between Umritsir and Lahore, contained, like the other stations, many native troops and a few British; but by a plan similar to that adopted at Umritsir, the place was kept tranquil without disarming the natives. Phillour, nearer than any other of the stations to Delhi, contained few native troops, and no British, but a vast magazine of warlike material. The officer in command, quickly estimating the perilous character of the events at Meerut, sought and obtained the aid of a few British troops from Jullundur. Not a day too soon; for it afterwards transpired that the enormous military stores were to have been seized on the 15th, as a reserve for the whole rebel army in that part of India. Peshawur was the

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greatest of all the military stations at the time, containing no less than 14,000 troops. The city lies almost at the extreme north-west of India; and a large force was kept there to overawe the unruly tribes in that region. By a series of masterly movements, a small number of British troops, aided by several native corps *not* containing the Bengal element, succeeded in keeping down the rebellious tendency within manageable limits.

The responsible officers at the above-named places were obliged to act promptly on the best of their judgment; for there was no time, just at that critical middle of May, to wait for instructions from Sir John Lawrence. At several other towns between Delhi and the north-west frontier, there were attempts at mutiny about the same time, presenting various fluctuations of success and failure. At Bhotuck, at Jelum, at Sealkote, such scenes took place; attended in a few instances with hair-breadth escapes on the part of the ladies and children of officers stationed at those places. There was a very touching incident at Sealkote, where a Roman Catholic nunnery had been established. The mutineers, before the British could get the mastery over them, attacked the building; and the poor nuns had to flee for safety, undergoing terrible privations before they reached friendly succour.

DELHI: PREPARATIONS FOR RECAPTURE.

The great duty of Sir John Lawrence and his trusty lieutenants was, not only to retain the Punjab, but to assist in despatching forces for the recapture of Delhi. When the outbreak began, the commander-in-chief, General Anson, was at Simla—a pleasant summer retreat among the hills. On receiving by telegraph the disastrous news from Meerut and Delhi, he hastened down from Simla to Umballa, in order to despatch a field-force to Delhi, made up of such reliable troops as could be spared. On the 25th of May, General Anson was stricken down by cholera, and it devolved upon others to carry out the plan of operations. Troops were got together with great difficulty, from widely scattered places; and it was only by slow degrees that they could be assembled. An advance was made from Umballa to Kurnaul, then to Paniput, then to Alipore; where a junction was made with another force under Colonel Archdall Wilson. This last-named force had achieved a bit of gallant fighting. General Hewett, after the disaster at Meerut, received orders to send part of the British troops at that place to aid in the siege of Delhi. All he could safely spare were 500 infantry, 200 cavalry, and about eight or ten guns. Colonel Wilson started with this little force on May 27; and he had ten days' hard work before him, for there were 5000 or 6000 rebel troops endeavouring to dispute his march. He succeeded in reaching Bhagput on June 7, where he joined the force from Umballa under Sir Henry Barnard.

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Some of the troops in that force had marched at least 800 miles, from the Afghan frontier; and among them were a gallant band which gained renown as the Punjabee Guides—half-soldier, half-police, but faithful from first to last.

The siege of Delhi commenced on the 8th of June; and a much more wearisome siege it proved than the commanders had anticipated. The rebels were very numerous, very determined, and strongly posted within a walled city: not only walled, but provided with strong forts and bastions, and defended by a broad ditch sinking 35 feet below the top of the wall. The camp of the besiegers was fixed on the old parade-ground, a mile and a half from the city; and all the successive onslaughts were made from that starting-point. The rebels shewed more skill and pluck than had been anticipated; and as the boundary was too extensive, the rebels too numerous, and the besiegers too few, to permit of the garrison being starved out, nothing remained but a series of bombardings and assaults. It was mortifying to the British to see additional regiments of rebel sepoys enter Delhi, with bands playing and colours flying, triumphant and defying: they were too weak to prevent this kind of augmentation to the numbers of the enemy. During the whole remainder of the month of June, the besiegers were as often the assailed as the assailants, owing to the frequent sallies made by the enemy; and it became at length apparent that the British force was too weak. On the 5th of July, Sir Henry Barnard died; he was succeeded by General Reed; but Reed himself broke down on the 17th, and then Sir Archdall Wilson took the command. These failures at headquarters, the large amount of sickness in the camp, and the increased daring of the enemy, somewhat dispirited the besiegers—especially as newspapers from home, reaching the camp from time to time, contained many complaints and some taunts at the non-success of the small band. By the end of July, there were no less than 8000 men under Wilson, besieging Delhi—a number that would have appeared irresistible to Lawrence at Lucknow, Wheeler at Cawnpore, or Colvin at Agra; but out of the whole there were 1100 sick and wounded, and only half the effectives were British troops. On the other hand, it was known that, between May 11 and the end of July, more than twenty rebel regiments had marched into Delhi: making all allowance for losses, there were at least 20,000 armed men in this strong place, aided by a formidable number of guns. So far as was known to the British, the city itself appears to have been a prey to plunder, anarchy, and violence—the debauched old descendant of the once great Mogul emperors of India trying in vain to maintain a semblance of sovereign power.

Sir John Lawrence, up in the Punjab, hearing at intervals of the course of events at Delhi, strained every nerve to forward supplies. Now he sent a corps of Sikhs, now of Punjabees; then he organised a small band of Ghoorkas and of Guides; on one occasion, a few

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British artillery were sent, in charge of siege-guns ; next, a few Hindustanee cavalry in whom he believed he could trust ; and—very sparingly—a sprinkling of those most precious of all troops, infantry of the Queen's regular army. What these troops suffered, during many hundred miles' march, under a burning Indian sun in July, none can tell but soldiers who have actually been so engaged.

August began, and with it proof that the besieged were far stronger than the besiegers in men, guns, and stores of all kinds. In addition to the 20,000 rebel troops within Delhi, there were large numbers swarming about the country on all sides, continually harassing Wilson's force, and endeavouring to cut off supplies and convoys.

DELHI: FINAL STORMING AND CAPTURE.

Brigadier-general Nicholson—a second Havelock—brought welcome succour. Appointed in June, by Sir John Lawrence, to command a hastily collected flying column, he pursued the rebels everywhere with a celerity that astounded them. Now at Wuzerabad, now at Sealkote, now at Goordaspore ; then on the banks of the Chenab, then on the Sutlej—distance seemed of no account to him ; and wherever he encountered a body of the enemy, he at once attacked and defeated them. The trusty element in his column was H.M. 52d Foot—a regiment which, on two intensely hot Indian July days, marched sixty-two miles, fighting a short but fierce battle on the way. Nicholson brought his column of 2500 men to Delhi on 14th August. Still, Wilson could not bombard and storm the city ; he had to wait for a siege-train of heavy guns from the Punjab. The second half of August presented many fierce encounters by Nicholson and other gallant men with hordes of rebels, in a vast area of country around Delhi. Early in September, the siege-train arrived from the Punjab—thirty large guns, howitzers, and mortars, with men, carriages, horses, ammunition, food, and camp-equipage ; it had been a work of immense difficulty to collect, preserve, and forward them.

At length came the eventful 14th of September, the day of the real storming of Delhi. Sir Archdall Wilson, from all sources and on all sides, had collected 10,000 effective troops ; a further number of 3000 sick and wounded was of course an element of anxiety, and not of help to him. Instead of being the assailed, which he had been for many weeks, he now became the assailant. Busily from the 7th to the 13th, were the Sappers and Miners making the advance-works for the siege, protected by the cavalry and infantry, and followed by the artillery with the heavy guns ; the enemy harassed them the whole of the time, but without effect. The big guns opened their tremendous fire on the 11th, and continued till the morning of the 14th in battering down or making breaches in certain parts of the

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walls and bastions. The troops advanced in four columns, against four different points; they came under a withering fire in crossing the open ground between the trenches and the walls, but on they rushed, down into the ditch, up the scarp, and in through the breaches which had been made. The Cashmere Gate into the city was blown in by a devoted little band under Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, and one of the columns entered there. During a similar attack upon the Lahore Gate, the gallant Nicholson fell riddled with bullets—to the great grief of the whole army. When the night ended, the British were within the place; the rebels having reigned triumphant there from 11th May to 14th September. But the reconquest was far from complete, seeing that the portion of the city held by the British bore but a small ratio to the whole area. Wilson had to mourn over 1135 killed and wounded on this sanguinary day. From the 14th to the 20th, the fighting was incessant. The British had to advance literally inch by inch, through streets crowded with rebel troops; and those rebels, supplied with a seemingly inexhaustible store of artillery, rifles, and ammunition, fought throughout with desperate energy and determination. The conquest was final, but it had been paid for at a high price, seeing that—from first to last—at least 4000 men had been killed or wounded on the part of the British—including such valuable officers as Nicholson.

THE LEAGUER OF AGRA.

The great city of Agra, containing some of the architectural glories of India, was one of the centres in which British power was maintained under very trying circumstances. Situated 150 miles from Delhi, 500 from Lahore, 750 from Bombay, and 800 from Calcutta, and possessing, moreover, a very large and strong fort, its retention was of the first importance. Mr Colvin, the chief civil authority in all that part of India, trusted the sepoys too kindly and too long. One regiment after another mutinied in and around Agra, and Mr Colvin was obliged to disarm the remainder. When the month of May ended, and June was somewhat advanced, Agra was the only place for hundreds of miles around where a stronghold was undeniably in British hands; hence it was that fugitive, wounded, sick, and exhausted civilians, ladies, and children, from numerous other stations, hurried thither to seek shelter. The fort at Agra, a large and well-armed place, became gradually thronged with people. Mr Colvin, responsible officially for the whole of that part of India, was only just able to maintain his own position at Agra—dismissing native troops, and organising volunteer companies among the clerks and civilians, to assist in the defence. On the 5th of July, the British were obliged to go out and fight a battle against a force of 5000 rebels, armed with ten or twelve guns; they lost one-fourth of their number during a gallant struggle, and were then

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obliged to retreat into Agra, where, abandoning the city altogether, they confined themselves to the fort ; for the rebels were in wild triumphant licence in all the streets. On the 26th of July, Mr Colvin caused a census of all the people within the fort to be taken : they amounted to 5845, of whom no less than 856 were women, and 2028 children. This was a kind of responsibility which pressed more distressingly than any other on the British officers in India during the mutiny ; they would have run through any perils to save the women and children, but the very presence of the defenceless impeded the operations of the defenders. Nevertheless, Colvin's position at Agra was incomparably better than poor Wheeler's had been at Cawnpore ; his supplies were relatively greater, and his stronghold was both elevated and well armed. August and September thus passed on ; the rebels accumulating in greater and greater force around. In October, a column of 3000 men, gallantly led by Colonel Greathed, arrived, and defeated an immense body of rebels ; but many months elapsed before the women and children could be removed from Agra.

GRADUAL SUPPRESSION OF THE MUTINY.

It does not come within the scope of this brief history to trace in detail the subsequent troubles and fightings in India. They lasted till November 1858, when conquest was finally achieved, and British power re-established. The stirring events at Meerut, Delhi, Benares, Dinapoor, Arrah, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, and the military stations in the Punjab, serve to illustrate the desperate attacks, the heroic resistance, the indomitable perseverance, the enduring patience, the tremendous marchings, the unspeakable sufferings, which marked the progress of those events. The operations that followed were more purely military, attended with less of misery to civilians, gentle women, and tender children. Regiments of trusty soldiers came in, one by one, from Pegu and other regions beyond the Ganges ; from China, when the disputes with that country had come to an end ; from Persia, when the war with that power was also terminated ; from the presidencies of Bombay and Madras, which were very little troubled with mutineers ; and from England, whence every soldier that could well be spared was sent off. On the other hand, many native princes, independent or semi-independent in position, threw their swords into the balance against the British, and brought all their available sources into the field. During the second half of 1857, the Mahratta country, between Agra and Bombay, became troubled by rebellious bodies of horse at Gwalior and other large towns ; and these troubles continued with little intermission for a whole year. Numerous principalities in Rajpootana and Bundelcund—altogether southward of the Ganges and the Jumna, and belonging rather to Central India than to Hindustan—

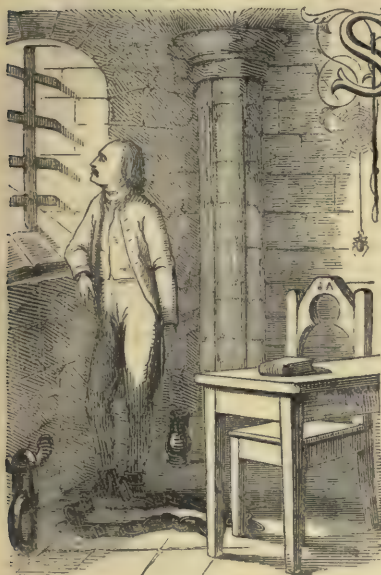
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were in like manner infested with warlike rebels, who marched over hundreds of miles with a celerity which taxed the powers of the British greatly.

The opening of the year 1858 shewed that much would have to be done before the mutiny could really be put down. The strength of the enemy may be judged from the fact, that 30,000 of them gave battle to Sir James Outram near the Alum Bagh. In February, Sir Hugh Rose was engaged against them at Saugor, Maxwell at Chowra, Franks at Chundah and at Humeerpoor, Hope Grant at Meeangunje, and Outram (once again) at Alum Bagh. This was the month, too, in which a great convoy of women and children left Agra for a place of safety, under a strong protective force. The month of March found Generals Rose, Roberts, Showers, Stuart, and other energetic officers, incessantly confronting the rebels, chiefly in Central India; while Sir Colin Campbell succeeded at last in really conquering and re-occupying Lucknow. In April, a new rebel chieftain rose up to embarrass the British, one Tanteea Topee, a man so incredibly swift in his movements as commander of a large rebel force, that he taxed the utmost energies of Rose, Roberts, and Napier (Sir Robert, afterwards made Lord Napier for his achievements in Abyssinia), to pursue, overtake, and defeat him. Throughout the whole summer did Tanteea trouble Central India, and trouble the British officers, who, nevertheless, could not help admiring the military qualities of the man. The six months from May to November (1858) were in a similar way marked by fierce encounters, to re-establish British ascendancy in Oude, Bahar, Bundelcund, Rajpootana, Central India, Rohilcund, and the Cis-Sutlej provinces. It was done, gradually though effectually; but at a heavy sacrifice of life.

The fighting ended in November. The royal families of Delhi and of Oude were—some killed, some punished in other ways, some banished, and some pensioned off. The miscreant Nana Sahib escaped to Nepaul, and has been completely lost sight of, though several persons have been arrested by mistake for him. The East India Company was virtually abolished by act of parliament, and British India placed under the direct government of Queen Victoria. The nation mourned over the deaths of such noble heroes as Lawrence, Havelock, Neill, Wheeler, Nicholson, and Peel (for Captain Sir William Peel, one of those who were wounded at Lucknow, afterwards fell at Cawnpore), and rewarded by military honours (in some cases augmented by rich booty) many of the survivors. And years afterwards the same questions were asked as at the beginning: Did the greased cartridges cause the mutiny? If not, what were the causes?

STORY OF SILVIO PELLICO.



SILVIO PELLICO, the story of whose wrongs created a sympathising interest over Europe, was born at Saluzzo, in Piedmont, a province of the Italian kingdom, in 1788, at which time his father, Onorato Pellico, held a situation in the post-office. He was afterwards promoted to a seat in the ministry of war at Turin, to which place he removed with his family. Silvio was at that time six years of age, and had already given token of his poetical feelings. Ossian was the bard to whom his earliest years were consecrated. In his sixteenth year he accompanied his twin sister, to whom he was devotedly attached, to Lyon, in France, where he remained until some verses of Foscolo, the most eminent of modern Ita-

lian poets, awakened in his breast so passionate a reminiscence of his native country, that he hastened towards it, and rejoined his father, then settled at Milan. The latter was in the war department, under the government of Napoleon as king of Italy. The restoration of Lombardy to the emperor of Austria on the overthrow of Bonaparte, displaced Onorato Pellico, who then returned to Turin, accompanied by all his family, excepting Silvio, who preferred remaining at Milan.

Young Silvio, with a poetic temperament and love of letters, had formed an intimacy with Monti, Foscolo, and other eminent literary characters residing in Milan, the whole forming a brilliant society, who sighed over the abased condition of the country under a foreign yoke. Silvio himself became known as the author of a tragedy, *Francesca, da Rimini*, which was acted in all the theatres of Italy with the highest applause, and is stated to have been translated into

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English by Lord Byron, though not published amongst his works. Pellico had become acquainted with Byron at Milan, and partaking the admiration, which was felt in Italy and Germany much more intensely than in Britain, for the poems of that noble personage, he translated into Italian prose the poetical drama of *Manfred*. Upon presenting it to Byron, the latter expressed his surprise that he should have turned a poem into prose; and as Pellico maintained it was impossible to translate it properly into poetry, Byron presented to him, upon a subsequent meeting, his own tragedy in an English poetical dress, as a practical refutation of his opinion.

The great acquirements of Pellico, and his amiable and pleasing manners, rendered his society much sought after in Milan. The Count Briche committed to his care one of his sons, and subsequently he became tutor to the sons of Count Porro Lambertenghi, one of the wealthiest of the Lombard nobility, in whose house he associated with persons of the first distinction. With the Count Porro himself he was united in the closest friendship.

Distressed with the general want of enlightenment among the people, and conceiving that the establishment of a literary and scientific journal might improve the public mind, Silvio, in 1819, broached the idea to Porro and some of his literary companions. All were delighted with it; Count Porro advanced the funds necessary for the purpose, and the plan was put in execution. The journal was called *The Conciliator*, and had for contributors men of the greatest eminence in Italy. Besides those resident in Milan, were Romagnosi of Venice, a celebrated jurisconsult; Melchior Gioja, a political economist; Manzoni, at once a poet and prose-writer of the first order; Grossi, the author of *Ildegonda*; and Brechet. Maroncelli, fated to be Pellico's future companion in captivity, was also one of the contributors.

The press was under the strictest censorship. The Austrian government seemed to tremble at the least symptom of liberality of opinion. *The Conciliator* was soon exposed to the corrections of the censor. Though politics were not discussed, the liberal tone of some of its articles on literature was offensive. They were erased, and the journal went forth with half its columns blank. It was therefore given up.

In 1820 the unfortunate revolution of Naples took place. The jealous government of Austria had its fears more than ever excited. A proclamation was issued, attaching the penalty of death to the offence of belonging to a secret society. The party in Italy whose object it was to cast off the galling yoke of foreigners, was styled that of the *Carbonari*, for the suppression of whom every Italian government diligently laboured. The emperor of Austria was not in the rear: numberless arrests were made, on the merest suspicion of disaffection, throughout the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. Two distinguished citizens of Milan were exposed to the jealousy of the

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government, owing to the enlightened efforts they had made for the improvement of their country. These were the Counts Porro and Confalonieri, who appropriated a great part of their possessions to the truly patriotic designs of founding infant and other schools, of promoting the arts, and of introducing into Italy the great discoveries of modern times. Confalonieri visited Paris and London to study the modes of instruction in the schools of France and England, in order to institute them in Italy. He also sent from London the necessary apparatus for the manufacture of gas, for lighting the streets of Milan, the expense of which he and Porro bore jointly. They also, in conjunction with Alexander Visconti, constructed the first steam-boat which appeared in Italy. These were the exertions that rendered them objects of hatred and suspicion to the Austrians. The contributors to *The Conciliator*, established at the expense of Porro, were also looked upon with an evil eye. Orders for the arrest of them all were issued. Porro was the only person who escaped, by a timely flight into a foreign country. Confalonieri was taken from a sick-bed and the arms of an affectionate wife. Pellico and the others were all arrested. Alas! poor Pellico. Let us follow him to prison, and hear him tell the story of his sufferings.*

IMPRISONMENT AT MILAN.

On Friday the 13th of October 1820, I was arrested at Milan, and conducted to Santa Margherita—formerly a convent, and now the head office of the extensive police establishment. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, and, after an examination, I was consigned to the charge of the jailer, who, having conducted me to the apartment destined for me, politely invited me to deliver into his hands, to be restored at the fitting time, my watch, purse, and anything else I might have in my pockets; which having obtained, he with some ceremony wished me good-evening.

In less than half an hour my dinner arrived; I ate a few mouthfuls, drank a glass of water, and was left alone. My room was on the ground, and opened on a courtyard, with cells all around, cells on the right and on the left, opposite and above me. I leaned against the window, and stood some time listening to the tramp of the jailers as they went to and fro, and to the dissolute songs of some of the prisoners.

I fell into reflection: a century ago, this prison was a nunnery. Could the holy penitents who inhabited it have ever believed that a day would come when their chambers would resound no longer with the prayers and lamentations of devout women, but with blasphemies and detestable ribaldry, and would hold within them the refuse of

* What follows is an abridgment of Pellico's narrative, translated from the original Italian.

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society—wretches destined to the hulks or the gallows? And in another century, who will breathe in these cells? Alas for the swiftness of time and the instability of things! Should any one complain that fortune ceases to smile upon him, or grieve that he is cast into a prison and threatened with the gibbet? But yesterday I was one of the happiest of men! to-day, I have lost everything that conduced to the joy of my existence—liberty, friends, hope! It would be absurd to delude myself. I leave this place only for a dungeon more horrible, or for the hands of the executioner. Be it so! When I am dead, it will signify little whether I yielded my last sigh in a dungeon, or am borne to the tomb in all the grandeur of funereal pomp.

It was thus my mind found strength in thinking of the inexorable sweep of time; but shortly the remembrance of my father, my mother, my sisters, my brothers, and of a family which I loved as tenderly as if it were my own, came to assail me, and the arguments of philosophy were powerless. Tenderer thoughts came over me, and I wept like a child.

During the night, I slept a little. I became gradually resigned to my unhappy fate. Towards morning, my agitation was calmed, and I was astonished at the change. I yet thought upon my parents, and upon all those whom I loved; but I no longer despaired of their strength of mind: the recollection of those virtuous sentiments which I had known sustain them in previous calamities, consoled me on their behalf.

In the course of the day which followed, I was again called to an examination; and it was renewed during several successive days, without any other interval than that allowed for my meals.

Whilst the process thus continued, the days passed rapidly, owing to the constant exercise in which my mind was kept, from the necessity of answering, without intermission, the most varied questions, and of collecting my energies during the intervals of the examination in recalling all that had been asked of me, what answers I had given, and in reflecting upon all those things upon which I would probably be next interrogated.

At the end of the first week, a most cruel misfortune happened to me. My poor friend Piero, equally eager with myself to establish a communication between us, wrote me a letter, and sent it, not by a *secondino* (officer of the prison), but by an unfortunate prisoner who was employed in performing services in our rooms. He was a man of from sixty to seventy years of age, condemned to I know not how many months of imprisonment. With a needle which I had, I pricked my finger, and wrote a few lines in reply with my blood, which I gave to the messenger. He had the misfortune to be observed, was seized with the note upon him, and, if I am not mistaken, scourged. I heard frightful cries, which struck me as coming from the poor old man. I never saw him afterwards.

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Called to the bar, I shuddered at having presented to me my little letter covered with blood, although, thanks to Heaven, it contained no dangerous matter, for there were only a few words of friendly salutation. I was asked with what I had drawn blood. The needle was taken from me, and the ruffians laughed in derision. But I could not laugh! I could not forget the countenance of the old messenger. I would willingly have suffered any punishment to have procured his pardon; and when I heard those cries, which I believed were his, my heart was dissolved in tears.

It was in vain that I repeatedly asked the jailer and his *secondini* after him. They shook their heads, and said: 'He has paid dearly for his fault; he will not do the like again; he is now somewhat more quiet.' And they refused to give any further explanation. Did they refer by that to the narrow prison in which the wretched man was confined, or did they mean that he had died under the blows inflicted upon him, or from the consequences of those blows?

One day I thought I saw him beyond the courtyard beneath the portico with a load of wood upon his shoulders, and my heart beat as if I had seen a brother. When I had no longer to undergo the torment of answering interrogatories, and there was nothing to occupy the day, I found in all its bitterness the weight of solitude.

I was allowed to have a Bible and a copy of Dante; the jailer placed his whole library at my disposition, which contained some romances by Scuderì, Piazzì, and others worse than they; but my mind was too agitated to devote itself to reading anything. I got by heart every day a canto of Dante; but this exercise was so mechanical, that, in pursuing it, I thought less of the verses than of my misfortunes. It was the same when I read any other thing, except at certain passages of the Bible, which deeply affected my feelings, and inspired me with fortitude and resignation. To live free is a thing infinitely more pleasant than to live in prison; and yet even in the gloom of a prison, when one reflects that God is present, that the joys of this world are transitory, that true happiness consists in a good conscience, and not in exterior objects, there is a charm in living. In less than a month I resigned myself to my fate with a tranquillity which, if not perfect, was at least tolerable. I was aware that, being resolved not to commit the infamous action of purchasing impunity by the destruction of others, my lot could be no other than the gibbet or a long imprisonment. It behoved me, therefore, to conform to destiny. 'I will breathe,' said I, 'as long as they grant me a puff of air; and when they take it away, I will do what all others do at the last gasp—I will die.'

I did all in my power to be satisfied with everything, and to let my mind have all possible enjoyment. My most ordinary plan consisted in making the enumeration of the advantages which had brightened my existence—an excellent father, an excellent mother, excellent brothers and sisters, such-and-such for friends, a good

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education, a love of letters, &c. ; who had had more happiness than I? Why not render thanks to God, although this happiness was at present interrupted by misfortune? Sometimes, in making this enumeration, I grew tender-hearted, and wept for a moment ; but my courage and my satisfaction soon returned.

During the first days, I had made a friend : it was not the jailer, nor any of his secondini, nor any of those conducting my process. I speak, nevertheless, of a human creature. Who was it, then? A deaf and dumb child of from five to six years old. The father and the mother were felons, and the law had disposed of them. The unfortunate little orphan was reared by the state with several other children in the same condition. They all lived together in one room opposite mine, and at certain hours their door was opened, and they came out to take the air in the courtyard.

The deaf and dumb boy came under my window, smiled at me, and made some gesticulations. I threw to him a lump of bread ; he took it up, made a few gambols from joy, ran to his companions, gave some to all, and came afterwards to eat his small portion close to my window, expressing to me his gratitude with a smile from his beautiful eyes.

The other children looked at me from a distance, but durst not approach. The deaf and dumb one had a great sympathy for me, which was sufficiently disinterested. Sometimes he did not know what to do with the bread I threw to him, and he made signs to me that he and his comrades had eaten enough, and could not swallow any more. If he saw a secondino going into my room, he gave him the bread, that he might restore it to me.

Yet, although he expected nothing from me, he continued to play before my window with a grace perfectly delightful, placing his happiness upon being seen by me. Once a secondino permitted him to enter my prison. The boy had no sooner entered than he ran to me to embrace my knees, uttering a cry of joy. I took him in my arms, and I cannot describe the transports with which he caressed me. How much love was there in that dear little breast ! How I should have wished to educate him, and to have saved him from his abject state !

I never knew his name ; he himself did not know he had one. He was always cheerful, and I never saw him weep but once, when he was beaten, I know not wherefore, by the jailer. Strange ! we look upon it as the height of misfortune to live in such places, and yet this child found certainly as much happiness there, as could the son of a prince at his age.

In the solitude of my dungeon, and with a yearning desire for something to love, I looked forward with pleasure to my intercourse with the poor child ; but I was doomed to disappointment. One day I was removed to a cell on the opposite side of the courtyard, but, alas ! no longer on the ground floor, no longer in a place where

it was possible for me to converse with my little mute. Traversing the court, I saw the dear child seated on the ground, terrified and sad. He had comprehended he was about to lose me. In a moment he sprang up and ran towards me : the secondino wished to remove him : I took him in my arms, and dirty as he was, embraced him with affection, and separated from him—shall I say it?—with my eyes full of tears.

In my new chamber, so gloomy and so unclean, deprived of the companionship of my little mute, I was overpowered by sadness. I remained several hours at the window, which opened upon a gallery, and whence I could see the bottom of the courtyard and the window of my former lodging. Who, then, had replaced me there? I saw a prisoner walking up and down with the rapid step of a person highly agitated. Two or three days after, I saw that they had given him writing materials, and then he remained all the day at his table.

At last I recognised him. He issued from his chamber in company with the jailer, and went to the examination. It was Melchior Gioja, an amiable man, and the most profound thinker that the economical sciences have had in Italy in these latter times. My heart was seized with agony. And thou, too, worthy man, art here!

After spending some time in looking at him, in speculating, from his movements, whether his mind was calm or agitated, in giving him my best wishes, I found myself more fortified, more rich in ideas, more contented with myself. This shews that the appearance even of a human creature for whom one experiences a sympathy, is sufficient to relieve the tedium of solitude. Such a benefit I had first received from a poor dumb boy; at present I experienced it from the distant view of a man of great merit.

Some secondini told him, doubtless, where I was. One morning, in opening his window, he waved his handkerchief as a salutation to me; I used the same signal to reply to him. O what joy filled my bosom at that moment! It appeared that all distance was annihilated—that we were together: my heart beat like a lover's when he meets his mistress; we gesticulated without comprehending each other, and with the same vivacity as if we were perfectly conscious of each other's meaning. In reality we did understand one another; those gestures expressed all that our souls felt, and the one was not ignorant of what was passing in the mind of the other.

O what consolation this intercourse seemed to promise me for the future! The future came; but our signals were not repeated! Every time that I again saw Gioja at the window I waved my kerchief, but in vain! The secondino told me that he had been commanded not to provoke my signals, or to reply to them. Nevertheless, he looked at me frequently, and I as frequently at him; and we thus knew how to say a good many things to each other. In a

few weeks I was consoled in knowing that the worthy man had been set at liberty.

One morning an official who had taken down my examination entered my cell, and announced to me, with some mystery, that I should prepare myself for a visit which would be agreeable to me; and when he thought he had sufficiently prepared me, he said: 'It is your father; be good enough to follow me.' I followed him into the office, agitated with joy and tenderness, and striving to preserve a serene air, to tranquillise my father.

When he learned my arrest, he hoped that it had taken place from suspicions of little importance, and that I should soon regain my liberty; but seeing that my captivity was prolonged, he solicited the Austrian government for my discharge. Deplorable illusion of paternal love! My father could not conceive me rash enough to expose myself to the vengeance of the laws; and the studied contentment with which I spoke to him, convinced him that I was under no apprehension of evil.

The short conversation which was allowed us agitated me more than I can tell, so much the more that I compelled myself to repress every symptom of it. The most difficult task was to conceal it when the moment of separation came.

In the circumstances of Italy at that period, I was convinced that Austria would make examples with extraordinary rigour, and that I should be doomed to death or to a long imprisonment. To conceal this conviction from a father, to flatter him with the hope of my approaching liberty, to refrain from tears whilst embracing him, or talking of my mother, my brothers, my sisters, whom I thought at least I should never see again in this world; to beseech him, without my voice being choked with sobs, to return to see me if he were able. O never, never did I do myself such violence!

He quitted me, almost consoled, and I returned to my prison with my heart torn. Scarcely did I find myself alone, than I endeavoured to ease my emotions by abandoning myself to tears: this relief was denied me. I burst into sobs, but could not shed a tear. Not being able to weep in excessive grief is the most deplorable of misfortunes, and it is what I have often suffered.

I was seized with a burning fever, accompanied by a horrible headache. I could not swallow during the whole day a mouthful of soup. Next day I had recovered my fortitude, and my feelings were more composed.

On New-year's Day 1821, the Count Luigi Porro obtained permission to see me. The close and tender friendship which united us, the numberless things we wished to say to each other, the obstacle which the presence of an officer presented to the overflowing of our minds, the short period which was allowed us to be together, the gloomy presentiments which oppressed me, the mutual efforts we made to appear tranquil—there was in all these things enough to

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raise in my heart a terrible tempest. Severed from a friend so dear, I felt myself calm; much affected, but still calm. Such is the efficacy of precautions against strong emotions!

IMPRISONMENT AT VENICE.

Nothing remarkable occurred until the night between the 18th and 19th of February, when I was awakened by the noise of bolts and keys, and I saw several men enter with a lantern. My first idea was, that they had come to murder me; but whilst I was looking at them with anxiety, I saw advancing towards me the Count B——, who politely requested me to take the trouble of dressing myself as quickly as possible, with a view to an immediate departure.

This intimation surprised me, and I was foolish enough to hope that they were going to conduct me to the frontiers of Piedmont. Was it possible that so threatening a storm should thus be dissipated?—that I should again enjoy the sweets of liberty?—that I should once more embrace my beloved parents, my brothers, and my sisters?

Such delusions agitated me a few moments. I dressed in haste, and followed my companions. 'Where are we going?' said I to the count, as I got into a carriage with him and an officer of gendarmerie.

'I cannot tell you until we are a mile beyond Milan,' he replied. I did not speak. It was a beautiful night, and the moon shone serenely. I looked upon those well-known streets, which I had traversed for so many years in happiness; upon the houses and the churches. All brought back to me a thousand sweet recollections!

The public gardens, where I had so often walked with Monti, Ludovico di Breme, Pietro Borsieri, Porro and his sons, and with others who were dear to me, conversing full of life and hope—alas! as I looked upon them for the last time, as we drove rapidly past, I felt that I had loved them, and loved them still! As we went out of the eastern gate, I pulled my hat over my eyes, and wept unobserved.

I allowed more than a mile to be passed, when I said to the Count B——: 'I suppose we are going to Verona?'

'A good deal farther,' answered he; 'we are going to Venice, where I have to consign you to a special commission.'

We travelled without stopping, and on the 20th of February we reached Venice. In the month of September of the preceding year, a month before my arrest, I was at Venice, and had dined with a numerous and joyful company at the Hotel *della Luna*. It was strange enough that the count and the gendarme conducted me to that very same hotel.

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A servant of the hotel trembled when he recognised me, and perceived that I was in the hands of the police, in spite of the disguise assumed by the gendarme and his satellites, who were dressed as servants. I was glad at this meeting, for I was sure the servant would inform several persons of my arrival.

We dined, after which I was conducted to the palace of the doge, where the tribunals now sit. On arriving at the palace, the count delivered me over to the jailer, and in taking leave of me, embraced me with emotion.

I followed the jailer in silence. After having traversed several galleries and rooms, we reached a small stair which led us under the *Leads*, celebrated as state prisons since the time of the Venetian republic. There the jailer took a note of my name, and shut me up in the chamber destined for me. The Leads are the highest part of the ancient palace of the doge, which is entirely covered with lead.

My room had a large window, with enormous iron bars, and looked upon the roof of the church of St Mark, also covered with lead. Beyond the church, I saw in the distance the extremity of the Piazza, and on all sides an infinity of cupolas and steeples. The gigantic steeple of St Mark was only separated from me the length of the church, and I heard the people on the summit talking when they at all raised their voices. I could see also, on the left of the church, part of the great court of the palace, and one of the entrances. In this part of the court was a public well, to which was a perpetual resort for water. But at the height I was, those whom I perceived below appeared like children, and I could only distinguish their words when they happened to shout. I thus found myself yet more solitary than in the prison of Milan.

For the first few days, the anxieties of the criminal process which was instituted against me by the special commission produced a degree of sadness, which was increased perhaps by the bitter sensation of more complete loneliness. I was, besides, at a greater distance from my family, and no longer received any tidings from them. The new faces which I saw did not create in me antipathy; but there was a seriousness upon them which caused me alarm. Report had exaggerated the plots of the Milanese, and the rest of Italy, to achieve independence: in their eyes I was doubtless one of the least worthy of pardon amongst the instigators of this frenzy. My slight literary celebrity was known to the jailer, to his wife, his daughter, his two sons, even to the two secondini. Who knows but they looked upon a maker of tragedies as a species of magician! They were grave, distrustful, eager to learn everything connected with me, but at the same time full of politeness.

After a certain period they were less reserved, and appeared good enough people. The woman was the best calculated to maintain the air and character of a jailer. Her visage was of a peculiarly harsh

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expression, bearing the marks of forty years or thereabout ; her words were few ; and she gave no symptoms of benevolence but for her own sons.

She was accustomed to bring my coffee in the morning and after dinner, as well as water, linen, &c. She was generally accompanied by her daughter, a girl of fifteen, who was not pretty, but who had compassion in her looks, and by her two sons, of whom one was thirteen, and the other ten. They retired, following their mother, and turned their young countenances mildly towards me as the door was closing. The jailer never entered my room except when he had to conduct me to the hall where the commission met to interrogate me. The *secondini* rarely came, as they had to take charge of the prisons of the police, situated a story below, where there were always plenty of robbers. One of these *secondini* was an old man of seventy years of age, but still quite fit for so fatiguing a life, which consists in running without relief from one cell to another, first up stairs and then down ; the other was a young man, twenty-four or twenty-five years old.

My examinations were now renewed. I was distracted with the questions put to me, and the suspicions entertained of my motives. I should have been driven mad, but for the consolations of religion.

My loneliness in the meantime increased. The two sons of the jailer, who at first occasionally visited me, were sent to school, and remaining afterwards only a short time at home, came to see me no more. The mother and daughter, who, when the boys were there, often stopped to talk with me, appeared only to bring my coffee, and immediately retired. For the mother I cared little, as she did not shew much compassion ; but the daughter had a softness in her looks and words which was not without value to me. When she brought my coffee, and said : 'I have made it myself,' I was sure to find it excellent ; when she said : 'It is mamma's,' it was hot water.

Seeing human creatures so rarely, I turned my attention to some ants which came upon my window, and I fed them so sumptuously, that they brought a whole army of their companions, and my window was soon filled. I occupied myself likewise with a spider, which spun its web on one of the walls ; I gave it gnats and flies, and it became so familiar as to come upon my bed and into my hand to seize its prey.

Would that these insects had been the only ones to visit me ! It was yet spring, and the gnats increased frightfully in numbers. The winter had been peculiarly mild, and after some winds in March, the heat came on. It is not possible to imagine how heated the air in my den became ; placed to the south under a leaden roof, with a window opening to the roof of St Mark, likewise of lead, the refraction was terrific. I could scarcely breathe. I had no idea of a heat so overpowering. To this torment, in itself so sufficient, were added such swarms of gnats, that if I made the least movement, and

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disturbed them, I was completely covered—the bed, the table, the chair, the floor, the walls, the ceiling, the whole room was filled with them—a countless multitude, which went and came through the window with an intolerable buzzing. The bites of these insects are very painful; and when one is punctured with them from morning to night, and from night to morning, and the attention is incessantly occupied in devising means to lessen the infliction, there is enough of suffering, in all conscience, for both mind and body.

When I found by experience the misery of this visitation, and could not obtain a change of room, I felt arise within me once more an inclination for suicide, and sometimes I feared I should become mad. But, thanks to God, such frenzies did not last long, and religion continued to sustain me. It convinced me that man ought to suffer, and to suffer with firmness; it made me feel in my grief a certain joy, a voluptuous satisfaction in not being vanquished, in rising superior to every evil.

To strengthen and occupy my mind, I conceived the idea of committing my thoughts to writing. The misfortune was, that the commission, in granting me pen, ink, and paper, ordered the sheets to be counted, and prohibited me from destroying any, reserving to themselves the right of examining to what use I had applied them. To supply the want of paper, I had recourse to the innocent artifice of polishing with a piece of glass a rough table that I had, and there I recorded every day my lengthy meditations upon the duties of mankind, and especially upon my own.

I do not exaggerate when I say that the hours thus occupied appeared to me delightful, in spite of the difficulty I experienced in breathing, from the excessive heat, and the painful stings of the gnats. To diminish the number of these, I was compelled, notwithstanding the heat, to envelop my head and limbs, and to write not only with gloves, but with my wrists bandaged, so as to prevent the little animals from getting up the sleeves.

These meditations of mine took a biographical form. I composed the history of everything that had operated for good or for evil within me since my infancy. I discussed questions with myself, ascertained, as far as practicable, all my knowledge and all my ideas upon every matter.

When all the disposable surface of the table was covered with writing, I read and re-read, I meditated upon my own meditations; and at last I resolved (often with regret) to scratch out with the glass what I had written, so as to render the surface fit to receive the fresh impress of my thoughts. Thus I continued my history, often interrupted by digressions of all sorts, by an analysis of some point in metaphysics, morals, politics, or religion; and when all was full, I recommenced reading, re-reading, and then effacing.

In order to avoid any impediment to my justly and freely accounting with myself for the facts which I recollected, and for my opinions,

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as well as to avert the consequences of any inquisitorial visit, I wrote in a sort of jargon; that is to say, with transpositions of letters and abbreviations which were quite familiar to myself. However, no such visit was ever made to me, and no one had any idea that this sad period passed so tranquilly for me. When I heard the jailer or any other person open the door, I covered the table with a cloth, and placed upon it the inkstand and the *legalised* quire of paper.

This quire had also some of my hours devoted to it, frequently extending to a whole day or an entire night. I wrote several literary works, dramatic and poetical.

As it was not easy for me to get, as promptly as I could wish, the supply of paper renewed when it was finished, I cast my first ideas in composition upon the table or the waste paper in which I had dried figs or other fruits brought to me. Sometimes, by giving my dinner to one of the secondini, and persuading him that I had no appetite, I induced him to bring me as a present a few sheets of paper. I availed myself of this scheme only when the table was already crammed with writing, and I could not prevail upon myself to erase it.

With these efforts at amusement the summer vanished. In the latter part of September the heat diminished. October came, and I rejoiced at having a room which in winter would be agreeable. But one morning the jailer came, and announced to me that he had received orders to change my abode.

Although I had suffered much in this chamber, I was sorry to quit it, not only because it would be comfortable in cold weather, but for many other reasons. I, first of all, had those ants, which I loved and nourished with a solicitude which might be called paternal, if the expression were not ridiculous. A few days previously, a spider which had become familiarised with me departed, I know not for what reason; but who knows, thought I, but it will remember me, and return? And now that I am going away, if it return, it will find the prison empty; or if it meet with a new host, he will be, perchance, an enemy to spiders, who will sweep away with his slipper this goodly web, and crush the poor animal.

The room they put me in was also under the Leads, but to the north and west, with a window on each side—a place for perpetual colds, and of horrible chillness in the winter months.

The window fronting the west was very large, that to the north small and high, and placed immediately above my bed.

I looked out at the first, and found that it opened upon the palace of the patriarch. Other cells were near mine in a wing of small extent to the right, and in a prolongation of the building in front of me. In this prolongation were two prisons, one above the other. The lower one had an enormous window, through which I saw a man walking about in very splendid attire. It was the Signor Caporali di Cesena. He saw me, made a sign to me, and we communicated to each other our names.

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I wished afterwards to examine where the other window looked to. I put the table on the bed, and on the table a chair, on which I climbed, and saw myself on a level with part of the palace roof. Beyond the palace appeared a fine view of the city and the canal.

I stood enjoying this beautiful prospect, and hearing the door open, I did not stir. It was the jailer, who, seeing me in so elevated a position, and forgetting that I could not pass, like a magician, through the bars, imagined I was about to escape, and, in the first impulse of his alarm, jumped upon the bed, in spite of a sciatica which tormented him, and seizing me by the legs, screeched like an eagle.

‘Do you not see,’ said I, ‘most stupid man, that the iron bars are here to prevent me escaping? Can you not comprehend that I have mounted here through curiosity?’

‘I see, sir, I see; I understand; but come down, I pray you, come down: there is a great temptation to escape.’ So I descended, laughing.

At the windows of the side prisons I recognised six others detained for political causes. Thus, then, at the moment when I was preparing for a solitude more perfect than the past, I found myself in a sort of world, and was occasionally able to exchange words and signs of civility and compassion.

The month of October brought round a most cruel anniversary. I had been arrested on the 13th of that month the preceding year. Many recollections equally sad tormented me during this month. Two years before, also in October, a man of merit, whom I greatly esteemed, had been unfortunately drowned in the Ticino. Six years before, still in October, Odoardo Briche, a youth whom I loved as if he had been my son, had shot himself involuntarily. In my early youth, in an October, another heavy affliction had occurred to me. Although I am not superstitious, so fatal a concurrence of bitter recollections springing from this month weighed upon my spirits.

I took up the pen to compose verses, or to follow some other literary bent, but an irresistible force seemed to compel me into another channel. Into what? Into writing long letters, which I could not send—long letters to my beloved family, in which I poured out my whole heart. I wrote them on the table, and then obliterated them. They were the warm expressions of my tenderness, of my recollections of the felicity I had enjoyed with my indulgent and affectionate parents, brothers, and sisters. The love which drew me to them, inspired me with a thousand impassioned sentiments. And after writing hours and hours, there were always thoughts which remained for expression.

These recreations at length affected my mind, and in my dreams, or rather in my delirium, I saw my father, my mother, or some other of those whom I loved, lamenting my unhappy lot. I heard their distressing sobs, and I was suddenly aroused, also sobbing and affrighted.

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Sometimes, during these short hallucinations, I thought I heard my mother consoling the others, coming with them into my prison, and addressing to me solemn exhortations to resignation; and at the moment that I was rejoicing at her fortitude, and that of the others, she burst into tears, and they all wept together. No one can conceive how at such times my heart was lacerated.

At night, my imagination was excited to such a pitch that I seemed to hear, although wide awake, groans and stifled laughter in my room. In my infancy I had never believed in witchcraft or in ghosts, and yet now these groans and laughs terrified me, and I could not explain the cause. I was forced to doubt whether I were not the sport of some mysterious and malevolent power.

I often took the light, with a trembling hand, and looked under the bed, to see if no one were concealed there; and it frequently occurred to me that I had been removed from my first chamber into this, because the latter had a trap-door, or some hole in the wall, by which my keepers saw all that I did, and diverted themselves by frightening me.

Seated at my table, it sometimes seemed to me that I was pulled by the coat, sometimes that a hidden hand pushed away my book, until I saw it falling on the ground; sometimes that some one came behind me to blow out the candle. Then I started to my feet with precipitation, I looked around me, I trod with apprehension, and I asked myself if I were mad, or in my proper senses.

I know how absurd such aberrations of the mind appear to others, but to me, who have experienced them, they were so hurtful that I yet shudder at them.

In the morning they always vanished; and so long as the light of day lasted, I felt my mind so braced against these terrors, that I thought it impossible they should again pursue me. But when the sun set, I recommenced my trembling, and each night brought back the extravagant phantoms of its predecessors.

One morning, after coffee, I was seized with diarrhoea and vomitings. I thought I was poisoned, but it was only an effort of nature. After the attack had passed off, I found myself well, and the illusions that had haunted me disappeared.

On the 24th of November, Dr Foresti was removed from the prisons of the Leads, and taken I knew not whither. The jailer, his wife, and the secondini were in terror, but none of them would explain to me the mystery. At length one of them told me that poor Foresti had been taken to the criminal prisons. The reader may imagine the agitation I was in all that day and the following night, and during several days that I could learn no further intelligence.

This uncertainty lasted a month. At length the sentences of a number of persons were made public, but no names were as yet given. Nine were condemned to death, but their sentence would perhaps be commuted into imprisonment for twenty years; others

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were to be imprisoned for fifteen (and in both cases they had to undergo their sentence in the fortress of Spielberg, near the city of Brünn, in Moravia), and some for ten years at the least (these last in the fortress of Lubiana). Was I among the number who had been condemned to death? If the term of my existence is come, thought I, am I not more happy that it comes in a manner to allow me time to collect myself, and to purify my conscience by repentance? Judging with the vulgar, the gibbet is of all modes of death the worst. But, in the opinion of the wise, is not this death preferable to many others which ensue after long disease, in which the intellect is debilitated, and the mind has not force to cast aside petty thoughts?

The justice of this reasoning was so firmly fixed in my mind, that the horror of death, and of this mode of death, was entirely dissipated. I meditated deeply on the sacraments, for which all the strength of my mind was required at this solemn moment, and I thought myself in a state to receive them in a beneficial manner. The dignity and peace of mind, the placid affection for those who hated me, the joy of sacrificing my life to the will of God, all which I seemed now to feel—could I have preserved them if I had been led forth to the last punishment? Alas! how many contradictions in man! Alas! when he appears the most sanctified and firm, an instant can precipitate him into weakness and crime! God only knows whether I were then fit for death: I have not confidence in myself to affirm it. I had attained a degree of firmness, as I thought, which would overcome the pang of dissolution, when one evening, seated at my table studying, quite chilled with cold, some voices near me (they were the voices of the jailer, his wife, his sons, and the secondini) exclaimed: 'Fire! fire! we are lost!' The chillness quitted me in a moment. I sprang to my feet in a sudden perspiration, and looked all round to see where the flames were: they were not to be seen.

The fire was, however, in the palace, in some offices adjoining the prisons. One of the secondini shouted out: 'But, master, what are we to do with the prisoners if the fire advances?'

The jailer answered: 'I haven't the heart to let them be roasted. However, we cannot open the prison without the consent of the commission. Go, then, I say; run as quick as you can to ask for leave.'

'I will run, master; I will run; but the answer will not come in time, recollect!'

And where, then, was that heroic resignation that I believed myself so sure of possessing, whilst thinking on death? Why did the idea of being burnt alive put me in a fever? As if there were more pleasure in being suffocated by the throat than consumed by fire. I made this reflection, and was ashamed at my terror. I was about to cry to the jailer to open the door for the love of God, but I checked myself; nevertheless I was in fear.

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After a lengthened disturbance, the noises subsided, and I doubted not that the fire had been extinguished. The following morning, I learned from one of the jailers the particulars of this fire, and I laughed at the terror it had excited in him, as if mine had not equalled, perhaps surpassed his.

On the 11th of February 1822, about nine o'clock in the morning, I was informed that I was to be immediately removed to a prison in the island of St Michael of Murano, not far from Venice; but for what purpose was not mentioned. A moment after, the jailer entered, accompanied by the secondini, and a man whom I had never seen before. The jailer appeared confused, and the new-comer took the word: 'Signor, the commission orders you to follow me.'

'I am ready,' I answered; 'and you, who are you?'

'I am keeper of the prison of St Michael, where you are about to be transferred.'

The jailer of the Leads handed over to the latter my money which he had in his hands. I asked and obtained permission to make some present to the secondini; I put my clothes in order, took the Bible under my arm, and departed.

We went out at a door which opened on the canal, where a gondola, with two secondini of the new jailer, awaited us. I entered the gondola, a prey to a thousand inconsistent feelings. On the whole, I felt happy at finding myself in the open air, after so long a seclusion—at seeing the sky, the waters, and the city, without the sad intervention of close bars—at the remembrance of the joyous gondola which in a more happy time bore me on this same canal, of the gondolas of the Lake of Como, of the Lake Maggiore, of the light barks of the Po, the Rhone, and the Saone! O smiling years, for ever gone! Who in the world had enjoyed a happiness equal to mine?

In the midst of these reflections I arrived at St Michael, where they shut me up in a room which looked upon a court, upon the canal, and the beautiful island of Murano. I sought intelligence respecting Maroncelli from the jailer, his wife, and the four secondini; but they made me only short visits, and full of distrust, would tell me nothing.

I lived in ignorance of my fate till the 21st of February. On that day the jailer came for me about ten o'clock in the morning; he led me into the hall of the commission, and retired. I found upon their seats the president, the inquisitor, and the two assessors, who all rose.

The president, with a tone of dignified commiseration, told me that the sentence had arrived; that it was a terrible one, but that the emperor had already mitigated it.

The inquisitor read this sentence: 'Condemned to death.' Then he read the imperial rescript: 'The penalty is commuted to fifteen years of imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg.' I replied: 'God's will be done!'

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I had, in truth, the disposition to receive like a Christian this horrible annunciation, and neither to testify nor to cherish resentment against any one. The president applauded my moderation, and counselled me always to preserve it, adding that, at the end of two or three years, this resignation would perhaps render me worthy of a greater favour.

The other judges also addressed me with words of consolation and hope. 'To-morrow,' said the inquisitor, 'we shall have the disagreeable duty of announcing the sentence to you in public, but it is an indispensable formality.'

'Be it so,' I replied.

'From this moment,' he resumed, 'we allow you the society of your friend.'

And having called the jailer, they consigned me into his hands, and ordered him to put me with Maroncelli.

How sweet a moment was that, for my friend and myself, in which we saw each other again, after a separation of a year and three months, after so many afflictions ! The ecstasies of friendship made us almost forget for the moment our condemnation.

I soon tore myself, however, from the arms of Maroncelli, to take the pen and write to my father. I ardently desired that the news of my sad lot should reach my family through me, rather than through others, in order that the grief of those beloved hearts should be mitigated by the pious calmness of my language. The judges promised to expedite my letter without delay.

Maroncelli talked to me afterwards of his process, and I of mine. We related, by turns, our prison adventures ; and then going to the window, we saluted three of our friends who were at theirs. They were Canova and Rezia, who were together, each condemned to imprisonment, the first to six years, and the second to three. The third was the Doctor Cesare Armari, who, during the previous months, had been my neighbour in the Leads. No judgment had been pronounced against him, and he was not long in being liberated as guiltless.

We conversed together all the day and all the evening ; it was for both an agreeable distraction. But when in bed, the light extinguished, and silence established, I felt it impossible to sleep. My brain was on fire, and my heart bled on thinking of my family. Could my poor old parents bear up against so great a misfortune ? Would their other sons suffice to console them ? They were all as much beloved as myself, and more worthy to be so ; but do a father and a mother ever find, in the children who are spared to them, a compensation for those who are lost ?

At nine in the morning, Maroncelli and I were made to enter a gondola, to be conducted into the city. The gondola stopped at the palace of the doge, and we ascended to the prisons. We were put into the chamber which Signor Caporali had occupied a few days

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before. I am ignorant of his fate. Nine or ten officers were seated there to guard us, and we walked about, waiting for the moment when we had to appear in the Piazza. We waited a long time. It was already noon when the inquisitor came to announce that we had to proceed. The physician came also, and recommended us to drink a glass of mint-water; we followed his advice, and were grateful to him, not so much for this attention, as for the profound pity the good old man testified for us. His name was Doctor Dosmo. The head officer afterwards appeared, and put manacles on us. We followed him, accompanied by the other officers.

Walking between two rows of Austrian soldiers, we arrived at the scaffold, and then looking around us, saw in the immense crowd nothing but expressions of terror. In the distance were other soldiers, drawn up at various points. We were told that cannons were fixed, with the matches ready lighted.

The Austrian commander ordered us to turn towards the palace, and raise our eyes. We obeyed, and saw an official of the court upon the terrace holding a paper in his hand. It was the sentence. He read it aloud.

There was a profound silence, until the expression, '*Condemned to death.*' Then arose a general murmur of compassion. Silence was restored to hear the rest, and a new murmur greeted these words: '*Condemned to close imprisonment; Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen.*'

The captain made us a sign to descend: we did so, after casting another glance around us. We returned to the palace, remounted the staircase, and entered again the chamber from which we had been taken. Having removed our manacles, we were conducted back to St Michael.

Those who had been condemned before us had already departed for Lubiana or Spielberg, under the conduct of a commissary of police. They now waited the return of this same commissary, he being intrusted also with the duty of conveying us to our destination. We waited for him a month.

When he arrived, and visited us, 'I have the pleasure,' said he, 'of being able to afford you some consolation. In returning from Spielberg, I saw his imperial majesty, the emperor, at Vienna, who told me that your days of imprisonment should be twelve hours long, and not twenty-four. It is a mode of intimating to you that the punishment is reduced one-half.'

This intelligence was never officially confirmed to us; but there is no probability that the commissary spoke falsely, the more especially as he did not communicate it in secret, but with the consent of the commission. And yet I could not rejoice at it. In my mind seven years and a half in irons were not much less horrible than fifteen. It seemed to me impossible that I could live so long. My health had become affected. I suffered much in the chest,

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attended with coughing, and I thought my lungs attacked. I ate very little, and that little was indigestible.

IMPRISONMENT AT SPIELBERG.

Our departure from Venice took place in the night of the 25th and 26th March. We were permitted to embrace our friend Doctor Armari. Then an officer fastened on us a chain, passing transversely from the right hand to the left foot, so as to render flight impossible. We entered a gondola, and the guards rowed us towards Fusina.

At Fusina we found two carriages ready. Rezia and Canova got into one, Maroncelli and I into another. In the first sat the commissary, and in the second a sub-commissary, each with two prisoners. Six or seven police guards completed the convoy, armed with sabres and muskets ; some behind the carriages, others on the drivers' seats.

Being forced to quit one's country is always a cruel calamity ; but to quit it in chains, and to be carried to a horrible climate, there to languish for years, surrounded by jailers, is a misfortune so dreadful that I have not words to describe it.

Before passing the Alps, my country became every hour more dear to me, from the sympathy which everywhere the persons we met expressed for us. In every town, in every village, in every solitary hamlet, we were looked for, as our condemnation had been known for several weeks. In some places the commissary and the guards could with difficulty remove the crowd which surrounded us. The interest which was manifested on our account was surprising.

In travelling through Austria the same compassion followed us, and the consolation which I derived from these marks of kindness, diminished my resentment against those whom I deemed my enemies. On the 10th April we reached the place of our destination.

The town of Brünn is the capital of Moravia, and the residence of the governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia. It is situated in a fertile valley, and has the appearance of being opulent. Several cloth manufactories were then in a state of prosperity, which are since fallen to decay. The population was about 30,000. Near its walls, on the west, stands a hill, on which is erected that fatal fortress of Spielberg, formerly the palace of the lords of Moravia, and at present the most rigorous place of imprisonment in the Austrian dominions. The citadel was of great strength, but the French bombarded and took it at the time of the famous battle of Austerlitz (the village of Austerlitz is at a short distance). Since then it has not been restored so as to serve as a citadel, but they have contented themselves with rebuilding a part of the outer wall, which was thrown down. About three hundred condemned persons,

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chiefly robbers and murderers, are detained there ; some subjected to hard labour (*carcere duro*), others to the hardest labour (*carcere durissimo*).

The *carcere duro* consists in being obliged to work, to drag a chain at the feet, to sleep upon naked boards, and to be fed upon the poorest imaginable nourishment. The *carcere durissimo* consists in being chained in a manner yet more horrible, with an iron girdle round the loins, and a chain fixed in the wall, scarcely affording scope to turn round on the plank which serves for a bed. The food is the same, although the law prescribes *bread and water*. We, as prisoners of state, were condemned to the *carcere duro*.

On reaching the summit of the hill, we turned our eyes behind, to bid adieu to the world, ignorant whether the gulf which was about to swallow us alive would ever open again to let us out. Outwardly I appeared calm, but within me raged a tempest. In vain I had recourse to philosophy to tranquillise my mind ; the reasonings of philosophy were insufficient.

Having left Venice in bad health, the journey had been attended with wretched fatigue ; my head, my whole body, was distracted with pain—and I burned with fever. Physical distemper contributed to the irritation of my mind, which in its turn doubtless aggravated my bodily ills.

We were delivered into the hands of the superintendent of the fortress, who inscribed our names amongst those of the malefactors. On quitting us, the imperial commissary embraced us with affection. 'I recommend you to be docile,' said he to us ; 'the least infraction of discipline will receive from the superintendent a severe punishment.' The ceremony of delivery being completed, they conducted Maroncelli and me into a subterranean corridor, in which two dark cells were open for us, at a distance from each other. Each was locked up in his den.

The bitterest of all calamities surely occurs when, after bidding adieu to so many objects, and two friends equally unfortunate are left alone, these friends are forcibly separated. Such a separation is the bitterest of calamities. Maroncelli, on quitting me, saw me ill, and wept for me as a man whom, without doubt, he should never behold again. I wept for him, blooming in the vigour of health, torn, perhaps for ever, from the refreshing light of the sun. And, like a beautiful flower cast into darkness, how has he in reality drooped and faded ! He has again emerged into light, but alas, in what a state !

When I found myself alone in this horrible cavern, and heard the bolts drawn—when, by the feeble light which fell from a narrow window above, I perceived the naked plank which was given for a bed, and an enormous chain fixed to the wall—I seated myself shuddering on the bed, and taking up the chain, I measured its length, thinking it destined for me.

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Half an hour afterwards I heard the keys rattle, and the door opened. A jailer, whose name was Schiller, entered, and delivered me a pitcher of water: He was an old man, and I could observe that he felt compassion for my fate.

In this horrible dungeon I very soon became exceedingly ill, which being perceived by the superintendent of the prison in his daily visits of inspection, the physician of the establishment was requested to see me, and report on my case. Dr Bayer found me in a fever, ordered me a straw pallet, and insisted upon their removing me from this subterranean vault to the story above. They could not, as there was no room. But a report upon the subject having been addressed to the Count Mitrovski, governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia, who resided at Brünn, the count replied that, in consequence of the severity of the illness, the orders of the doctor should be followed.

Into the chamber which they gave me a little daylight penetrated; and, creeping to the bars of the narrow window, I could see the valley which the fortress commanded, a part of the town of Brünn, a suburb with a multitude of small gardens, the necropolis, the small lake of the charter-house, and the woody hills which separated us from the celebrated field of Austerlitz. This view enchanted me. O how I should have rejoiced to partake it with Maroncelli!

They were preparing, in the meantime, our prison dresses, and at the end of five days they brought me mine. These were a pair of pantaloons of rough cloth, the right side gray, and the left side a brown colour; a close coat of two colours disposed in the same manner; a vest similarly variegated, with the slight difference of the gray colour being to the left, and the capuchin to the right. The stockings were of thick wool, the shirt of unwoven flax, stinging to the skin like a true haircloth; for the neck, was a cravat of the same stuff as the shirt. A pair of laced half-boots of untanned leather, and a white hat, completed the wardrobe.

This livery was accompanied by irons to the feet—that is to say, a chain that extended from one leg to the other, the rings of which were fastened by nails riveted upon an anvil. A few minutes after the blacksmith had gone, I heard the hammer upon the anvil sounding from below—doubtless they were riveting the irons on poor Maroncelli.

From the window of my new cell I found that I could converse with the prisoner in an adjoining apartment, the Count Antonio Oroboni. This intercourse was frequently interrupted by the sentinels; but by habituating ourselves to speak in whispers, and at certain intervals, we contrived in a great measure to elude the vigilance of our guards. We thus became united in a tender friendship. Oroboni narrated to me his life, and I mine to him; the sorrows and consolations of the one became the sorrows and consolations of the other. O how greatly we comforted each other!—how many times,

after a sleepless night, did each of us feel his sadness alleviated, and his courage fortified, by our morning salutation and interchange of words! Each of us felt himself indispensable to the other, and this persuasion incited us to an emulation in amiability, and produced that delicious feeling which a man experiences, even in distress, when he can gladden the heart of a fellow-being.

The physician perceiving that none of us could eat the food which they gave us during the first days, put us on a diet which was called 'a quarter portion'—that is to say, hospital regimen. It consisted of three very light soups each day, a very small morsel of roast lamb, which could be swallowed at a bite, and about three ounces of white bread. As my health grew stronger every day, my appetite kept increasing, and I felt this 'quarter' verily too little. I tried to return to the allowance of those who were in health, but I took nothing by the attempt: it disgusted me so effectually that I could not eat it. I was driven back to the 'quarter.' For more than a year I learned what the pangs of hunger were. Many of our companions suffered these pangs yet more violently; for, being of robuster constitutions than I, they were accustomed to a more ample nourishment. I know several of them accepted bread from Schiller, whose kind-heartedness was remarkable, though he had a rough exterior.

Several times this good man brought me a piece of boiled meat, begging me to eat it, and assuring me it cost him nothing—that it was left from his own dinner—that he could do nothing with it except to give it to others, if I would not take it. I would willingly have flown to devour it; but if I had taken it, would not Schiller desire to bring me something every day?

Twice only I yielded. One day he brought me a plate of cherries, and another some pears. The sight of these fruits was irresistible. I repented of having accepted them, because he did not cease to offer me more.

From the first period of our confinement, it had been established that each of us should have, twice a week, an hour's walking; afterwards this consolation was extended to us every other day; and at last, every day, except festivals.

We each went separately to the promenade between two guards, with muskets on their shoulders. As I lodged at the extremity of the corridor, I passed, in going out, the cells of all the Italian political prisoners, except that of Maroncelli, who alone languished beneath.

'A pleasant walk!' murmured each of them through the loophole of his door; but I was not permitted to stop to exchange salutations with any one. We descended the staircase, and traversed a court which led us to a terrace with a southern aspect, whence we could see the town of Brunn, and a considerable part of the surrounding country.

In the court of which I speak was always a great number of

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ordinary criminals, who went and came from their work, or walked about conversing. Amongst them were several Italian robbers, who saluted me with much respect, saying amongst themselves: 'This is not a rogue like us, and yet his punishment is more severe than ours.' They had, in fact, much more liberty than I. These words, and many others, I heard, and I cordially returned their salutation.

The constraint of the irons at the feet, by preventing sleep, contributed to ruin my health. Schiller wished me to remonstrate, maintaining that it was the duty of the physician to cause their removal.

For some time I did not follow his advice; but at last I yielded, and I begged the physician that he would order me to be relieved of the chain, at least for a few days, so that I might procure a little sleep.

The physician answered that the fever had not yet arrived to such a height that he could grant my request, and that it was necessary I should accustom myself to the irons. I was vexed with having made the request.

I was still able, however, to take my usual walk, and one morning, on returning from my promenade, I observed that the door of Oroboni's cell was open. Schiller, who was within, had not heard me coming. My guards wished to advance apace to close the door; but I got before them, sprang into the room, and was instantly in the arms of Oroboni.

Schiller stood in astonishment; he raised his finger in a menacing attitude; but his eyes were filled with tears, and with sobs he cried: 'O my God! shew mercy to these poor young men, and to me, and to all the unfortunates who have been wretched on this earth!'

The two guards wept also. The sentinel in the corridor, attracted from his post, was also in tears. Oroboni said: 'Silvio, Silvio, this is one of the happiest days of my life!' I did not know what to reply: I was beside myself with joy and emotion.

When Schiller conjured us to part, alleging the necessity of obedience, Oroboni burst into a flood of tears, and faltered out: 'Shall we never see each other again in this world?'

We did not see each other again. Some months after, his cell was vacant, and Oroboni lay in the cemetery which I had before my eyes.

I was able to move about up till the 11th January 1823. On that morning I arose with a slight headache, and a disposition to faint. My limbs trembled, and I could scarcely draw breath.

Oroboni also, for the last two or three days, had been ill, and did not rise.

They brought me the soup: I scarcely took a spoonful, when I fell, deprived of sensation. The sentinel of the corridor looked by chance through the wicket of the door a few moments after, and seeing me extended on the floor, with the pot upside down lying near me, he judged me dead, and called Schiller.

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The superintendent came also ; the physician was likewise called, and I was put to bed. It was with difficulty I recovered. The physician declared my life in danger, and caused my chains to be removed. He ordered me some sort of a cordial, but my stomach would retain nothing. The headache grew to an intolerable height. A report to the governor was immediately made as to my condition, and he despatched a courier to Vienna to ask how I should be treated. He was ordered in reply not to send me to the infirmary, but to cause me to be attended to in the prison with the same care as if I had been in the infirmary. Farther, the superintendent was authorised to furnish me with soups and pottages from his own kitchen as long as the malady should continue serious.

This last precaution was quite useless to me at first. Neither meat nor drink passed my lips. For a whole week I got worse and worse ; I was delirious day and night.

Kral and Kubitzky were given me as attendants, and they served me with affection. Each time that I resumed a little consciousness, Kral repeated to me : ‘ Have confidence in God, sir ; God alone is good.’

‘ Pray to Him for me,’ said I to him ; ‘ not that He will cure me, but that my misfortunes and my death may be received in expiation of my sins.’

He suggested to me the idea of calling for the sacraments.

‘ If I have not demanded them already,’ I answered, ‘ attribute it to the weakness of my head, but it will be a great consolation for me to receive them.’

He reported my words to the superintendent, who brought the chaplain of the prison. I was pleased with this priest ; his name was Sturm. The reflections which he delivered to me upon the justice of God, the injustice of mankind, the duty of forgiveness, the vanity of all the things of this world, were not commonplaces ; they bore the stamp of a high and cultivated intellect, and of a lively sentiment of the love due to God and our neighbour.

The effort which I was called upon to make in receiving the sacraments, seemed at first to exhaust the slight remains of life ; but it afterwards served to assist me, by plunging me into a lethargy, which produced some hours of repose.

I awoke a little relieved, and seeing Kral and Schiller near me, I took their hands in mine, and thanked them for all their care.

Towards the end of the second week, a crisis occurred in the malady, and all danger vanished.

I was about to rise one morning, when my door opened, and the superintendent, Schiller, and the physician entered with smiling countenances. The first of them ran to me and said : ‘ We have received permission to give you Maroncelli for a companion, and to allow you to write to your parents.’ Maroncelli was conducted to my arms.

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O what a moment was that! 'Thou yet livest, my friend, my brother!' we each exclaimed. 'How happy a day we have been reserved to see! Praise be to God!'

But our joy, great as it was, was soon damped by mutual compassion. Maroncelli was necessarily less struck at finding me so wasted, knowing from how severe an illness I had just escaped. But I, with all my knowledge of what he had undergone, could not have imagined so great a difference from what he was before—I scarcely recognised him. His beautiful countenance, so radiant with health, was withered from grief, from hunger, from the bad air of his gloomy prison.

However, it was a source of consolation to see and hear each other, to be assured we should not again be separated. It was likewise consolatory to write to my parents, which I now did, and the letter was duly forwarded.

The dispositions of Maroncelli and myself harmonised perfectly together. The courage of the one sustained the courage of the other. If either of us was seized with melancholy, or excited to anger by the hardships of our condition, the other restored his friend's equanimity by some pleasantries or appropriate reasonings. A smile generally tempered our sorrows.

As long as we had books, though we had read them often enough to know them by heart, we possessed an agreeable means of mental cultivation, because they were a perpetual excitation to fresh examinations, comparisons, criticisms, and corrections. We read, or meditated in silence, the greatest part of the day, and we gave to conversation the times of dinner and of the promenade, and all the evening.

Maroncelli, in his dungeon, had composed a great many verses of superior beauty. He recited them to me, and composed others; while I also composed some which I recited to him, and our memories were exercised in retaining all this. We acquired by these means a wonderful facility in the composition, from memory, of long poems, a power of polishing and improving them at repeated intervals, and of bringing them to as high a state of perfection as we could have done by writing them. Maroncelli thus composed by degrees, and delivered to memory, several thousands of lyric and epic verses. As for me, I composed the tragedy of *Leoniero da Dertona*, and various other pieces.

At the commencement of 1824, a number of additional prisoners were brought to Spielberg, among whom were some of our unfortunate acquaintances; and the rigours of our confinement were increased. How did we pass all the years 1824, 1825, 1826, and 1827! We were refused the use of our books, which the governor had granted provisionally. The prison became for us a real tomb, in which, however, we were not allowed even the tranquillity of the tomb. Each month, on an indeterminate day, the director of the

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police, accompanied by a lieutenant and his guards, came to make a severe inspection. They stripped us naked, examined all the seams of our clothes, and, in the fear that any paper or other thing was concealed therein, they opened our mattresses to search the insides. Although it was impossible they could find anything clandestine with us, this visit, made in so hostile a manner, so suddenly, and so often repeated, irritated me to a great extent, and always threw me into a fever.

The preceding years had appeared to me so sad, and *now* I looked back with regret upon those years, as to a time of enjoyment!

By making the punishment commence, not at the epoch of my arrest, but at that of my condemnation, the seven years and a half finished in 1829, in the first days of July, if they were dated from the signature of the emperor, or on the 22d of August, if dated from the publication of the sentence. But this term passed like the others, and all hope was extinguished.

Up to that time, Maroncelli and I sometimes imagined that it might yet be possible we should once more see the world, our beloved Italy, and our relations; and it was for us a subject of conversation replete with anxiety, emotion, and love.

But when we saw August pass, then September, then that whole year, we accustomed ourselves to hope nothing more on this earth except the unvarying continuance of our mutual friendship, and the aid of God to perform worthily what remained to accomplish of our long sacrifice.

Ah! friendship and religion are two inestimable benefits! They embellish even the hours of prisoners for whom all hope of mercy has expired. God is indeed with the unfortunate—with the unfortunate who love Him!

The 1st day of August 1830 appeared. It was not far from ten years since I had lost my liberty, and eight and a half since I had been subjected to the *carcere duro*.

It was a Sunday. We went, as on other holidays, to the usual enclosure, and looked again, from the low wall running round it, upon the valley and the graveyard in which Oroboni and Villa lay, talking to each other of the repose which our bones would one day find in the same place.

This day, after returning from the chapel, and when preparing to eat our wretched dinner, the sub-intendant entered the cell. 'I am very sorry to disturb your dinner,' said he, 'but have the goodness to follow me; the director of the police is here.'

As this latter personage never came but for disagreeable purposes, such as searches or inquiries, we followed the sub-intendant, in very bad humour, to the room of audience.

We found there the director of police and the superintendent; the former moved to us more graciously than usual.

He took a paper in his hand, and, in disconnected words, as if he

were afraid of producing upon us too great a sensation of surprise by a more rapid delivery, said to us: 'Gentlemen, I have the pleasure—I have the honour—to inform you—that his majesty the emperor—has performed another act of mercy'—

And he hesitated to inform us in what the mercy consisted. We thought that it referred to some mitigation of our punishment, such as exempting us from the tiresomeness of labour, permitting us some more books, or granting us less disgusting food. 'Do you not understand?' added the director.

'No, sir; have the goodness to explain to us what sort of mercy is meant.'

'It is liberty for you both, and for a third, whom you are about to embrace.'

Apparently our joy should have broken forth in loud jubilee. But our thoughts immediately ran upon our parents, of whom we had had no intelligence for so long a time. Should we still find them on earth? This doubt occurred to us in such force, that it certainly destroyed the pleasure the news of our freedom should have given us.

'You remain mute,' said the police-director. 'I expected to have seen you jump for joy.'

'I beseech you,' answered I, 'to be good enough to transmit our gratitude to the emperor. But if no account is given us of our families, it is impossible not to fear that some very dear individuals are now lost to us. This uncertainty overpowers us, even in the moment which should be that of supreme joy.'

He then gave to Maroncelli a letter from his brother, which consoled him. He told me there was none from my family, and that redoubled my fear that some misfortune had happened.

'Return into your chamber,' resumed the director, 'and before long I will shew you the other prisoner who has also received pardon.'

We retired, and waited for this third person with anxiety. We would have taken with us all the others, but there could only be one. Might it be the poor Munari? or such a one? or such another? It was not one of those for whom we offered our prayers. At last the door opened, and we saw that our companion was the Signor Andrea Tonelli da Brescia. We embraced. We could eat no dinner. We conversed until the evening, compassionating the lot of those dear friends who remained behind us.

At nightfall the director of police returned to take us from this place of misfortune. Our hearts were lacerated as we passed before the cells of so many beloved beings, without being able to take them with us! Who knows how long they must still languish there! How many of them would become the slow victims of death!

They cast on the shoulders of each of us a soldier's greatcoat, and a cap on our heads; and thus, in the clothing of galley-slaves, with the exception of chains, we descended that disastrous hill, and were conducted into the city to the prisons of the police. It was a

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beautiful moonlight night. The streets, the houses, the persons whom we met, all appeared to me so strange and pleasant, after the many years I had passed without beholding a similar scene !

We waited in the prisons of the police for an imperial commissary, who was to come from Vienna to accompany us to the frontier. In the meantime, as our trunks had been sold, we provided ourselves with linen and clothes, and laid aside the prison livery.

At the end of five days the commissary arrived, and the director of police delivered us into his hands. He handed over to him at the same time the money that we had brought to Spielberg, and that which resulted from the sale of our portmanteaus and books, all of which was restored to us at the frontier. The expense of our journey was defrayed by the emperor, and nothing was spared. I was far from well, and when we arrived at Vienna, I was in a fever ; for eight days I was under medical treatment, and at length I recovered. Being now comparatively well, I was anxious to depart, the more especially as the news of the *three days* of Paris had just reached us.

The emperor had signed the decree for our liberty the very day that revolution broke out. He assuredly would not now revoke it ; but it was very probable that, as the crisis was becoming critical for all Europe, and as popular movements were feared also in Italy, Austria would not at such a moment allow us to return to our country. We were well convinced they would not take us back to Spielberg, but we were afraid it might be suggested to the emperor to consign us to some town of the empire far removed from the peninsula.

At last we left Vienna, and I was able to get as far as Brash ; there I again became ill ; but at the end of two days I insisted upon resuming the journey. We traversed Austria and Styria, and reached Carinthia without accident ; but when we arrived at a village called Feldkirchen, a short distance from Klagenfurt, there came a counter-order. We were commanded to halt in this place until further directions.

I leave it to be imagined how disagreeable this event was to us. I had, in addition, the unpleasant reflection of being the cause of so great a calamity to my two companions. My fatal malady was the reason they were debarred from returning to their country. We remained five days at Feldkirchen, and during that time the commissary did all in his power to amuse us. There was a small theatre of poor players, and he took us to it. Another day he procured for us the diversion of a hunt. Our host, and several young people of the country, with the proprietor of a fine forest, were the hunters, and we, placed in a favourable position, enjoyed the sport as spectators.

At length a courier arrived from Vienna with orders for the commissary to conduct us to our destination. This good news filled me

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with joy, as well as my companions; but at the same time I trembled to see approaching the hour of a fatal discovery—the hour which would unfold to me that I had no longer either father or mother, nor several other connections, I knew not how many! Thus my melancholy increased as we advanced towards Italy.

From this side the approach to Italy is not agreeable, and the sterile aspect of the country contributed to increase my sadness. To see again our own sky, to meet human faces having no longer the northern expression, to hear on all lips the words of our language, affected me much; but the emotion produced tears rather than smiles. How often I covered my face with my hands, feigning to sleep, but shedding tears! How many nights I passed unable to close an eye, and burning with fever, sometimes bestowing the most impassioned benedictions upon my sweet Italy, and thanking Heaven for having restored me to it; sometimes tormenting myself with the absence of intelligence concerning my family, and conjuring up imaginary ills; sometimes in reflecting that I should shortly have to separate, perhaps for ever, from a friend who had passed through so many sufferings with me, and had given me such proofs of a fraternal affection!

At Mantua it was necessary to bid farewell to Maroncelli, for here we were to separate. It was a parting of the most tender kind, not unaccompanied with tears. At Brescia I left behind my other companion in misfortune, Andrea Tonelli. On the 9th of September, two days after, I arrived at Milan, where I was detained for several days, and then set out for Piedmont in charge of a brigadier of gendarmerie.

The state of my feelings may be judged on once more finding myself on the Piedmontese soil. Ah! much as I love all nations, God knows that Italy is dearest to me! and much as I dote upon Italy, God knows how infinitely sweeter to me than the name of every other country in Italy is the name of Piedmont, the land of my fathers!

I was still not free. The brigadier, on leaving me, handed me over to the Piedmontese carabinieri. After a short delay, a gentleman appeared, who begged me to permit him to accompany me to Novara. He had missed another opportunity, and now there was no carriage but mine; he was much obliged that I allowed him to take advantage of it.

This disguised carabinier was of a jovial turn, and kept me good company as far as Novara. When we arrived at that town, pretending to conduct me to a hotel, he directed the carriage to the barracks of the carabinieri, and there I was told there was a bed for me in the apartment of a brigadier, where I was to wait for higher orders.

Expecting to resume my journey on the following day, I went to bed, and after conversing a moment with my host, I sank into a

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profound sleep. I had not slept so well for a long time. I awoke towards morning, immediately arose, and got through some very long hours. I breakfasted, chatted, walked about the room and on the terrace, and cast a look on my host's books. At last a letter arrived from my father.

O what joy to see again those much-loved characters! What joy to learn that my mother, my dearest mother, still lived!—that my two brothers and my eldest sister were also still alive! Alas! the youngest, the Marietta, who had entered the convent of the Visitation, as I had clandestinely learned in prison, had ceased to breathe nine months ago! It is sweet to think that I owe my liberty to those who loved me, who never ceased to intercede for me.

Days passed, and permission to leave Novara did not come. On the morning of the 16th September this permission was at last given me, and then I was freed from the tutelage of the carabinieri. O how many years it was since I had been able to go where I pleased, without the encumbrance of guards!

I obtained some money, received the greetings of a few persons, acquaintances of my father, and about three in the afternoon I departed. I had as companions on the journey a lady, a merchant, a sculptor, and two young painters, one of whom was deaf and dumb. We passed the night at Vercelli. The fortunate sun of the 17th of September arose. We continued our journey, and did not reach Turin until the evening.

Who, who could describe the emotion of my heart, of the hearts of those so endeared to me, when I beheld, when I embraced my father, my mother, my brothers! My sister, my dear Josephine, was not present, as her duties detained her at Chieri; but at the first news of my return, she hastened home to pass a few days in the bosom of the family. Restored to these five objects of my tenderest affection, I was, I am the most enviable of mortals!

CONCLUSION.

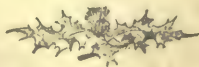
After his restoration to his native country, Silvio Pellico lived for some time in the bosom of his family. In his later years he became secretary and librarian to the Marchioness of Barolo in Turin, in whose house he died in 1854. The narrative of his ten years' captivity (*Le mie Prigioni*), published in 1831, had an immense popularity, and was translated into all the languages of Europe. It is written with great simplicity and apparent truthfulness, and breathes a spirit of the most entire Christian resignation. It produced two effects: it incited the Austrian government to introduce considerable reforms into their intolerable prison discipline; and it fixed the attention of Europe on the miserable condition of Italy, personified, as it were, in the prisoner of Spielberg. Silvio

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Pellico did not suffer in vain ; the clank of his chains served to loosen those of his country.

Of Pellico's other writings, a dramatic piece called *Ester d'Engaddi*, one of those composed under the Leads in Venice, was acted in Turin in 1831 with the highest applause, as well as another piece entitled *Gismonda* ; but both were immediately suppressed by the jealousy of Italian despotism. He composed besides, other three dramas, one of them entitled *Tommaso Moro*. In 1837 appeared two volumes of *Opere Inedite*, consisting of mystical hymns, paraphrases of the *Imitation* of Thomas à Kempis, and other pieces. Among his latest productions was a kind of catechism on human duties (*Dei Doveri degli Uomini*). Long confinement and privation had completely undermined his originally feeble constitution, and induced on a mind more remarkable for sensitive goodness than strength, a tendency to mystic pietism ; so that his views are better calculated to inspire passive resignation than to invigorate for action.

The Count Arrivabene, who is mentioned by Silvio Pellico as having been discharged from the prison of St Michael as innocent, found himself, shortly after, exposed to the suspicions of the government, and judged it expedient to flee. His only crime was having received Porro, Pellico, and some others at his country-house near Mantua, as they returned from a trip in Porro's steam-boat from Pavia to Venice. He fled from Mantua to Brescia, where he imparted his and their danger to his friends Ugoni and Scalvini, who joined him in his endeavour to escape into Switzerland. Gendarmes had been despatched on all the routes to arrest Arrivabene as soon as his departure was known. He and his friends effected their retreat into Switzerland, disguised as cattle-drovers, but were very nearly caught. They had to pass an inn in which three gendarmes, lying in wait for them, were asleep ; and at the moment they reached the Swiss frontier, they were so exhausted, from having had no interval of repose for sixty hours, that they fell upon the ground in the presence of the Austrian soldiers, who were close upon their heels when they crossed the line which separated tyranny from freedom. They were, however, safe. Count Porro also effected his escape from Italy. The gendarmes entered his house at one door as he left it by another. Confalonieri was prevented from executing the same manœuvre by finding a door locked, the key of which had been altered by his intendant without his knowledge.





WILLIAM TELL AND SWITZERLAND.

SURROUNDED by some of the most powerful nations of Europe, Switzerland, a comparatively small country, has for ages maintained a singular degree of freedom and independence, and been distinguished for the civil liberty which its people generally enjoy. For these enviable distinctions, it is allowed to have been greatly indebted to its physical character. Composed of ranges of lofty mountains, extensive lakes, almost inapproachable valleys, craggy steeps and passes, which may be easily defended, it has afforded a ready retreat from oppression, and its inhabitants have at various times defeated the largest armies brought by neighbouring powers for their subjugation. How this intrepid people originally gained their liberty, forms an exceedingly interesting page in European history.

About six hundred years ago, a large portion of Switzerland belonged to the German Empire; but this was little more than a nominal subjection to a supreme authority. Socially, it consisted of districts which were for the greater part the hereditary possessions of dukes, counts, and other nobles, who viewed the people on their properties as little better than serfs, and made free with

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their lives, their industry, and their chattels. In some instances, certain cities had formed alliances for mutual protection against the rapacity of these robbers, and demolished many castles from which they exercised their oppression upon the peaceful husbandmen and merchants.

Things were in this state, when, in 1273, Rodolphe of Hapsburg, one of the most powerful of the noble proprietors, was chosen Emperor of Germany, an event which added greatly to his means of oppressing his Swiss vassals. Rodolphe, however, was a humane master, and did not abuse his power. Albert, his son, who succeeded to the imperial dynasty in 1298, was a person of a different character. He was a grasping prince, eager to extend his family possessions, and wished to unite certain free Swiss towns, with their surrounding districts, called the *Waldstädte*, or Forest-towns, with his hereditary estates, proposing to them to renounce their direct connection with the German Empire, and to submit themselves to him as Duke of Austria. They rejected his advances, and hence commenced the first of the memorable struggles for civil liberty in Switzerland.

As the result of a direct attempt at subjugation might be doubtful, Albert resolved to proceed cautiously and by stealth. The Forest-towns had hitherto administered their laws and collected the imperial taxes themselves; and were only visited on stated emergencies by an imperial commissioner or governor. The first encroachment, then, was to send a governor or bailiff to take up his residence in the country. According to the usual account, the first permanent imperial bailiff in the *Waldstädte* was Hermann Gessler, who built a fortress for himself at *Küssnacht* in *Uri*, not far from the head of the Lake of *Lucerne*, on which the *Waldstädte* bordered. Once firmly established, Gessler, who was a fit instrument for the purposes of a tyrant, assumed an insolent bearing, and scrupled not to commit the most severe acts of oppression. Every great crisis in national disasters brings forth its great man: as Scotland, under the oppression of the Edwards, produced its William Wallace; as America its Washington, when its liberty was threatened; so did Switzerland, under the viceregal domination of Gessler, produce its WILLIAM TELL.*

* The story of Tell, as given in the text, has long passed current as history; that it is essentially a fable, however, may now be considered as a settled point. The earlier Swiss chroniclers, in narrating the rising of the Forest-towns, make no mention of Tell. The rude embryo of the story appears first in the *Chronicle of Melchior Reuss*, in the second half of the fifteenth century, and in a popular ballad of the same period. Successive versions added details and embellishments, until, in the sixteenth century, *Tschudi* and others gave the full-grown narrative, which *Schiller* has embalmed in his drama. As early, however, as the end of the sixteenth century, doubts began to be expressed as to its authenticity; and attention was called to the existence of similar legends of earlier date existing in other countries. *Saxo Grammaticus*, a Danish chronicler of the twelfth century, tells of a bowman named *Palnatoke*, who was compelled by the Danish king, *Harald Blue-tooth*, to shoot at an apple on his son's head, and who afterwards sent an arrow through *Harald's* own

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William Tell, according to the received accounts, was born at Bürglen, a secluded hamlet in the canton of Uri, near the Lake of Lucerne, about the year 1275, and, like his forefathers, was the proprietor of a cottage, a few small fields, a vineyard, and an orchard. When William had reached the age of twenty, his father is said to have died, bequeathing to him these humble possessions. Endowed by nature with a lofty and energetic mind, Tell was distinguished also by great physical strength and manly beauty. He was taller by a head than most of his companions; he loved to climb the rugged rocks of his native mountains in pursuit of the chamois, and to steer his boat across the lake in time of storm and of danger. The load of wood which he could bear upon his shoulders was double that which any ordinary man could support.

In all outdoor sports Tell likewise excelled. During holidays, when the young archers were trying their skill, according to ancient Swiss custom, Tell, who had no equal in the practice of the bow, was obliged to remain an idle spectator, in order to give others a chance for the prize. With such varied qualifications, and being also characterised by a courteous disposition, Tell was a general favourite among his countrymen, and an acceptable guest at every fireside. As a wife he chose Emma, the daughter of Walter Furst, who was considered the best and fairest maiden of the whole canton of Uri. The birth of a son, who was named Walter, in honour of his grandfather, added to the felicity of the pair. Until the age of six, Walter was left to his mother's care, but at that period the father undertook his education, and made him his constant companion. Other children subsequently added to the ties of family.

With other sources of happiness, Tell combined that of possessing an intimate friend, who dwelt amid the rocky heights separating Uri from Unterwalden. Arnold Anderhalden of Melchthal was this associate. Although similar in many salient points of character,

heart. On this saga, Oehlenschläger, the Danish poet, has founded a tragedy. The Icelandic sagas attribute the feat to various personages, some earlier, some later, than Palnatoke. Perhaps the oldest form of the arrow-shooting legend is that in the *Vilkinasaga*, in which it is told of the hero Eigil, brother of Weyland the Smith. As was natural, these suggestions of doubt were distasteful to Swiss patriotism, and a book on the subject was burned by the public hangman of Uri; so that Swiss historians have been cautious in speaking of the subject. Tell's Chapel, said to have been erected in 1388, only eighty years after the death of Gessler, and other monuments commemorative of incidents in the story and claiming the same antiquity, are usually held to be proofs of the reality of the events. The date of these monuments, however, is far from certain; and, at best, the most that could be inferred from them is, that, on the rising of the Forest-towns, an obscure peasant shot an Austrian bailiff on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne, and that this became, in the popular memory, the central incident of the struggle, and gradually gathered round it the widespread mythical embellishments of the tyrant, the bowman, and the apple. For one thing, the tyrant Gessler is conclusively proved to be mythical. In a work, containing a series of documents concerning early Swiss history, published in 1835 by M. Kopp of Lucerne, it is satisfactorily shewn that, although a continuous series of charters exists relative to the bailiffs of Küssnacht in the fourteenth century, there is no Gessler among them.

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there was still an essential difference between the two men. Arnold of Melchthal, while he loved his country with an ardour equal to that of Tell, and was capable of very great actions, was not prepared for much patient suffering or long endurance of wrong. Tell, whose temperament was more calm, and whose passions were more influenced by reason than impulse, only succeeded in restraining his friend's impulsive character by the stern force of example. Meantime the two friends passed their days in the enjoyment of one another's society, visiting at intervals each other's humble residence. Arnold had a daughter, Clair by name, and Walter, the son of Tell, learned as he grew up to love and cherish her. Thus, in simple and tranquil pleasures, in the industrious prosecution of their several occupations, these two families dwelt in tranquillity and mutual happiness.

The introduction to power of Hermann Gessler broke in upon the happiness of every citizen of Uri. Besides the allowance of the utmost licence to his soldiers, the tolls were raised, the most slight and trivial offences punished by imprisonment and heavy fines, and the inhabitants treated with insolence and contempt. Gessler, passing on horseback before a house built by Werner Stauffacher in the village of Steinen, near Schwytz, cried: 'What! shall it be borne that these contemptible peasants should build such an edifice as this? If *they* are to be thus lodged, what are we to do?' Tradition records the indignant remonstrance of the wife of Stauffacher upon this occasion. 'How long,' exclaimed she, 'shall we behold the oppressor triumphant, and the oppressed weep? How long shall the insolent stranger possess our lands, and bestow our inheritances upon his heirs? What avails it that our mountains and valleys are inhabited by men, if we, the mothers of Helvetia, are to suckle the children of slavery, and see our daughters swelling the train of our oppressors?' The energetic language of his wife was not thrown away upon Werner, but took root in his heart, and in due time brought forth fruit.

Meanwhile some of the instruments of oppression were punished when they were least prepared for retribution. As an example, we may instance the governor of Schwanau, a castle on the Lake of Lowerz, who, having brought dishonour upon a family of distinction, perished by the hand of the eldest son. As a parallel instance, we may mention that a friend of Berenger of Landenberg, the young lord of Wolfenchiess, in Unterwalden, having seen the beautiful wife of Conrad of Baumgarten, at Alzallen, and finding that her husband was absent, desired, in the most peremptory terms, that she should prepare him a bath; but the lady having called Conrad from the fields, and revealed to him the repeated indignities to which she had been exposed, his resentment was so inflamed at the recital, that, rushing into the bath-chamber, he sacrificed the young noble on the spot. In a state of society but

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just emerging from barbarism, and which as yet knew but little of law or justice, continual instances were of daily occurrence in which private individuals thus took the law into their own hands. The result, however chivalric the custom may look in the abstract, was most fearful and terrible, and is but one of the many proofs how great a blessing civilisation has really been to mankind.

Tell foresaw, on the arrival of Gessler, many of the misfortunes which must inevitably follow his iron rule, and without explaining his views even to Arnold of Melchthal, without needlessly alarming his family, endeavoured to devise some means, not of bearing the yoke demurely, but of delivering his country from the galling oppression which Albert had brought upon it. The hero felt satisfied that the evil deeds of the governor would sooner or later bring just retribution upon him; for this, and many other reasons, therefore, despite his own secret wishes, when Arnold poured out his fiery wrath in the ear of his friend, he listened calmly, and, to avoid inflaming him more, avowed none of his own views or even feelings in return.

One evening, however, William Tell and his wife sat in the front of their cottage, watching their son amusing himself amid the flocks, when the former grew more thoughtful and sad than usual. Presently Tell spoke, and for the first time imparted to his wife some of his most secret designs. While the conversation was still proceeding, the parents saw their son rush towards them crying for help, and shouting the name of old Melchthal. As he spoke, Arnold's father appeared in view, led by Clair, and feeling his way with a stick. Tell and his wife hastened forward, and discovered, to their inconceivable horror, that their friend was blind, his eyes having been put out with hot irons. The hero of Bürglen, burning with just indignation, called on the old man to explain the fearful sight, and also the cause of Arnold's absence. The unfortunate Melchthal seated himself, surrounded by his agonised friends, and immediately satisfied the impatient curiosity of Tell.

It appeared that that very morning the father, son, and granddaughter were in the fields loading a couple of oxen with produce for the market-town, when an Austrian soldier presented himself, and having examined the animals, which appeared to suit his fancy, ordered their owner to unyoke the beasts preparatory to his driving them off. Adding insolence to tyranny, he further remarked that such clodpoles might very well draw their own ploughs and carts. Arnold, furious at the man's daring impertinence, was only restrained by his father's earnest entreaties from sacrificing the robber on the spot; nothing, however, could prevent him from aiming a blow at him, which broke two of his fingers. The enraged soldier then retreated; but old Melchthal, who well knew the character of Gessler, immediately forced Arnold, much against his inclination, to go and conceal himself for some days in the Righi. This mountain

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rises in a somewhat isolated position—a rare circumstance with the Swiss Alps—and is one of the most conspicuous hills of Switzerland. In form a truncated cone, with its base watered by three lakes—Lucerne, Zug, and Zurich—this gigantic hill is pierced by deep caverns, of which two are famous—the Bruder-balm, and the hole of Kessis-Boden. Scarcely had Arnold departed in this direction, when a detachment of guards from Altorf surrounded their humble tenement, and dragged old Melchthal before Gessler, who ordered him to give up his son. Furious at the refusal which ensued, the tyrant commanded the old man's eyes to be put out, and then sent him forth blind to deplore his misfortunes.

Tell heard the story of Melchthal in silence, and when he had finished, inquired the exact place of his son's concealment. The father replied that it was in a particular cavern of Mount Righi, the desert rocks of which place were unknown to the emissaries of the governor, and there he had promised to remain until he received his parent's permission to come forth. This Tell requested might be granted immediately; and turning to his son, ordered him to start at once for the Righi with a message to Arnold. Walter gladly obeyed, and providing himself with food, and receiving private instructions from his father, went on his journey under cover of the night.

Tell himself then threw around his own person a cloak of wolf-skin, seized his quiver full of sharp arrows, and taking his terrible bow, which few could bend, in hand, bade adieu to his wife for a few days, and took his departure in an opposite direction from that pursued by his son. It was quite dawn when Walter reached the Righi, and a slight column of blue smoke speedily directed him to the spot where Arnold lay concealed. The intrusion at first startled the fugitive; but recognising Tell's son, he listened eagerly to his dismal story, the conclusion of which roused in him so much fury, that he would have rushed forth at once to assassinate Gessler, had not Walter restrained him. Schooled by Tell, he informed him that his father was engaged in preparing vengeance for the tyrant's crime, being at that moment with Werner Stauffacher concerting proper measures of resistance. 'Go,' said my father, 'and tell Arnold of this new villainy of the governor's, and say that it is not rage which can give us just revenge, but the utmost exertion of courage and prudence. I leave for Schwytz to bid Werner arm his canton; let Melchthal go to Stantz, and prepare the young men of Unterwalden for the outbreak; having done this, let him meet me, with Furst and Werner, in the field of Grutli.'*

Arnold, scarcely taking time slightly to refresh himself with food, sent Walter on his homeward journey, while he started for Stantz. Walter, when alone, turned his steps towards Altorf, where

* A lonely sequestered strip of meadow, called indifferently Rutli and Grutli, upon an angle of the Lake of Lucerne, surrounded by thickets, at the foot of the rock of Seelisberg, and opposite the village of Brunnen.

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unfortunately, and unknown to himself, he came into the presence of Gessler, to whom he uttered somewhat hard things about the state of the country, being led to commit himself by the artful questions of the tyrant, who immediately ordered the lad into confinement, with strict injunctions to his guards to seize whomsoever should claim him.

Meanwhile certain doubts and fears, from he knew not what cause, arose in the mind of Gessler, and struck him with a presentiment that all was not right. He imagined that the people wore in their looks less abject submission to his authority; and the better to satisfy himself of the correctness or erroneousness of this view, he commanded Berenger to erect at dawn of day, in the market-place of Altorf, a pole, on the point of which he was to place the ducal cap of Austria. An order was further promulgated, to the effect that every one passing near or within sight of it should make obeisance, in proof of his homage and fealty to the duke.

Numerous soldiers under arms were directed to surround the place, to keep the avenues, and compel the passers-by to bend with proper respect to the emblem of the governing power of the three cantons. Gessler likewise determined that, whoever should disobey the mandate, and pass the ducal badge without the requisite sign of fealty, or who should exhibit by his bearing a feeling of independence, should be accused of disaffection, and be treated accordingly—a measure which promised both to discover the discontented, and furnish a sufficient ground for their punishment. Numerous detachments of troops, among whom money had been previously distributed, were then placed around to see that his commands were scrupulously obeyed. History scarcely records another instance of tyranny so galling and humiliating to the oppressed, and so insolent on the part of its author.

The proceedings of Tell in the interval were of the deepest concern to the country. Having arrived within the territory of Schwytz, and at the village of Steinen, he called at the house of Werner, and being admitted, threw at his feet a heavy bundle of lances, arrows, cross-bows, and swords. 'Werner Stauffacher,' cried Tell, 'the time is come for action;' and without a moment's delay he informed his friend of all that had passed, dwelling minutely on every detail; and when he had at length finished, the cautious Werner could restrain his wrath no longer, but exclaimed, clasping the hero's hand: 'Friend, let us begin; I am ready.' After further brief conference, they, by separate ways, carried round arms to their friends in the town and the neighbouring villages. Many hours were thus consumed, and when their weapons were at last distributed, they both returned to Stauffacher's house, snatched some slight refreshment, and then sped on their way to Grutli, accompanied by ten of their most tried adherents.

The Lake of Lucerne was soon reached, and a boat procured.

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Werner, perceiving the water to be agitated by a furious tempest, inquired of Tell if his skill would enable him to struggle against the storm. 'Arnold awaits us,' cried William, 'and the fate of our country depends on this interview.' With these words he leaped into the boat, Werner jumped after him, and the rest followed. Tell cast loose the agitated vessel, seized the tiller, and hoisting sail, the little craft flew along the waves.

Presently, it is said, the wind moderated, and ere they reached the opposite side, had ceased altogether—a phenomenon common in these mountain-lakes. The boat was now made fast, and the conspirators hastened to the field of Grutli, where, at the mouth of a cavern of the same name, Arnold and Walter Furst awaited them, each with ten other companions. Tell allowed no consideration of natural feeling to silence the calls of duty, but at once came to the point. He first gave a brief sketch of the state of the country under the Austrian bailiffs, and having shewn to the satisfaction of his companions the necessity for immediate and combined action, is related to have added: 'We may have our plans frustrated by delay, and the time has come for action. I ask only a few days for preparation. Unterwalden and Schwytz are armed. Three hundred and fifty warriors are, I am assured, ready. I leave you to assign them a secluded valley as a place of rendezvous, which they may gain in small parties by different paths. I will return to Uri, and collect my contingent of a hundred men; Furst will aid me, and seek them in the Moderan and Urseren, even in the high hills whence flow the Aar, the Tessin, the Rhine, and the Rhone. I will remain in Altorf, and as soon as I receive tidings from Furst, will fire a huge pile of wood near my house. At this signal let all march to the rendezvous, and, when united, we will pour down upon Altorf, where I will then strive to rouse the people.'

This plan of the campaign was, after some deliberation, agreed to, and it was further resolved unanimously, that, in the enterprise upon which they were now embarked, no one should be guided by his own private opinion, nor ever forsake his friends; that they should jointly live or jointly die in defence of their common cause; that each should, in his own vicinity, promote the object in view, trusting that the whole nation would one day have cause to bless their friendly union; that the Count of Hapsburg should be deprived of none of his lands, vassals, or prerogatives; that the blood of his servants and bailiffs should not be spilt; but that the freedom which they had inherited from their fathers they were determined to assert, and to hand down to their children untainted and undiminished. Then Stauffacher, Furst, and Melchthal, and the other conspirators, stepped forward, and raising their hands, swore that they would die in defence of that freedom.

After this solemn oath, and after an agreement that New-Year's Day should be chosen for the outbreak, unless, in the meantime, a

signal-fire should arouse the inhabitants on some sudden emergency, the heroes separated. Arnold returned to Stantz, Werner to Schwytz, while Tell and Furst took their way to Altorf. The sun already shone brightly as Tell entered the town, and he at once advanced into the public place, where the first object which caught his eye was a handsome cap embroidered with gold, stuck upon the end of a long pole. Soldiers walked around it in respectful silence, and the people of Altorf, as they passed, bowed their heads profoundly to the symbol of power.

Tell was much surprised at this new and strange manifestation of servility, and leaning on his cross-bow, gazed contemptuously both on the people and the soldiers. Berenger, captain of the guard, at length observed this man, who alone, amid a cringing populace, carried his head erect. He went to him, and fiercely asked why he neglected to pay obedience to the orders of Hermann Gessler. Tell mildly replied that he was not aware of them, neither could he have thought that the intoxication of power could carry a man so far; though the cowardice of the people almost justified his conduct. This bold language somewhat surprised Berenger, who ordered Tell to be disarmed, and then, surrounded by guards, he was carried before the governor.

‘Wherefore,’ demanded the incensed bailiff, ‘hast thou disobeyed my orders, and failed in thy respect to the emperor? Why hast thou dared to pass before the sacred badge of thy sovereign without the evidence of homage required of thee?’

‘Verily,’ answered Tell, with mock humility, ‘how this happened I know not; ’tis an accident, and no mark of contempt; suffer me, therefore, in thy clemency, to depart.’

Gessler was both surprised and irritated at this reply, feeling assured that there was something beneath the tranquil and bitter smile of the prisoner which he could not fathom. Suddenly he was struck by the resemblance which existed between him and the boy Walter, whom he had met the previous day, and immediately ordered him to be brought forward. Gessler now inquired the prisoner’s name, which he no sooner heard than he recognised him as the archer so celebrated throughout the canton, and at once conceived the mode of punishment which he afterwards put in practice, and which was perhaps the most refined act of torture which man ever imagined. As soon as the youth arrived, the governor turned to Tell, and told him that he had heard of his extraordinary dexterity, and was accordingly determined to put it to the proof. ‘While beholding justice done, the people of Altorf shall also admire thy skill. Thy son shall be placed a hundred yards distant, with an apple on his head. If thou hast the good-fortune to carry off the apple in triumph with one of thy arrows, I pardon both, and restore your liberty. If thou refusest this trial, thy son shall die before thine eyes.’

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Tell, horror-stricken, implored Gessler to spare him so cruel an experiment, though his son Walter encouraged his father to trust to his usual good-fortune ; and finding the governor inexorable, the hero accepted the trial. He was immediately conducted into the public place, where the required distance was measured by Berenger, a double row of soldiers shutting up three sides of the square. The people, awe-stricken and trembling, pressed behind. Walter stood with his back to a linden-tree, patiently awaiting the exciting moment. Hermann Gessler, some distance behind, watched every motion. His cross-bow and one bolt were handed to Tell ; he tried the point, broke the weapon, and demanded his quiver. It was brought to him, and emptied at his feet. William stooped down, and taking a long time to choose one, managed to hide a second in his girdle ; the other he held in his hand, and proceeded to string his bow, while Berenger cleared away the remaining arrows.

After hesitating a long time—his whole soul beaming in his face, his paternal affection rendering him almost powerless—he at length roused himself, drew the bow—aimed—shot—and the apple, struck through the core, was carried away by the arrow !

The market-place of Altorf was filled by loud cries of admiration. Walter flew to embrace his father, who, overcome by the excess of his emotions, fell insensible to the ground, thus exposing the second arrow to view. Gessler stood over him, awaiting his recovery, which speedily taking place, Tell rose and turned away from the governor with horror, who, however, scarcely yet believing his senses, thus addressed him : ‘Incomparable archer, I will keep my promise ; but,’ added he, ‘tell me what needed you with that second arrow which you have, I see, secreted in your girdle ? One was surely enough.’ Tell replied with some slight evidence of embarrassment, ‘that it was customary among the bowmen of Uri to have always one arrow in reserve ;’ an explanation which only served to confirm the suspicions of Gessler. ‘Nay, nay,’ said he ; ‘tell me thy real motive, and whatever it may have been, speak frankly, and thy life is spared.’ ‘The second shaft,’ replied Tell, ‘was to pierce thy heart, tyrant, if I had chanced to harm my son.’ At these words, the terrified governor retired behind his guards, revoked his promise of pardon, commanding him further to be placed in irons, and to be reconducted to the fort. He was obeyed, and as slight murmurs rose amongst the people, double patrols of Austrian soldiers paraded the streets, and forced the citizens to retire to their houses. Walter, released, fled to join Arnold of Melchthal, according to a whispered order from his father.

Gessler, reflecting on the aspect of the people, and fearful that some plot was in progress, which his accidental shortness of provisions rendered more unfortunate, determined to rid his citadel of the object which might induce an attack. With these views he summoned Berenger, and addressed him in these words : ‘I am

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about to quit Altorf, and you shall command during my absence. I leave my brave soldiers, who will readily obey your voice ; and, soon returning with supplies and reinforcements, we will crush this vile people, and punish them for their insolent murmurings. Prepare me a large boat, in which thirty men, picked from my guard, may depart with me. As soon as night draws in, you can load this audacious Tell with chains, and send him on board. I will myself take him where he may expiate his offences.'

Tell was forthwith immediately conducted to Fluelen, the little port of Altorf, about a league distant, at the foot of Mount Rorstock. Gessler followed, and entered the bark which had been prepared with the utmost despatch, ordering the bow and quiver of the famous archer to be carefully put on board at the same time ; with the intention, it is supposed, of either keeping them under safe custody, or hanging them up, according to religious custom, as an offering for his personal safety. Having started with the prisoner, under the safe-conduct of his armed dependents, Gessler ordered them to row as far as Brunnen, a distance of three leagues and a half ; intending, it is said, to land at that point, and, passing through the territory of Schwytz, lodge the redoubted bowman in the dungeon of Kussnacht, there to undergo the rigour of his sentence.

The evening was fine and promising ; the boat danced along the placid waters. The air was pure, the waves tranquil, the stars shone brightly in the sky. A light southern breeze aided the efforts of the oarsmen, and tempered the rigour of the cold, which night in that season rendered almost insupportable so near the glaciers. All appeared in Gessler's favour. The extent of the first section of the lake was soon passed, and the boat headed for Brunnen. Tell, meantime, loaded with irons, gazed with eager eye, shaded by melancholy, on the desert rocks of Grutli, where, the day before, he had planned with his friends the deliverance of his country. While painful thoughts crossed his mind, his looks were attracted to the neighbourhood of Altorf by a dim light which burst forth near his own house. Presently this light increased, and before long, a tremendous blaze arose visible all over Uri. The heart of the prisoner beat joyously within him, for he felt that efforts were making to rescue him. Gessler and his satellites observed the flame, which in reality was a signal-fire to rouse the cantons ; upon which, however, the Austrians gazed with indifference, supposing it some Swiss peasant's house accidentally on fire.

Suddenly, however, between Fluelen and Sissigen, when in deep water, intermingled with shoals, the south wind ceased to blow, and one of those storms which are common on the lake commenced. A north wind, occasionally shifting to the westward, burst upon them. The wind, which usually marked the approach of a dangerous tempest, raised the waves to a great height, bore them one against another, and dashed them over the gunwale of the boat, which,

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giving way to the fury of the storm, turned and returned, and despite the efforts of the oarsmen, which were further damped by an unskilful pilot being at the helm, flew towards the shore, that, rocky and precipitous, menaced their lives ; a bleak wind, also, brought frost, snow, and clouds, which, obscuring the heavens, spread darkness over the water, and covered the hands and face of the rowers with sharp icicles. The soldiers, inert and horror-stricken, prayed for life ; while Gessler, but ill prepared for death, was profuse in his offers of money and other rewards if they would rouse themselves to save him.

In this emergency, the Austrian bailiff was reminded by one of his attendants that the prisoner Tell was no less skilful in the management of a boat than in the exercise of the bow. 'And see, my lord,' said one of the men, representing to Gessler the imminent peril they were all incurring—'all are paralysed with terror, and even the pilot totally unfit to manage the helm. Why then not avail thyself, in desperate circumstances, of one who, though a prisoner, is robust, well skilled in such stormy scenes, and who even now appears calm and collected?' Gessler's fear of Tell induced him at first to hesitate ; but the prayers of the soldiers becoming pressing, he addressed the prisoner, and told him that if he thought himself capable of promoting the general safety, he should be forthwith unbound. Tell, having replied that by the grace of God he could still save them, was instantly freed from his shackles, and placed at the helm, when the boat answering to a master hand, kept its course steadily through the bellowing surge, as if conscious of the free spirit which had now taken the command.

Guiding the obedient tiller at his will, Tell pointed the head of the boat in the direction whence they came, which he knew to be the only safe course, and encouraging and cheering the rowers, made rapid and steady progress through the water. The darkness which now wrapped them round prevented Gessler from discovering that he had turned his back on his destination. Tell continued on his way nearly the whole night, the dying light of the signal-fire on the mountain serving as a beacon in enabling him to approach the shores of Schwytz, and to avoid the shoals.

Between Sissigen and Fluelen are two mountains, the greater and the lesser Achsenberg, whose sides, hemmed in and rising perpendicularly from the bed of the lake, offer not a single platform where human foot can stand. When near this place, dawn broke in the eastern sky, and Gessler, the danger appearing to decrease, scowled upon William Tell in sullen silence. As the prow of the vessel was driven inland, Tell perceived a solitary table rock, and called to the rowers to redouble their efforts till they should have passed the precipice ahead, observing with ominous truth that it was the most dangerous point on the whole lake.

The soldiers here recognised their position, and pointed it out to

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Gessler, who demanded of Tell what he meant by taking them back to Altorf. William, without answering him, brought the boat suddenly close upon the rock, seized his bow, and with an effort which sent the unguided craft back into the lake, sprang on shore, scaled the rocks, and took the direction of Schwytz.

Having thus escaped the clutches of the governor, he made for the main road between Art and Kussnacht, and there hid himself until such time as the bailiff should pass that way. Gessler and his attendants having with great difficulty effected a landing at Brunnen, proceeded towards Kussnacht. In the spot still known as 'the hollow way,' and marked by a chapel, Tell overheard the threats pronounced against himself should he be once more caught, and, in default of his apprehension, vengeance was vowed against his family. Tell felt that the safety of himself and his wife and children, to say nothing of the duty he owed to his country, required the tyrant's death, and seizing an opportune moment, he pierced Gessler to the heart with an arrow.

This bold deed accomplished, the hero effected his escape to Steinen, where he found Werner Stauffacher preparing to march. Immediate action was now unnecessary, but the original decision of the conspirators remained unchanged. Accordingly, on the morning of New-year's Day 1308, the castle of Rossberg, in Obwalden, was taken possession of, its keeper, Berenger of Landenberg, made prisoner, and compelled to promise that he never again would set foot within the territory of the three cantons; after which he was allowed to retire to Lucerne. Stauffacher, the same morning, at the head of the men of Schwytz, destroyed the fortress of Schwanau; while Tell and the men of Uri took possession of Altorf. On the following Sunday the deputies of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden met and renewed that fraternal league which has endured even unto this day.*

In 1315, Leopold, second son of Albert, determined to punish the confederate cantons for their revolt, and accordingly marched against them at the head of a considerable army, accompanied by a numerous retinue of nobles. Count Otho of Strassberg, one of his ablest

* Although popular history, naturally enough, associates the beginning of the Swiss Confederacy with Tell and his mythical associates, it is now known that a formal league had been entered into among the three cantons as early as 1291. The original parchment of this Magna Charta of Switzerland, it appears, is still extant; and it purports to be only a renewal of a still older league. The contents of this compact and of other documents of the same kind, the examination of which has only recently been entered upon, reveal a state of matters very different from what has usually been believed. The battle of Morgarten is a historical fact, but the exact nature of the struggle between the cantons and the House of Austria, which preceded it, it will require further research to make clear. The real history of this period has yet to be written. A valuable contribution has recently appeared in *Les Origines de la Confédération Suisse, Histoire et Légende*, par Albert Killiet, Genève, 1868. See *Edinburgh Review* for January 1869. In the meantime, the popular story has its charm, and also its use. The belief of it influenced the character and actions of the people, and a knowledge of it is necessary to the right understanding of the subsequent real history. Much of modern literature would be dark to a person who had never heard of Tell and the other conspirators of Rutli.

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generals, crossed the Brunig with a body of four thousand men, intending to attack Upper Unterwalden. The bailiffs of Willisau, of Wollhausen, and of Lucerne, meantime armed a fourth of that number to make a descent on the lower division of the same canton; while the emperor in person, at the head of his army of reserve, poured down from Egerson on Morgarten, in the country of Schwytz, ostentatiously displaying an extensive supply of rope wherewith to hang the chiefs of the rebels—a hasty reckoning of victory, which reminds us of similar conduct and similar results when Wallace repulsed the invaders of Scotland.

The confederates, in whose ranks were William Tell and Furst, in order to oppose this formidable invasion, occupied a position in the mountains bordering on the convent of our Lady of the Hermits. Four hundred men of Uri, and three hundred of Unterwalden, had effected a junction with the warriors of Schwytz, who formed the principal numerical force of this little army. Fifty men, banished from this latter canton, offered themselves to combat beneath their native banner, intending to efface, by their valour and conduct, the remembrance of their past faults. Early on the morning of the 15th of November 1315, some thousands of well-armed Austrian knights slowly ascended the hill on which the Swiss were posted, with the hope of dislodging them; the latter, however, advanced to meet their enemies, uttering the most terrific cries. The band of banished men, having precipitated huge stones and fragments of rocks from the hillsides, and from overhanging cliffs, rushed from behind the sheltering influence of a thick fog, and threw the advancing host into confusion. The Austrians immediately broke their ranks, and presently a complete rout, with terrible slaughter, ensued. The confederates marched boldly on, cheered by the voice and example of Henry of Ospenthal, and of the sons of old Redding of Biberegg.

The flower of the Austrian chivalry perished on the field of Morgarten, beneath the halberts, arrows, and iron-headed clubs of the shepherds. Leopold himself, though he succeeded in gaining the shattered remnant of his forces, had a narrow escape; while the Swiss, animated by victory, hastened to Unterwalden, where they defeated a body of Lucernois and Austrians. In this instance Count Otho had as narrow an escape as the emperor. After these two well-fought fields, the confederates hastened to renew their ancient alliance, which was solemnly sworn to in an assembly held at Brunnen on the 8th day of December.

In these first struggles for liberty, the men of the town and district of Schwytz had played such a prominent part, that the whole of the confederates became known as Schwytzer or Swiss, and the name was extended to all the cantons that afterwards joined them.

Tradition makes little mention of Tell after the death of Gessler, and the first rising in 1307; nor are the accounts consistent. He is represented as fighting on the field of Morgarten, and as being

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present at a general meeting of the commune of Uri in 1337. According to one account, he perished in 1350, while trying to rescue a child from an inundation that destroyed the village of Bürglen, his birthplace. Another version of the story makes him, after the battle of Morgarten, become administrator of the affairs of the church of Beringer, and die there in 1354.

To pursue, however, the history of Swiss independence. Lucerne shortly after (1332) threw off the yoke of Austria, and joined the forest cantons: the Bernese, under Rodolphe of Erlach, with the assistance of the other Swiss, defeated in battle such of the nobles as oppressed them, and earned their freedom: about the same time Zurich overthrew its aristocratic government, and, aided by one of the nobles, gained a free constitution. In May 1351, Albert of Austria again threatening the land, Zurich demanded admittance into the confederation; a furious and bloody war ensued, which terminated in the utter defeat of the Austrians, and the further reception, at their own earnest request, of Zug and Glaris into the number of the cantons.

The nobility, however, supported by the power of Austria, continued to oppress the Swiss wherever they were able; and the emperor, by imposing heavy transit duties, increased their exasperation. Everything tended to another open rupture, and in 1386 a new war was entered on with the Austrians, and Archduke Leopold vowed this time to take vengeance on the confederates, who had so often insulted his power. Near the Lake of Sempach, with 9000 men-at-arms, on foot and in close array with levelled spears, he assailed the 1400 confederates that had come to oppose him. The Swiss were falling fast before the bristling wall of iron, when Arnold of Winkelried, in Unterwalden, grasping an armsful of the projecting spears, buried them in his body, and sank with them to the earth; through the breach thus made his companions burst, and the Austrian host was almost annihilated, Leopold himself being in the number of the slain. Another encounter ensued in 1388, equally successful on the part of the confederated cantons, with whom the Archduke of Austria was fain to conclude a treaty of peace for seven years.

On the 10th of June 1393, the Swiss drew up a mutual military obligation, which was called the Convention of Sempach. At the request of Austria, a further peace of twenty years' duration was then agreed on, and solemnly observed. The imposing appearance presented by this hardy people, thus gradually advancing towards nationality and freedom, had its due weight also with their other neighbours, who for some years left them in peace. This period of repose was used to advantage, the Swiss improving their internal condition, pursuing their agricultural labours, and gradually progressing towards civilisation. In a word, they enjoyed during a short time the incalculable advantages, and reaped the glorious results, of peaceful industry.

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We, however, must quit the agreeable prospect of a happy, quiet, and contented people, and pursue the stormy history of Swiss independence. The canton of Appenzell, taking courage by the example of their neighbours, threw off the severe yoke of the abbots of St Gall, and was recognised by Schwytz and Glaris : war ensued, in which this new confederate for military glory gained two most brilliant victories over the Austrians, and finished by formally joining the confederation, which was soon further strengthened by the addition of Argovie. Switzerland now assumed a somewhat lofty position, dictating implicit obedience to all its neighbours : the Grisons, too, about this time began to hold their heads erect, and to defy the Austrian power.

Frederick of Austria, however, having come to the throne, proclaimed his intention of retaking all the places gained by the Swiss, and in 1442 secretly formed an alliance with Zurich most disgraceful to that canton : the indignant Swiss immediately declared war against their late ally, whom, in an encounter which soon after took place, they utterly defeated.

The Emperor Frederick, perceiving that he had little chance of quelling the insurrectionary spirit of the Swiss without the assistance of a foreign power, in 1444 concluded a treaty with Charles VII., king of France, who engaged to assist him in the subjugation of the revolted Swiss cantons. A French force, under the command of the dauphin, afterwards Louis XI., was accordingly despatched into Switzerland, and advanced upon the populous and wealthy city of Basle. Suddenly called together to repel this new invader, the small Swiss army hastened to Basle, and in the morning of the 28th of August (1444) came up to the attack. The battle which now ensued is one of the most memorable in the Swiss annals, and not less so because the French, by their overpowering force, gained the victory. The gallant resistance of the Swiss, however, was favourable to the cause of freedom. Basle, on surrendering, obtained favourable terms from the dauphin, who was so much pleased with the bravery of the Swiss soldiers, that when he became king of France, his first care was to engage a Swiss battalion in his service ; and thus the practice of employing Swiss was introduced into the policy of the French monarchs. The engagement before the walls of Basle, usually styled the battle of St Jacques, is till this day commemorated every two years by a public festival.

The cession of Basle proved only temporary. Other battles ensued, in which the confederated Swiss were generally victorious. Indeed never, in the whole history of the world, has a more striking example been presented of the great moral force which right gives to a people than that presented by Switzerland. Strong in the love of liberty, and in the justness of their cause, they met and overcame the vast mercenary hordes of the conqueror, whose only claim was the sword, and whose aggressions were founded on no one principle of

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legality or justice. The cession of Friburg to Savoy by Austria, when unable to preserve it herself, which occurred about this time, was one of those acts of arbitrary power which characterised the whole Austrian system of policy. The internal quarrels and dissensions in Switzerland could alone have rendered them blind to the necessity of preventing this transfer. At the same time, never were concord and unity of purpose more necessary ; for Charles, Duke of Burgundy, surnamed the Bold, an ambitious prince, whose sole delight was in conquest, determined (1476) to add to his laurels by subjugating Switzerland. Fourteen years of desolating wars and internal dissensions had but ill prepared its people for new struggles ; industry and commerce were expiring in the towns, and the culture of the fields was wholly neglected. The mad project of Zurich, in allying herself with Austria, cost that canton one million and seventy thousand florins, and obliged them to withdraw all their loans. War was never more pitiless in its course, or more pernicious in its results ; it had already created an uneasy and savage spirit in the citizens ; the humbler classes learned to prefer fighting and pillage to following the plough, feeding their flocks, and pursuing an honourable though laborious calling ; and the townsmen were equally unsettled and restless.

Louis XI. of France, who held the Duke of Burgundy in utter detestation, had, by the exertion of much political intrigue, accompanied by valuable presents to the leading Swiss, engaged the confederation in a league against his formidable rival, the consequence of which was an irruption into his country. The Swiss were everywhere successful, severely punishing the people of Vaud for their devotion to Charles, taking Morat, and marching to the very gates of Geneva, then in alliance with Burgundy. Grandson, on the Lake of Neufchatel, was also captured and garrisoned by the Swiss. Suddenly both France and Germany made peace with the duke, and, despite all their pledges, abandoned the confederation to its own resources, even facilitating the passage of troops through their territory to attack the Swiss. These latter, utterly unprepared for this act of perfidy, endeavoured to come to terms with Charles ; but their overtures were angrily rejected, and an army of sixty thousand men marched upon Grandson. Crossing the Jura, the duke found Yverdun in the possession of his troops, it having been treacherously betrayed into his hands, though the citadel held out bravely, as well as that of Grandson. Irritated that his progress should thus be stayed by a mere handful of men, the duke publicly announced his intention of hanging every Swiss within the walls in case of a prolonged defence. Unfortunately this menace terrified many, and a Burgundian, who could speak German, having gained admittance into the citadel, fanned the erroneous feeling, persuading them that Charles sympathised with their courage, and would, did they abandon a useless contest, allow them to retire home. The Swiss gave credit

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to this statement, even rewarding the negotiator, and surrendered at discretion. However, as they marched out of the citadel, they were seized by order of the duke, stripped, and inhumanly murdered, to the number of 450, some being hung, while others were bound and cast into the lake.

Indignant at these horrors, the confederates hastened towards Grandson, having 20,000 men to oppose an army three times as numerous. In the first place the unprovoked invasion of Burgundy by the Swiss had imparted to the duke's enterprise some shadow of justice, but the barbarous action above described withdrew at once the sympathy of mankind from his proceedings, and never in the whole annals of human strife was an invader so justly punished.

On the 3d of March, at dawn of day, the advanced-guard of the Swiss appeared on the neighbouring heights, and the struggle at once commenced. The Burgundians almost immediately gave way, losing a thousand men, besides the garrison of Grandson, whom the Swiss hung up alongside their own relatives and friends—an act of reprisal only to be excused in consideration of the rudeness and semi-barbarism of the times. Charles escaped with difficulty, attended by a few followers, leaving behind a treasure valued at a million of florins, as also his camp equipage. Arrived at Nozeroy, and writhing under the humiliation of his overthrow, the duke speedily gathered together a more numerous army than he had before commanded, and marched to avenge his defeat. He entered Switzerland on this occasion by way of Lausanne, in the month of April, and reviewed his troops in the neighbourhood of that town. Thence he advanced to the Lake of Neufchatel, and took up a position on a plain sloping upwards from the north bank of the Lake of Morat—one of the worst which any general would have selected, for the lake in the rear cut off the means of retreat.

The immediate object of the duke was less to fight a regular battle than to capture the town of Morat. This town, however, was ably defended by Adrian de Bubenberg, at the head of 1600 Swiss soldiers, aided by the citizens of the town. Adrian's design was to hold out at all hazards till the confederated Swiss could reassemble their forces. This was not by any means of easy accomplishment. Morat was hard pushed; breaches were effected, and towers undermined. But the courage of Bubenberg withstood every effort; both he and the heroes he commanded holding out firmly until the confederates poured in, aided by their allies from Alsace, Basle, St Gall, and Schaffhausen. They were likewise promptly joined, despite the inclement weather, by the contingents from Zurich, Argovie, Thurgovia, and Sargens. John Waldmann, commander of the Zurichers, reached Berne on the night preceding the battle, and found the town illuminated, and tables spread before every house, loaded with refreshments for the patriot soldiery. Waldmann allowed his men but a few hours for repose; at ten at night the bugle was sounded for

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departure, and on the following morning they reached the federal army at Morat, fatigued and exhausted, having continued their march all night under an incessant and heavy rain. The roads were consequently in a very bad state, so that they had been compelled to leave about 600 of their companions in the woods quite exhausted. After a very short rest, however, these latter also arrived and drew up with their friends.

Day appeared. It was Saturday, the 22d June 1476. The weather was threatening, the sky overcast, and rain fell in torrents. The Burgundians displayed a long line of battle, while the Swiss scarcely numbered 34,000. A vanguard was formed, commanded by John Hallwyl, who knelt and besought a blessing from on high. While they yet prayed, the sun broke through the clouds, upon which the Swiss commander rose, sword in hand, crying : ' Up, up, Heaven smiles on our coming victory ! ' The artillery thundered forth as he spoke, and the whole plain, from the lake to the rocky heights, became one vast battle-field. Towards the main body of the Burgundians, the Swiss army poured down with irresistible force and courage ; and clearing all difficulties, they reached the lines of the enemy. A fearful slaughter now ensued. The Burgundians were utterly vanquished. The haughty duke, pale and dispirited, fled with a few followers, and never stopped till he reached the banks of Lake Lemán. The rout was so complete among the Burgundian army, that many, in terror and despair, threw themselves into the Lake of Morat, the banks of which were strewed with the bodies of the slain. From 10,000 to 15,000 men perished on the field. The sun of Charles the Bold of Burgundy set on the plain of Morat. In about half a year after, in an equally futile attempt on Lorraine, he perished ingloriously at the battle of Nancy (January 7, 1477). His body was found a few days afterwards sunk amidst ice and mud in a ditch, and so disfigured, that he was only recognised by the length of his beard and nails, which he had allowed to grow since the period of his defeat at Morat. The page of history presents few more striking instances of the retributive punishment of inordinate pride, ferocity, and ambition.

The battle of Morat vies in history with the victories of Marathon and Bannockburn. As the deed which for ever freed a people from a grasping foreign tyrant, it was a matter of universal rejoicing, and till the present day is the subject of national traditions. According to one of these, a young native of Friburg, who had been engaged in the battle, keenly desirous of being the first to carry home tidings of the victory, ran the whole way, a distance of ten or twelve miles, and with such over-haste, that, on his arrival at the market-place, he dropped with fatigue, and, barely able to shout that the Swiss were victorious, immediately expired. A twig of lime-tree, which he carried in his hand, was planted on the spot in commemoration of the event ; and till the present day are seen, in the market-place of

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Friburg, the aged and propped-up remains of the venerable tree which grew from this interesting twig.*

Some years after the battle of Morat, the citizens of that town dug up and collected the bones of the Burgundians, as a warning to those who might in future attempt the conquest of Switzerland. Subsequently, they were entombed beneath a monumental chapel; but again they were disinterred, and long remained as scattered fragments on the margin of the lake, and became a marketable commodity. In the course of his travels, Lord Byron visited the spot, which he commemorates in his *Childe Harold*:

‘There is a spot should not be passed in vain—
Morat!—the proud, the patriot field!—where men
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain;
Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,
A bony heap, through ages to remain,
Themselves their monument.’ * *

On visiting the field of Morat in 1841, we found that the bones of the Burgundians had been once more collected and entombed by the side of the lake, at a central spot in the plain where the victory was achieved. Over the remains a handsome obelisk, commemorative of the battle, has been erected by the cantonal authorities of Friburg.

To return to the history of Switzerland. By the victory of Morat a number of the cantons were free to form an independent confederation, and the way was prepared for a general union. In 1481 Friburg and Soleure, and in 1501 Basle and Schaffhausen, were numbered among the free cantons. In 1512 Tessin was gained from Milan, and in 1513 Appenzell was admitted into the confederacy. Two important parts of modern Switzerland still remained under a foreign, or at least despotic yoke. These were Geneva and the Pays de Vaud, the latter a fine district of country lying on the north side of Lake Lemman. The progress of the Reformation under Zuinglius and Calvin helped to emancipate these cantons. In 1535, the power of the Bishop of Geneva, by whom the town and canton had been governed, was set at naught, the Roman Catholic faith abolished by law, and the Genevese declared themselves the masters of a free republic. The Duke of Savoy, who latterly held sway over the Pays de Vaud, interfered to suppress the revolt of the Genevese; but this brought Berne into the field, and with a large army that canton expelled the troops of the duke, along with the Bishop of Lausanne, took the castle of Chillon, and, in short, became the conquerors of the Pays de Vaud. Chillon here spoken of is a strongly-fortified castle near the eastern extremity of Lake Lemman, partly within whose

* In most of the towns and villages of Switzerland a ‘Tree of Liberty’ will be found, representing this ancient lime. An annual procession of the youths of the place (who, from the age of seven, are trained to arms), is marched in military costume and rank around this symbol of liberty, and there made to swear allegiance to their country’s cause.

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waters it stands. On the occasion of its capture the Genevese assisted with their galleys, while the army from Berne attacked it by land. On being captured, many prisoners were liberated; among others, François de Bonnivard, who had been imprisoned on account of his liberal principles and the sympathy he had manifested in the cause of the Genevese.

By the peace of Lausanne, in 1564, Savoy renounced her claims on the Pays de Vaud, and was thus driven from Switzerland as Austria had been before. Vaud henceforth became a portion of Berne, but has latterly been declared an independent canton. By the events narrated, the Swiss were not altogether free of occasional invasions from without; nor were they without intestine divisions, caused chiefly by religious differences; yet, on the whole, they maintained their integrity, and extended their boundaries by the absorption of districts hitherto under the oppressive dominion of feudal barons. By the peace of Westphalia, Switzerland was recognised by Europe as an independent republic.

SWITZERLAND AS AN INDEPENDENT COUNTRY.

From having been a country universally oppressed by native barons or foreign powers, Switzerland, after a struggle, as we have seen, of five hundred years, attained in 1648 its political independence. For nearly a century and a half after this event, the country, though occasionally vexed by internal dissensions, enjoyed a state of comparative repose. Commerce, agriculture, and manufactures prospered, and the arts and sciences were cultivated. The people generally enjoyed civil freedom and numerous municipal rights; certain towns, corporations, and families, however, inherited and maintained peculiar privileges, which were the source of occasional dispeace. From the reform of these abuses the nation was suddenly diverted by the French Revolution in 1790. The French took possession of Switzerland, and converted the confederacy into the Helvetic republic—*Helvetia* being the ancient Roman name of the country.

The oppressions of the French intruders at length roused the Swiss to attempt a relief from this new foreign yoke. A civil war ensued; and Napoleon Bonaparte, by way of conciliation, restored the cantonal system, and gave freedom to districts hitherto subordinate to the Swiss confederacy, so as to increase the number of the cantons. In 1814, with the sanction of the congress of Vienna, the old federal compact was established; and, November 20, 1815, the eight leading powers in Europe—Austria, Russia, France, England, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden—proclaimed, by a separate act, the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland, and the inviolability of its soil. The re-established confederation was divided into twenty-two cantons, each of which was represented in a Diet, which was

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appointed to hold its annual meetings alternately at Berne, Zurich, and Lucerne. The old abuses which had crept into the constitutions of the cantons were revived, and representation in most of them became based on property qualifications. Officials, the aristocracy, and the clergy joined to oppose innovations, and succeeded in doing so until 1830, when the French Revolution broke out. Armed demonstrations were made against the towns, and universal suffrage was generally conceded. The consequences were not what had been expected by the liberals, who found that they had not yet the means of remedying the chief defect of the constitution—namely, the want of any efficient central power, either to control the action of the separate cantons or to unite them in the common defence. Then ensued a period of civil strife and confusion which lasted for more than a dozen years, and into the details of which we cannot enter. The struggle was at bottom one between liberalism and Protestantism on the one hand, and the reactionary and Ultramontane parties on the other. In Valais, where universal suffrage had put power into the hands of the reactionary party, a war took place, in which the latter were victorious. They then ruled with a strong hand, and actually forbade the celebration of Protestant worship within the canton. In Lucerne, the headquarters of the Jesuits, the Ultramontane party acted even more extravagantly; they so persecuted their political opponents, that the latter were compelled to leave the canton. These measures caused the greatest discontent. In 1844, a proposal was made in the Diet to expel the Jesuits; but that body declined to act. The radical party then determined to resort to force: they organised bodies of armed men, called Free Corps, which invaded the Catholic cantons; but they were defeated. Changes favourable to them took place in some of the cantons. The Catholic cantons then formed a league, named the Sonderbund, for defence against the Free Corps. This was a virtual secession from the confederation, and there was a general clamour for its suppression; but in the Diet the measure could not at first be carried. At last a majority in the Diet, in 1846, declared the illegality of the Sonderbund, and decreed the expulsion of the Jesuits. In the war which ensued between the federal army and the forces of the seven cantons constituting the Sonderbund, about 200,000 men, counting both sides, took the field. In two actions, at Friburg and Lucerne, the federals were victorious. The leagued cantons were made liable in all the expenses of the war, the Jesuits were expelled, and the monasteries were suppressed. An attempt was made by diplomatic notes to intimidate the Swiss government, but the revolution of 1848 broke out, and prevented further interference. In the same year, the radical party, convinced of the necessity of a more powerful central government, carried the new constitution, which is briefly described below.

The greatest danger that has since threatened Switzerland arose

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regarding the canton of Neufchatel. This canton, although a member of the Swiss federation, was a monarchical principality, belonging by hereditary right to the king of Prussia. The events of 1830—48 had assimilated the constitution of Neufchatel to the rest of Switzerland, and the authority of Prussia had become almost nominal, when, in 1856, the royalist party rose in insurrection, and took possession of the government. The rising was immediately suppressed by armed force; but Prussia interfered, and demanded that those concerned, who were about to be tried, should be set free. The threat of war called forth an extraordinary burst of Swiss patriotism, and the whole trained population stood to arms. This energetic bearing led, through the intervention of the other powers, to a compromise by which the king of Prussia gave up all his rights, retaining merely the title of Prince of Neufchatel.

Constitution.—Switzerland is now composed of twenty-five cantons, having a united area of nearly sixteen thousand square miles, with a population of two millions and a half. The names of the cantons are : Zurich, Berne, Lucerne, Uri, Schwytz, Unterwalden (Upper), Unterwalden (Lower), Glarus, Zug, Friburg, Soleure, Basle (Town), Basle (District), Schaffhausen, Appenzell (Exterior), Appenzell (Interior), St Gall, Grisons, Aargau, Thurgau, Tessin or Ticino, Vaud, Valais, Neufchatel, and Geneva.

Owing to the nature of the country and the circumstances of its history, these cantons continue to this day to be in a great measure separate states, each managing its own internal affairs, and having its own form of constitution. The cantonal constitutions are divided into two classes, absolute democracies and representative democracies. In the former, the chief power belongs to the *Landesgemeinde*, an assembly of the whole adult male population, which meets once a year, to pass laws, and to regulate the taxes and expenditure of the canton. Uri, the Unterwaldens, Appenzell, and Glarus have constitutions of this kind. In the Grisons and the Valais, the people may be said to possess similar powers, as all measures must be approved of by them. In the other, the representative cantons, a great council is elected by the people, and to it are deputed most of the powers of the *Landesgemeinde*. These local assemblies produce a remarkable effect on the Swiss people. Their debates have an importance far beyond that of an English town-council, or even of a colonial parliament, for their power is much greater, and the population are more immediately interested in them. To the interest they excite is, no doubt, to be attributed, in a great degree, the intelligence and public spirit of the Swiss. The greatest disadvantage lay in the power the cantons formerly had to levy war against each other, and to resist the general government in conducting the foreign policy of the country. But these defects have been to a great extent remedied by the new constitution, which came into operation in 1848. It handed over the control of the army, the conduct of

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foreign affairs, the settlement of disputes between the cantons, and the management of the police and post-office, to a Federal Assembly (*Bundes Versammlung*) representing all the cantons. The Federal Assembly consists of two chambers, first, the State Council (*Stände rath*); second, the National Council (*National rath*). The former is composed of 44 members, two representing each canton; the latter, of 120 members, elected by the cantons, in the proportion of one to 20,000 inhabitants. These bodies depute the executive authority to the Federal Council (*Bundes rath*), consisting of seven members, and holding office for three years. The president is merely one of the council, and he has none of the quasi-royal privileges of the American president, whose functions are discharged by the whole council. Different systems of law still prevail in the different cantons, which to some extent resemble each other, the most of them having grown out of the old German codes. In recent times, trial by jury has been introduced, but in the Catholic cantons the codes of law carry us back to the middle ages: they still prescribe for certain offences various degrees of corporal punishment, exposure on the pillory, and public penance in the churches. In Switzerland, property is much subdivided, and this has exercised a very marked effect on the population. Of 485,000 heads of families, no less than 465,000 possess landed property. In the absence of great landed estates, there is no powerful aristocratic class. There are no titles of Swiss origin, families possessing such distinctions deriving them from abroad.

There is no standing army in Switzerland, but every citizen is obliged to serve as a soldier, and military drill is taught at all the schools.

Language and Religion.—In the sequestered valleys of the Grisons, two-thirds of the population still speak a Latin dialect known as the Romaunsh; Italian dialects have penetrated up the valleys of Ticino; French prevails in Western Switzerland; in the rest of the country the dialects are German. Of every 1000 Swiss, 702 speak German, 226 French, 55 Italian, and 17 Romaunsh. The Swiss Reformation spread chiefly from Basle, Berne, and Geneva, and the chief Protestant districts are the countries communicating with these towns. The Alpine region is almost entirely Roman Catholic, the seven Catholic cantons being Lucerne, Zug, Schwytz, Uri, Unterwalden, Valais, and Ticino. Out of 1000 Swiss, 411 are Roman Catholics, 587 Protestants, and 2 Jews.

Education.—In no country is elementary instruction more widely diffused. Parents are compelled to send their children to school from five to eight, but not above that age. There are universities on the German model at Basle, Berne, and Zurich, and academies on the French plan at Geneva and Lausanne. The number of clubs for scientific and literary, musical and social purposes, is most remarkable. There are no pursuits to which a class of men can

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devote themselves which are not represented by societies in Switzerland. The local political assemblies and other public meetings give ample employment to the newspaper and periodical press. In Switzerland there are accordingly 188 political journals, and 167 periodicals devoted to literature and science. There are 40 daily papers. This active intellectual life is, however, chiefly confined to the Protestant cantons.

Productions.—In Switzerland, where good coal is not to be had, and where the houses are built of wood, the forests, which cover one-sixth of the whole surface, acquire very great importance. Wood-cutting is one of the chief employments of the people. The trees cut down in the highlands are deprived of their branches, and shot with inconceivable rapidity over the slopes to the valleys below, whence they are removed by rafts, not only to different parts of Switzerland, but to France and Germany. It is, however, the mountain-pastures and the meadows, forming two-fifths of the whole surface of the country, that supply the chief occupations of the people—those of herdsmen and shepherds. During the summer, the cattle are driven into the mountains, and tended by herdsmen, who take up their abode in the rude wooden huts known as *châlets*, and there the butter and cheese are made. In summer, it is estimated that there are in Switzerland upwards of a million of horned cattle, one-fourth of which consists of milch cows. The produce of the dairy annually is valued at between one and two millions sterling. The best cheese is made at Emmen, Saanen, Simmenthal, Gruyères, and Ursern. The sheep of Switzerland are of inferior breed, and their wool is short and coarse; but the goats are numerous and fine. The plain is a fertile agricultural country; yet Switzerland, as a whole, produces only about two-thirds of the grain required for consumption. In Vaud and Neufchatel, the cultivation of the vine is the chief occupation of the people; and in other parts, more particularly on the shores of the Lake of Constance, there are extensive orchards, in which are prepared cider and *kirschwasser*, the latter being a liquor largely consumed in Switzerland. It will give some idea of the extent to which Switzerland is cultivated, to state, that out of every hundred square miles of surface, thirty are occupied by rocks, glaciers, and water; twenty by hill-pastures; seventeen by forests; eleven by arable lands; twenty by meadows; and one by vineyards.

Manufactures.—The manufacturing districts are not scattered over the whole surface of the country; they are met with chiefly on the northern frontier. The chief manufactures are—at Zurich, silk-stuffs to the value of £1,600,000 annually, and cottons; at St Gall and Appenzell, cottons; in Aargau and Glarus, cottons, linens, silks, and hosiery; at Basle, silk-stuffs to the value of £1,400,000, leather, paper, and tobacco; in Aargau and Lucerne, straw-plaiting; in Neufchatel, watch-making and cotton-printing; in Geneva, watch-

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making and jewellery. Internal communication has long been facilitated in Switzerland by excellent roads, and every advantage has been taken of the lakes to introduce steam-navigation. The plain is now overspread from one end to the other with a network of railways, which in many directions send ramifications into the Alpine valleys, thus connecting closely all parts of the country.

Although Switzerland is inland, its commerce in proportion to population has long exceeded that of any other country of Europe. According to a calculation made in 1856, the value of the trade of Switzerland gave for each individual of the population 406 francs ; while the rate in England was only 268, in France 101, in the German customs-union 83, and in Belgium 296. This remarkable result is owing partly to the system of free-trade early adopted and consistently followed, partly to the cheapness of the administration ; and especially to the circumstance that there is no standing army to withdraw, as in other continental countries, an ever-increasing proportion of the population from productive industry.

The early establishment of freedom in trade is partly attributable to the contending interests of the different cantons. Some cantons are agricultural, and others contain large seats of manufacture. But the agricultural cantons would feel it very hard to be obliged to buy manufactured goods from a neighbouring canton at a dearer rate than they could buy them from somewhere abroad ; the peasantry of Vaud have no idea of emptying their pockets to benefit the manufacturers of Basle or Zurich. The free system which thus grew up spontaneously, as it were, was all along consistently upheld by the central authorities, and was preserved essentially intact in the new constitution of 1848 ; for although it was necessary to raise a revenue for the maintenance of the central government, the duties imposed were very light, and were strictly financial and not protective. At the same time, all internal obstructions to commerce, in the shape of duties between the several cantons, and road and bridge tolls, were done away with, the confederation undertaking to pay a yearly sum as indemnity to the cantons concerned.

The Watch Manufacture.—Geneva and Neufchatel are the seat of the watch manufacture, a large proportion of the watches being made in hamlets and villages throughout the two cantons. In the long valley called the Val Travers, stretching from the neighbourhood of Neufchatel to the borders of France, and at Locle, in the same quarter, are numerous small factories of these elegant articles. The existence of a great manufacture in cottages scattered over fifty miles of mountains, covered some months in the year with snows so deep as to imprison the inhabitants in their dwellings, is a singular fact in social economy well worthy of notice. One of the most intelligent of the village watchmakers presented Dr Bowring with an interesting account of the origin and progress of this remarkable trade, from which we draw the following passages :

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'As early as the seventeenth century, some workmen had constructed wooden clocks with weights, after the model of the parish clock which was placed in the church of Locle in the year 1630. But no idea had as yet been conceived of making clocks with springs. It was only about the latter end of the same century that an inhabitant of these mountains, having returned from a long voyage, brought back with him a watch, an object which was till that time unknown in the country. Being obliged to have his watch repaired, he carried it to a mechanic named Richard, who had the reputation of being a skilful workman.

'Richard succeeded in repairing the watch, and having attentively examined its mechanism, conceived the idea of constructing a similar article. By dint of labour and perseverance, he at length succeeded, though not without having had great difficulties to surmount; and he was compelled to construct all the different movements of the watch, and even to manufacture some ill-finished tools in order to assist him in his labours. When this undertaking was completed, it created a great sensation in the country, and excited the emulation of several men of genius to imitate the example of their fellow-citizen; and thus, very fortunately, watchmaking was gradually introduced among our mountains, the inhabitants of which had hitherto exercised no other trade or profession than those which were strictly necessary to their daily wants, their time being principally employed in cultivating an ungrateful and unproductive soil.

'For a number of years, those who betook themselves to watchmaking were placed at a great disadvantage, by having to import their tools; but these they in time learned to make and greatly to improve upon. In proportion as men embraced the profession of watchmaking, the art became more developed; several returned from Paris, where they had gone to perfect themselves, and contributed by their knowledge to advance the general skill. It is now little more than a century since a few merchants began to collect together small parcels of watches, in order to sell them in foreign markets. The success which attended these speculations induced and encouraged the population of these countries to devote themselves still more to the production of articles of ready sale; so much so, that very nearly the whole population has, with a very few exceptions, embraced the watchmaking trade. Meanwhile the population has increased threefold, independently of the great number of workmen who are established in almost all the towns of Europe, in the United States of America, and even in the East Indies and China. Latterly, the export of watches has been very considerable, and the small and delicate watches of Switzerland are known in almost every country in the world.'

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FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY.

Switzerland is celebrated for its picturesque beauty, and is a favourite resort of tourists from England. Its lakes are the most beautiful of their kind, for they are surrounded with lofty hills, the lower parts of which are green, and the higher rocky and grand. The many pretty cottages on the hills are also a striking feature in the scene. The finest of the lakes is that of Lucerne, extending southwards from that town from 20 to 30 miles, and which, for the accommodation of travellers, is now traversed by steam-boats several times a day.

What imparts to the Lake of Lucerne a character beyond that of mere physical beauty, is its connection with the history of Helvetic independence. It is Tell's lake—its shores, as we have seen, are the scene of his exploits—and hence they bear that kind of moral charm which consecrates the ground on which heroic actions have been evoked.

The lake, which is most irregular in its outline, bending into divers forms, is sometimes named the Lake of the Four Cantons,



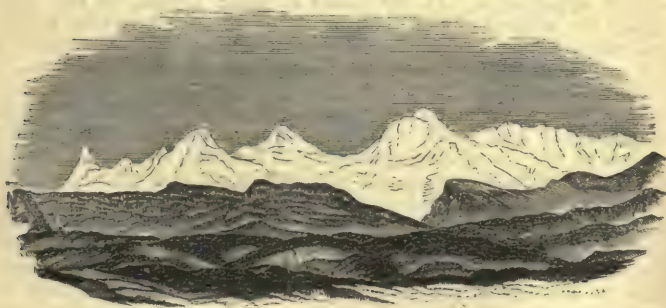
Tell's Chapel.

from having Lucerne, Unterwalden, Uri, and Schwytz as its boundaries. On the west side rises Mount Pilatus, and on the east the

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Righi. Beyond this to the south, the shores are precipitous, and clothed with green shrubs. The ground in such places does not admit of roads; the only means of access from knoll to knoll being by boats or precarious pathways among the cliffs. Here the tourist arrives in front of what is called Tell's Chapel, which is situated on the eastern side of the lake, at the foot of the Achsenberg, a mountain rising to a height of 6732 feet, to which may be added a depth of 600 feet below the surface of the water. The chapel, which is a very small edifice, of a pavilion form, open in front, and distinguished by a small spire on its roof, is erected on a shelf of rock jutting out from the almost precipitous bank, and close upon the edge of the lake. The only means of access is by boats. Here, according to tradition, Tell leaped ashore, and escaped from the boat in which he was in the course of being conveyed to the dungeons of Kussnacht. The chapel, we are told, was erected in 1380, or thirty-one years after the death of the hero, by order of the assembled citizens of Uri, in commemoration of the event. The chapel is fitted up with an altar, and its walls ornamented with a few daubs of pictures; its general appearance is wild and desolate; and only once a year, on a particular festival, is any religious service performed within it. A few miles further on is Fluelen, the port of the canton of Uri; and here the lake terminates. Altorf, where Tell shot the apple, is a few miles distant, up the vale of the Reuss.

Passing southwards from Lucerne, the tourist generally visits a



region of lofty mountains, called the Bernese Alps—*alp* being a word signifying a height. The principal of these alps are the Wetterhorn, the Schreckhorn, the Finsterarhorn, the Eiger, the Moench, and the Jungfrau. We here present a sketch of these snow-clad mountains, as seen at a distance of thirty to forty

miles. The loftiest is the Jungfrau, which rises to a height of 12,000 feet. They are covered summer and winter with snow and ice, and have a dazzling white appearance on the horizon.

Having visited these interesting mountains, the traveller usually proceeds on his journey southwards till he reaches the Valais, a long and romantic glen, stretching in an easterly direction from Lake Lemman, or Lake of Geneva, as it is sometimes called. This secluded valley is noted for the number of old and young persons called *Cretins*. These are a species of idiots, poor, miserable in appearance, and generally unable to attend to their own wants. Cretins occur in families in many parts of Switzerland, but most frequently in low and damp situations, and in cottages where there is a want of ventilation and cleanliness. In this and other parts of Switzerland are likewise seen individuals afflicted with swellings in the front of the neck, termed *goitres*. Females have more frequently goitres than males; and the cause of this singular swelling has never been correctly ascertained.

Through the lower part of the Valais flows the Rhone, here a small river, which afterwards expands, and forms the large and beautiful sheet of water, Lake Lemman. This lake, which is from fifty to sixty miles in length, by from two to six or seven miles across, possesses a singular peculiarity. Its waters, though pure and colourless to the eye when taken up in a glass, are in their entire mass of a blue colour, as brilliant as if poured from a dyer's vat. This peculiarity in the waters of the lake, which has never been satisfactorily accounted for, does not exist in the lower part of the Rhone, which is of a dirty whitish appearance. At the outlet of Lake Lemman on the west, stands the ancient city of Geneva, partly occupying a lofty height, and partly the low ground beneath, with several bridges connecting the two sides of the river, just issued from the lake. Geneva, in 1798, was incorporated with France, and it remained in this state till the restoration of its independence in 1814; since which period it has, along with a few miles of territory around, formed a distinct canton in the Swiss confederation. It remains, however, a French town as respects language, and partly manners and sentiments, but endowed with that heedful regard for industrial pursuits and rational advancement, which gives the place a distinguished name among continental cities. Among the foremost to embrace the Reformation, the inhabitants have ever readily afforded an asylum to the oppressed from all nations: at present it is a place of resort and settlement for intelligent strangers from all quarters. Latterly, Geneva has been greatly improved in appearance, and now possesses many fine streets and handsome buildings.

The environs of Geneva are beautiful, but so is the whole district bordering on Lake Lemman. On its southern side lies Savoy, a generally high lying tract, over the top of which, and at the distance of sixty miles, is seen the white top of Mont Blanc, reposing in the

midst of a tumultuary sea of black hills. On the north side of the lake stretches the canton of Vaud, which in its whole extent is unexampled for rural beauty. About the centre of Vaud, overlooking the lake, is seen the pretty town of Lausanne, situated on a low hill, amidst vineyards and gardens. At the small port of Ouchy, below Lausanne, steam-boats take up passengers for various places on the lake. One of the most pleasant excursions is to Chillon, near the eastern extremity of the lake, on its north side. This interesting old castle is placed partly within the margin of the lake, at a part of the shore overhung by a precipitous mountain, and was built in 1238 by Amadeus IV., count of Savoy, as a bulwark for defence of his possessions, or a den whence he could conveniently make inroads on his neighbours. Since it fell into the possession of the Swiss, it has been used as a dépôt for military stores, and within its walls prisoners committed for political offences are confined. It consists of several open courts, environed by tall, rough-cast structures, of immense strength, and shews on all sides the character of a feudal fortress on a large scale. The chief building, as may be seen in the engraving, next page, is a heavy square edifice overhanging the lake. The most interesting part of this structure is a suite of gloomy arched vaults, which, from incontestable appearances, had been, what tradition affirms they were, the prison dungeons of Chillon. The last is the largest dungeon in the series, and is undoubtedly the prison in which Bonnivard was confined.

No one who has read the *Prisoner of Chillon* of Byron, can enter the low-arched doorway of this dreary tomb of living men without emotion. It consists of two aisles, separated by a row of seven massive pillars of stone; the aisle on the right, as we enter, being hewn out of the rock, and that on the left being of arched masonry. The floor is altogether of rock, and worn into various hollows. The only light admitted is by a small window, so high up the wall that no one could see out except by climbing; hence it could have afforded little solacement to the prisoners, more especially as the custom seems to have been to chain them to the pillars. On measuring the vault by pacing, it is found to be fifty-two steps in length, and it was at about two-thirds of this distance from the doorway that Bonnivard, one of the last victims of the Duke of Savoy, was confined. On the side of one of the pillars a strong ring is still attached, and the surface of the stone floor beneath is trodden into uneven forms by the action of footsteps. No poetic licence has therefore been taken in the forcible lines :

‘Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar ; for ’twas trod—
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod—
 By Bonnivard ! May none these marks efface !
 For they appeal from tyranny to God !’

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The pillar thus connected with Bonnivard's imprisonment has been an object of curiosity to hundreds of visitors, both before and since the place was consecrated by the genius of the poet. It is carved all over with names, chiefly French and English ; and among these Dryden, Richardson, Peel, Victor Hugo, and Byron may be observed. Bonnivard, as has been mentioned in our previous historical sketch, was imprisoned here on account of the sentiments of civil and religious liberty which he entertained. In the dungeon we have just noticed he was immured for several years, without hope of release ; and it must have been to him a joyful sound to hear the attacks of the Bernese forces by land, and of the Genevese galleys by water, which at length reduced this stronghold of tyranny, and gave liberty to its forlorn captive.





THE HERRING AND THE WHALE.

THE HERRING.

THIS tiny fish is perhaps the greatest treasure of the sea. It is almost universally liked as an article of food ; it is very abundant, and readily caught in great numbers ; and being capable of being cured with comparatively little injury to its nutritive qualities, it can be sent to countries at any distance from the shores it frequents. Owing to these circumstances, it contributes more to the food-supplies of the human race than perhaps any other single fish. In the United Kingdom, around the shores of which it is particularly abundant, it constitutes a great industrial and commercial interest. Few persons not conversant with the statistics of trade have any idea of the quantities of pickled and smoked herrings that are annually sent to foreign markets. The gathering of this great sea-harvest, again, gives employment to vast numbers of the coast population, and involves, in the wages of fishermen and other labourers, in the building of boats and the making of nets and barrels, an expenditure of hundreds of thousands of pounds.

The herring-fishery has from early times been deemed worthy of

THE HERRING AND THE WHALE.

the fostering care of kings and governments. It is recorded that the Emperor Charles V. made a pilgrimage to the tomb of William Beukelsen, of Biervlet, near Sluis (died in 1397), who is said by one or two Dutch writers to have discovered the mode of curing herrings now in use. Edward III. of England encouraged the herring-fishery of Yarmouth; and Charles II., with the same intention, visited that port along with the Duke of York, and as a memorial of the occasion, was presented with four golden herrings. Several of the kings of Scotland, and notably James V. and VI., were zealous in aiding the Scottish fisheries. Repeated parliamentary inquiries and numerous acts of parliament testify to the importance that continues to be attached by the British nation to this branch of industry.

HISTORY OF THE HERRING-FISHERY.

The Scots must have been fishers from an early age, for we find notices, in Anderson's *History of Commerce* and in other works, of the Netherlanders trading with Scotland for herrings as early as the year 836. The Danes, we are told by Arnoldus de Lübeck, rose to wealth and distinction at an early period of history by means of their herring-fishery; they clothed themselves with scarlet or purple, and other nations carried to them abundance of gold and silver, being contented with herrings in exchange. This was about the eleventh century. In the year 1124, the value of herrings in Pomerania was a horse-load for a coin less in value than our penny. In 1138, the privilege of fishing for herrings at Renfrew was conceded by King David to the Abbey of Holyrood. In 1240, an act was passed by the Scottish parliament imposing a burgage duty of fourpence on every last of herrings. Yarmouth became very early a place of importance in connection with the herring-fishery. In the year 1270, a herring-fair was held there which lasted for a period of forty days. In the fifteenth century, the Scottish herring-fishery had grown to be an enterprise of great moment to the country, a considerable export trade having been originated both to Holland and the Mediterranean. Up till the time of the Union, the Scottish herring-fishery was becoming annually of greater importance, directly fostered as it was by the king and the nobles of the country. After the Union, the fishery declined; but in 1726 a reaction set in, and as greater attention was after that period paid to commerce and manufactures, the fisheries shared in this general revival, and have prospered ever since.

The herring-fishery was first developed into a systematic industry by the Dutch people. It is a common saying that Amsterdam is founded on herring-bones. The greatest possible attention was paid in Holland, at an early period, not only to the capture of the fish, but also to the best method of curing them. Even yet, the arrival of the steamboat with the firstlings of the season is anxiously

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looked for, and the early fish are sold at a very high price, as much as two shillings of our money being charged for a single herring. As a rule, they are all pickled; *fresh* herring, as that delicacy is understood in Britain, being little known elsewhere. If the herring-cure of Holland was borrowed, as has been asserted, from Scotland, the Dutch have surpassed their masters. In Holland, and in Prussia and other parts of Germany, the pickled herring is eaten raw, being served at table as a whet, or as the *bonne bouche* of the banquet; and the flavour of these carefully pickled fish is really delicious. At one time, when the Dutch herring-fishery was in the heyday of its prosperity, a few of the earliest cured fish that arrived from the 'great fishery' were presented, with great ceremony, to the king, who always gave a liberal reward to the bearers of the precious kit containing the first-fruits of the representative industry of the kingdom. Every incident of the herring-fishery of Holland was at one time regulated by the Dutch legislature with great care: the time at which the fishery must begin, the size of the nets, the kind of wood of which the barrels must be constructed, the quality and quantity of the salt used in the pickling, and the exact mode of eviscerating the fish, were all laid down in great detail in the 'placarts,' and all captains and chief officers of 'busses' and 'boars' were sworn to see the laws rigidly carried into execution. As other sources of commercial wealth were opened up by the Dutch, they ceased to prosecute the herring-fishery with the same industry; indeed, they found the fish becoming scarce; and now the herring-fishery of Holland is not nearly such a source of wealth to the country as it was at one time. An attempt is, however, being made to revive it.

As the herring-fishery of Holland declined, that of Scotland rose into greater importance; but its growth was slow and fitful. At one time, no person would have ventured to prophesy that in the year 1868 there would be upwards of twelve thousand boats fishing under the surveillance of the Scottish Board of Fisheries. Great efforts were from time to time made to extend the enterprise, and bounties began to be granted in 1749 to those fitting out herring-busses, as well as premiums for the quantity of herrings captured. The plan of giving bounties and other advantages to those who engaged in this industry had ultimately to be abandoned, as the crown was supposed to have been defrauded by persons who had fitted out ships, not to capture the fish, but to catch the bounty. A remnant of this government patronage still remains; a staff of men being kept up, partly at the national expense, to certify the proper cure of the herrings, by putting a *brand* on each barrel that is cured to the satisfaction of the fishery officer. But the question of the brand will be afterwards spoken of.

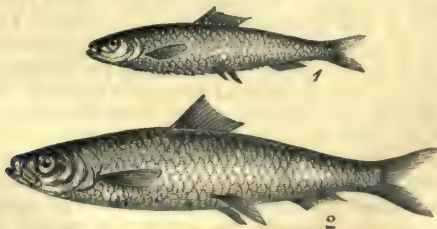
The chief seat of the herring-fishery in Scotland is Wick in Caithness-shire, where there may be found fishing during the season a fleet of one thousand two hundred boats. A century

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ago there were only two small herring-sloops at this port. What cotton is to Manchester or steel to Sheffield, the herring assuredly is to Wick and other towns on the north-east coast of Scotland. It has been calculated that at least sixty millions of herrings are annually brought into the conjoined harbours of Wick and Pulteneytown; and it is no exaggeration to say, that during an average fishing season as many as nine hundred millions of herrings are taken from the seas surrounding Scotland. Next to Wick, the chief stations are in various parts of Aberdeen, Sutherland, Elgin, and Banff shires. Fraserburgh sends out a fleet of 500 boats; Peterhead has 430 boats; and from Port Gordon, Buckie, and other places on the Moray Firth, an active fishery is carried on. There are also four herring-fishing stations in the Orkney Islands, and there is a considerable fishery at Shetland. There are in all 21 herring-fishery 'districts' in Scotland, and these districts embrace 565 ports or places. The total number of boats engaged in what is called the north-east coast-fishery in 1868 was 3449, a number rather above the average of former years. Important fisheries for the herring are also carried on at various places on both sides of the Firth of Forth, the fish being chiefly sold as 'fresh herrings.' The Loch Fyne herring has acquired a celebrity of its own (see page 13).

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE HERRING.

The common herring is the type of a family called by naturalists the *Clupeidae*, and divided by them into several genera. The species are not very numerous, but some of them have a very wide geographical range. The chief species known on the British coasts are the common herring (*Clupea harengus*), the pilchard (*Clupea*



Sprat and Herring : 1, sprat ; 2, herring.

pilchardus), and the sprat (*Clupea sprattus*). The sardine (*Clupea Sardina*), the anchovy (*Engraulis encrasicolus*), and the shad (*Alausa*) are also members of the family; and the whitebait is now believed by some to be the young of the herring.

THE HERRING AND THE WHALE.

The herring is, in the opinion of some, the most beautiful fish that inhabits the British seas: the drawing of the nets in the early morning, just as the sun rises above the waters, is a sight not soon to be forgotten. Even the smallest sprats are beautiful when they first emerge from the water; and the glowing colours of a mass of pilchards might furnish an artist with a lasting stock of beautiful tints. The natural history of the herring is in many points as obscure as is the history of the trade of capturing it. Not many years ago, naturalists supposed they knew all about it. The herring, we were told, was an inhabitant of the inaccessible seas of the high northern latitudes. Pennant, who first gave publicity to this idea, is supposed to have founded it on information derived from fishermen. It was believed that these fish existed in the arctic seas in inconceivable numbers, and that, at the proper season, by some commanding impulse, they gathered themselves together and migrated southward. It was described with the particularity of an observed fact, how the great 'heer,' or army, as it was called, made its appearance off Iceland in March, occupying a space in the sea equal to the extent of the whole British Islands; how, when this army approached these islands, it divided itself into two columns, of which the one advanced along the west coast, the other along the German Ocean, throwing off battalions into every bay and firth. It is now known that all this is utterly without foundation. The herring is a native fish, and so far as can be ascertained, does not migrate to or from any distant place. Fishermen and dealers can easily distinguish the herrings of different localities; a coast-of-Caithness herring differs in many respects from a Loch Fyne herring, and both are different from a herring of the Firth of Forth in appearance and in flavour.

Geographically, the herring is widely distributed. It is found in all the seas which surround our own islands; it is abundant in the White Sea; and is also found in the Baltic, in the Zuider Zee, and in the Black and Caspian Seas. The fish taken at Bakoe are very highly prized, being called by the Persians the royal fish. Herrings are likewise taken in large numbers on the coast of Kamtchatka. On the American coast, especially off Carolina and Virginia, herrings appear very early, and continue for a month or two depositing their spawn. Everybody has heard of the Nova Scotia sprat, which is taken in great abundance. It is a very fat and rich fish, and is cured by smoking; as many as 100,000 boxes of 200 each are sent away in one season. Sweden, Denmark, and Norway have herring-fisheries of considerable value. Herrings are occasionally seen at Iceland, but they are small in size and of inferior quality. There is no doubt, however, that herrings are more abundant on the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland than anywhere else.

Although the herring is thus familiarly known to multitudes in all parts of the northern hemisphere, we have yet much to learn about it.

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That it is prolific, we know : a herring of a few ounces in weight will yield from 20,000 to 35,000 ova. An ingenious naturalist has calculated that if the progeny of one pair of herrings were to be allowed to multiply without molestation for ten years, the result would be a bulk of herrings equal in size to the globe on which we live ! It is not known how long a period elapses between the deposit of the ova and the birth of the herring. In the case of the salmon, we know it is a long time—occasionally upwards of one hundred days. Much depends on the temperature of the water ; in very cold seasons, fish-eggs take longer to hatch than when the weather is more genial and open. Herring ova deposited in July or August, of course have the advantage of the summer warmth ; but that the young fish are hatched in so short a period as ten days or a fortnight, as was stated in a parliamentary inquiry, is hardly credible. There is reliable evidence, however, of the young herring making their appearance in about seven weeks after the fishery had commenced. At that time, they are naturally very diminutive ; but as to the rate at which they increase in size, the greatest diversity of opinion exists. There is at least weighty evidence to shew that a herring does not become reproductive till the third year of its age. Some naturalists have thrown out the idea that herrings spawn twice a year, which is not of course an impossibility, but is nevertheless exceedingly improbable. Herrings, however, spawn at all times of the year ; there are shoals of herring that spawn in January, as well as others that do so in June and August. From this it is obvious that herrings come to maturity in distinct races or shoals. The winter fish are in many instances lean and flavourless, whilst the summer shoals, again, are fat and highly palatable.

It has long been a question among naturalists : ‘What is whitebait?’ The researches of Dr Gunther of the British Museum have led him to the conclusion that it is the young of the common herring ; and in this conclusion the best authorities are disposed to concur.

Another question often asked is : ‘Where do the herrings go after they spawn?’ But that is one of the numerous mysteries of the sea. It is perfectly certain that herrings may be taken on our coasts all the year round, and there is a herring-fishery of greater or less magnitude constantly going on. It has been suggested that the herrings aggregate and segregate—in other words, that they do not, constantly live in shoals, but instinctively come together at certain seasons. It is at anyrate curious that bodies of herring are found at particular places only during the spawning season, and that after that time it is needless to look for them. On the other hand, we know that herrings are found together when they are very young fish. As whitebait (and it is as whitebait, according to Dr Gunther, that we first know the herring), they are generally found in small shoals ; and at a later period of the year, when large quantities of

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sprats are taken, it is a curious circumstance that young herrings are mixed with them to the extent of a third of the total quantity. If the herrings keep together till they grow into sprat-sized fish, it is not likely that they will then separate.

As to the food of herrings, they will eat almost anything that inhabits the seas in which they live. It is obvious that a shoal of herrings must consume a large amount of food of some kind; and the poor flavour and lean condition of the herring of particular districts are generally accounted for by the want of sufficient food, as the fat condition and fine flavour of some other shoals are due, no doubt, to the excellence of their feeding-grounds. Herrings feed on all kinds of minute crustaceans, on sand-eels, on their own roe, and on the young of their own kind. The Loch Fyne herrings, having access to excellent feeding-grounds, are very plump and palatable; other herrings, in waters which are bounded by rocky shores, are frequently lean and lank.

A shoal of herrings is an immense body: it may extend for miles, and be composed of millions of fish. Herrings are said to be very capricious in their movements, deserting, apparently without cause, places where they had been known to congregate for many years. The fishermen always find some cause for a capricious movement of this kind. The herrings were believed to be driven from one coast by the firing of guns during a battle; and when steamboats were introduced upon some of our sea-lochs, the fish fled from them! It was affirmed by the fishermen of St Monance, in Fife, that the ringing of the church-bell used to scare away the herrings, and the bell was therefore removed during the time of the fishery. But the best anecdote about the herring is an Irish one: a clergyman of that country having intimated his intention of taking his tithe of fish, the herrings, disgusted at his greed, at once left that part of the coast, and have never come back!

Although many hundred millions of herrings may be taken annually from the sea as food for man, it is no exaggeration to say that an equal, or indeed a far greater number, fall a prey to other enemies. Some species of the whale, and many kinds of sea-birds, prey upon the herring. A missionary who lived, at the end of last century, upon the lone island of St Kilda, being an eye-witness of the ravages committed by solan geese, took the trouble to make the following calculation: 'Taking it for granted that there are 100,000 solan geese on the rocks of St Kilda, and that these birds sojourn on the island during seven months of every year, I shall assume that each of them eats, or at anyrate destroys, five herrings in a day, being 500,000 for the whole flock, or, roundly calculated, a total number of 105,000,000 per annum!' The dog-fish is likewise a persistent enemy of the herring, and is hated by the fishermen not only because a shoal of these ravenous animals will eat a large quantity of the fish while fast in the nets, but because they tear and

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destroy the nets as well. On some occasions, more than two-thirds of the herring taken on a particular night have been eaten out of the meshes of the nets by the dog-fish; and at times considerable numbers of the dogs are captured in the hauling in of the drifts. The dog is a coarse, oily fish, and although occasionally eaten, it is usually sold for manure.

HOW THE HERRING IS CAUGHT.

The primary difficulty in catching herrings is to discover their whereabouts. There may be millions of herrings in the sea not very far off; but as they move in shoals, there must be miles on miles without a single fish, and only in certain confined areas can any success be looked for. There are indeed certain localities which the shoals are known to frequent oftener than others; but the chance of finding them there on any particular night is uncertain. When a great 'haul' has been got one night, many boats return next evening to the same place, very likely to find the shoal gone. Accordingly, when the 'drave,' as the herring-fleet is styled in some places, leaves the harbour, some of the boats may be seen turning to the right, and some to the left, each captain and crew thinking that they may be lucky enough at once to light upon the right spot.

It is curious to note the difference of fortune that attends different fishers in this respect. Some few skippers will secure their contract quantity early in the season; while others, although fishing diligently all the time the fishery lasts, will not have half of it. As regards a single night, one man may so exactly hit the fish as to get from forty to seventy crans of herrings at the first casting of his nets, whilst his neighbours, fishing right and left of him, may not have as many dozens. This is called 'luck,' and the fisher-folk are great believers in 'luck;' but although chance plays a part on single occasions, the fact of a habitually large catch only shews that one man is a greater adept at his business than another. Clever fishers gather, from a variety of indications, a tolerable idea where the shoal is. They can note by the appearance of an oily gleam upon the water whether they are over the fish; by observing the gulls also, they can judge whether the herrings are inshore or out at sea. The shrewd skippers who always get fish have, of course, a body of followers, who do as they do—who shoot their nets alongside of the lucky boats, and by means of such tactics, frequently obtain herrings when more adventurous fishers get none.

A brief description of a single night's operations will give the best idea of the business of herring-catching. The boats leave the harbour at a pretty early hour in the afternoon, as they never know at starting how far they may have to sail before they can begin fishing. Arrived at a place which the skipper considers favourable, the sails are lowered, and preparations made for 'shooting' the nets.

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In the north of Scotland, the 'drift'-net is used. It consists of a series of oblong pieces, each 50 yards long, and from 20 to 31 feet deep. These are attached at one edge to a 'back-rope,' which holds them all together, and at the several junctions of the parts there are inflated bladders or dog-skins, to keep the whole afloat; while the opposite edges have weights attached, to make them hang perpendicularly in the water. The whole suite or drift may extend three-quarters of a mile, forming an immense perforated wall or fence in the sea. The nets used to be hand-woven, of fine hempen cord, and impregnated with bark, to keep them from rotting; but undyed machine-made cotton nets are now frequently in use, as they are much cheaper and finer. The meshes are generally an inch or an inch and a quarter wide—just enough to admit the slender head of the herring, but not its body. When a shoal of herrings happens to come against this wall, it is of course arrested; but if the head of a fish has fully entered a mesh, retreat is as impossible as advance, for the cords of the mesh catch the gills and hold it fast: the gills act as barbs, as it were.

This formidable apparatus had lain all day spread out on a grass field to dry, and before starting had been placed in the boat in careful coils, so as to come off without entanglement. In shooting the nets, two of the crew row the boat slowly forward, while others attend to the paying-out of the nets. The captain is of course at the helm, and overlooking the whole. The train of nets is fastened to the vessel by a long rope, and by means of the floating bladders the captain can see at a glance the track in which they lie, and is thus able to watch them so as to prevent accidents from their being fouled by other boats. When the nets are paid out, the men are able to sleep, or at least rest for a little; and do not fail to take a refreshment of oat-cakes and cheese, or of whatever else may be in the locker, with, perhaps, a top-dressing of whisky. Whilst all is quiet on board, and the boat is floating away to wherever the tide may carry it, a portion of the great shoal may silently strike upon the nets and bring fortune to the crew; or it may be moving at too great a depth; and thus the boat and its train may pass *over* myriads of fish, and not land a cran. After a time, the skipper, anxious about the result of his night's work, will eagerly scan the long line of floating bladders, to see if any of them have sunk down in the water, which is a token of a great catch; or he will slily 'pree' a corner of his neighbour's net to see what luck he may have had. Indeed, some cautious skippers do not shoot their own nets till they see from what their neighbours have done whether or not they are in a favourable spot. It is considered a hardship when the men have to haul in the nets and shoot them again the same night, although this is frequently done. Night is the proper time of capture, as the darkness makes the fish less likely to perceive the net before running against it. With the early morning begins the operation of hauling in, which, when the

take is heavy, is no easy matter. As portion after portion is drawn on board, the fish are shaken out into the bottom of the boat, and the empty net coiled aside. Cases have occurred when such a mass of fish was enmeshed as to sink the whole drift, and make it necessary to cut the boat clear, lest it should be drawn down along with it. A storm, too, sometimes makes it necessary to cut the nets adrift, and lose them and their contents.

The herring-fishery, as carried on in Scotland, is what may be called a shore-fishery, the boats being undecked, and going out and returning once in every twenty-four hours. A controversy has been carried on for a number of years as to the kind of boats best adapted for the fishery; and many advocate decked boats and the use of steam-power. The Dutch, who have to make long voyages to the best fishing-places, cure their herrings on board; but the necessity of curing on board limits the quantity of fish that can be taken, as the men act both as sailors and curers. By the Scottish system, there seems hardly a limit to the quantity that might be disposed of. On some days, as many as twenty thousand crans of herrings are brought into Wick and Pulteneytown, and are all gutted and cured right off hand. As to the use of steam-power, which is much canvassed at Wick, there is certainly one way in which it could be made useful, and that is by the employment of two or three powerful steam-tugs to take out and bring home the boats from the fishing-grounds. On some occasions, when there is little or no wind, it is a work of great labour and time to get the boats home, especially if they are heavily laden. A steam-tug could bring home fifty or a hundred boats with great rapidity; and as the fish are frequently not found till a great distance has been reached, the aid of a tug would be very advantageous.

HOW THE HERRINGS ARE CURED.

The process of curing begins the moment the herrings are brought on shore: they are generally received by the curer in one or more large vats; and a clerk or foreman of the yard keeps an account of the quantity received. They are counted out to the curer by the boat-owners in 'crans,' the *cran* being a measure capable of containing 45 gallons; and after being cured, they are sold in barrels. A barrel measures about 37 gallons, and according to the size of the fish, and the greater or less quantity of salt used, holds from 700 to 800 herrings. For home consumption, the fish in a barrel, free of salt and brine, should weigh 235 pounds; for the continental market, 224 pounds; and for places out of Europe, 212 pounds. Herrings for the last-mentioned destinations, after an interval of a fortnight, are taken out of the barrels, washed, and repacked with fresh salt.

Immediately upon being brought to the curing-yard and thrown into the vat, the fish, being plentifully sprinkled with salt, are then

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handed over to the gutters to be eviscerated. These persons carry on their necessary but rather filthy operations with great dexterity and rapidity, a gang of four women having been known to eviscerate, 'rouse' in salt, and pack a barrel of herrings within ten minutes. Precise instructions as to the details of curing have been laid down by the Board of Fisheries, but the curers do not strictly adhere to them. More or less salt is used, according to the experience and knowledge of the curer. The herrings, on being brought from the gutting-trough, are 'roused' or shaken about in a tub full of salt; they are then laid into the barrels with great precision, 'tails inwards.' When the cure has been completed, a period of fifteen days is allowed to elapse before they can be branded. It is an imperative rule that all herrings be cured on the same day they are brought on shore, otherwise the officer will not certify them; and therefore, when a heavy 'take' occurs, it is no unusual circumstance for the whole staff of a curing-yard to work on till midnight, sometimes by torchlight. An enterprising curer requires to retain a large staff of persons, chiefly females, to gut and pack the herrings. A curer may have from thirty to sixty boats fishing for him at one station, and if these boats come in every morning with an average of even ten crans of fish, a good spell of work ensues. The head-cooper usually has full charge of the process of curing and packing; and the officers of the Fishery Board are constantly going about to see that the rules and regulations of the fishery are complied with.

THE BRAND QUESTION.

The 'brand question' has long been a source of controversy. 'Why should herrings be branded,' it is asked, 'any more than cotton, cheese, or steel?' 'The case of such goods is different from that of herrings,' say the advocates of the brand, 'as the latter are exported to great distances packed in close barrels, and the foreign buyers must have some guarantee of their quality, or they would not buy.' It is thought by many that if curers were allowed to stand or fall on the merits of their individual cure, the pickling of herrings might be greatly improved, instead of being, as they are under the present system, all of one uniform quality. As a compromise of the question, a fee of fourpence per barrel is now charged for branding or certifying the herring; and it is quite optional on the part of the curer whether to pay this small charge and obtain the necessary certificate, or to stand on the merit of his own name. Only a few thousand barrels are as yet sent away without the brand; but there can be no doubt that ultimately the most enterprising curers will give up the government system, and greatly improve on the present style of curing, which, to say the least of it, is

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performed in a very perfunctory way; a Scottish pickled herring being very inferior to one that is cured in Holland.

A HERRING FISHING-PORT IN THE SEASON.

There is great bustle and animation at a fishing-place during the herring-season. The little town becomes all at once alive and cheerful, compared with its aspect for the other ten months, when only a few local boats pursue the white-fishery. As the season for the gathering in of the herring-harvest approaches, strange boats arrive, crowds of gutters come to the place in search of work, and the tradesmen busk their shops with all the attractions they can muster. When a great 'take' of herrings occurs, excited curers and coopers bustle about, the knives of the gutters move with the rapidity of lightning, and glad smiles light up the countenances of all concerned. For the herring-fishery is the industry of the year, and its success or failure is to them what a good or bad crop is to the farmer. The quays of Wick and Pulteneytown harbours present upon such occasions a most animated spectacle. A thousand boats have come in from the sea, each more or less laden—some have a dozen crans, some a score, and a few may have fifty, and one or two more. From dawn of day till long past noon, the fleet comes pouring in; the quays are crowded, carts are driving off the nets to distant drying-grounds, the crews of boats are employed in carrying the fish to the gutting-troughs, and the gutters are busily at work, while the 'cadgers' who deal in fresh herrings are busy purchasing their day's supply. After a while the bustle dies away, the wearied fishermen go home to rest, or are again away to the fishing-ground; but for an hour or two longer the process of curing is continued; and at the end of a fatiguing day all are gladdened at the thought that the fishery of the year has become a success. For the success or failure of the season usually turns on one or two great nights; as in 1858, when on two successive evenings in August an average of twenty crans was secured by the 1040 boats then engaged in the fishing at Wick.

COMMERCIAL ARRANGEMENTS OF THE FISHERY.

The Scottish herring-fishery is managed financially in a peculiar way; the fish are mostly sold long before they are caught. At the close of each season, the engagements are made for the next. The curers are the actors in these arrangements; they engage the boats, and provide all the apparatus of cure, such as salt, barrels, dye-stuffs, &c. The curer engages to take all the fish that the proprietor of a boat shall catch, at the rate, say, of twenty shillings a cran, besides advancing him a sum of perhaps £20, and providing drying-ground for his nets. Of course different kinds of bargains are made.

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Some boat-owners will not bind themselves to any particular curer, but prefer to wait and take the market-price, which, if fish are scarce, may be considerably higher than could have been obtained by a previous engagement. The contract is generally for two hundred crans of herrings. It is not often, however, that the boats are able to obtain that quantity, but the curer takes as many crans as he can get. An extensive curer must necessarily be able to command considerable capital, as he requires to have always on hand a large quantity of barrels, either made up or in the wood, besides salt and other stores. Then he requires to keep a staff of coopers and an army of gutters—who are paid according to the work they do—likewise a clerk or two, and he has to provide a considerable amount for incidental expenses. The skipper who contracts to fish for any particular curer provides his own crew, and pays them as he may arrange. Very often the proprietor of a boat follows some other trade as well as that of fisherman; he may be a stone-mason or a shoemaker, and only go to sea during the herring-season. He and one or two of his friends may possess a boat among them, and do all the work themselves; or, if the boat be the property of only one person, then a crew of hired men has to be engaged to aid in the fishing. The crew of a herring-boat usually consists of four persons besides the skipper, that is, two to row the boat and two to shoot the nets, the owner acting both as helmsman and captain. The Scottish clinker-built herring-boats, for the building of which Leith is famous, are of great strength and durability. They vary considerably in size and value, the largest being about 35 feet keel. The cost of a boat with all its fixings, including a suite of nets, will vary from £100 to £250.

THE LOCH FYNE HERRING-FISHERY.

The Loch Fyne herring is considered the most delicate of its kind. Large quantities of the herrings taken both in Loch Fyne and on other parts of the west coast of Scotland reach Glasgow at an early hour every day by the Clyde steamboats, and are eagerly bought up. The Loch Fyne herring is also salted to the extent of fifteen millions yearly. The value of the fishery in this loch and about Cantire is estimated at £25,000 or £30,000 a year. These west-country herrings are also capable of being smoked into 'reds.' They are first laid in a strong pickle for twenty-four hours, after which they are spitted, and hung up in the smoke of brushwood and turf. A large proportion of the Loch Fyne herrings are taken by means of the seine-net, in the same way as pilchards. This mode of fishing is locally called 'trawling,' which is a misnomer. In 1851, the seine-net was made illegal, from the belief that it was exterminating the fish; but much dissatisfaction having arisen from the restriction, a commission of inquiry was ultimately sent, by order of parliament,

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to sit upon the question ; and after a prolonged and minute inquiry into the two systems, the commissioners came to the conclusion that the one was quite as good (or as bad) as the other ; and in consequence, the act of 1851, which made trawling, or rather *seining*, illegal, was repealed.

SMOKED HERRINGS—THE FISHERY AT YARMOUTH.

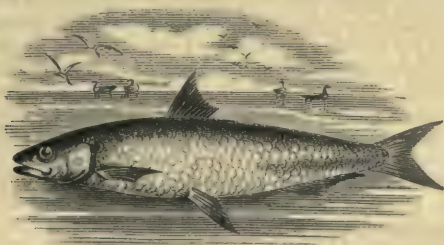
Yarmouth is also the headquarters of a very considerable herring-fishery, and the 'bloater' which is prepared at that place is a much esteemed breakfast delicacy throughout England. The system of fishing adapted off Yarmouth is different from that carried on at Wick, as the boats are much larger, many being thirty-four tons register, and so fitted that they can remain at sea for some days ; and they admit of the cure being, to a certain extent, performed on board. Each vessel is provided with two large suites of nets, one being in use whilst the other is drying on shore. In the very large herring-busses, boats are kept from which the men fish ; but from the more modern luggers the nets are cast directly over the side across the tide, and, as in the case of the Wick boats, they drift with the lugger. Great improvements have been effected of late years in the Yarmouth fishing-vessels, which, as a matter of course, are of much greater value than the open boats used on the Scottish coast. The cost of a modern Yarmouth lugger (which is about 55 feet in length), with from 100 to 140 nets—each net being 48 feet long and 30 feet deep—ranges from £700 to £1000. These vessels carry a crew of from 10 to 15 men, who are paid according to the 'take' of herrings, and can remain at sea till they obtain a good cargo ; they require to carry salt, barrels, and all other necessities of their business. The train of nets used by the Yarmouth boats is not so long as that of the Scottish fishing-boats, and is consequently much more manageable, so that the men can shoot and re-shoot their nets with great ease, and when they find they are not likely to capture fish at one place, they can more readily change their ground. The nets of each vessel are carefully marked by buoys, which are formed of small barrels, having the name of the ship and the port it sails from painted upon it. A light is hoisted upon a pole, which at night is placed at the bow of the vessel, and this serves to prevent the boats fouling each other ; indeed, the utmost precaution is necessary to prevent the nets of different vessels from being mixed. The great fishery, of which Yarmouth is the headquarters, lasts two months, commencing about the end of September, or early in October. The Yarmouth fishery gives employment to a fleet of about 500 vessels of the kind described. The fish caught by the Yarmouth fleet are most of them cured in some way, except in the early part of the season, when there is a great demand for fresh herrings ; and for about a fortnight or so after the fishery

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has begun, the smaller luggers hurry into port with the newly-caught fish, which are at once sent on by train to the London and other markets. Enormous quantities of fresh herrings can be disposed of whenever there happens to be speedy railway communication from the fishing-port to inland towns with considerable populations. But, as has been stated, the herrings taken by the Yarmouth boats are mostly sold as cured fish; that is, as 'bloaters,' 'straitsmen,' 'reds,' and 'blacks.' For home use and a quick sale, the bloaters are only very slightly smoked; in fact, the Yarmouth curers all cure to suit some particular market. The fish are smoked, in houses erected for the purpose, by means of small billets of oak-wood. In order to be hung in these smokeries, the herrings have to be spitted: the spitting is accomplished with great dexterity, the women who run the spits through the gills of the fish being quite as rapid as the eviscerators of Wick. A Yarmouth woman accustomed to the business will spit a last in a day—that is, according to Cocker, 13,000 herrings. It may be explained that the word 'bloat' originated from the herring swelling or bloating during the process of cure.

THE PILCHARD-FISHERY.

An account of the herring-harvest naturally embraces the pilchard and sprat fisheries. The pilchard is very like the common herring,



Pilchard (*Clupea pilchardus*).

being nearly of the same size, only rather thicker; it has the lines of the back and belly straighter, the scales larger and fewer, and the dorsal fin rather further forward. The great field of the pilchard-harvest in Britain is around Land's End. What the common herring is to the people of the north-east coast of Scotland, the pilchard is to the fishers of Cornwall. Of late years, however, the takes have fallen off, owing to the diminution of the shoals. It is on record that as many as 10,000 hogsheads, each containing 2700 fish, have been enclosed in the seines of St Ives in one day. A haul

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of three or four thousand fish in one net is not uncommon. The principal pilchard-fishery is in August and September, and as the season approaches, there is much bustle and preparation. Men called 'huers' walk the cliffs to watch for the approach of the shoal, which is known by the rippling of the water and other signs. When a spot of fish is descried, the huer signals its whereabouts to the fishermen, who lose no time in making for it. Pilchards are mostly caught by the process called seining; for this, two nets are required. The chief or stop-seine is from 160 to 220 fathoms long, and from eight to ten fathoms deep, and has corks attached to one edge, and leaden weights to the other. The boat containing the seine rows rapidly round the shoal, throwing out the net as it proceeds; and when the fish are thus enclosed as in a park, the net is moored by anchors at several points, to keep it in its place, and allow the fish to be taken out at leisure. Before anchoring the seine, it may even be floated, with its contents, inshore to a more convenient place. The other net, the 'tuck-seine' as it is called, is carried round the fish inside the stop-seine; it is of a bellied shape, and by drawing it together, the fish are gathered in a body to the edge, and are then lifted with baskets into boats. On one occasion, when fifty millions of fish were enclosed, it took a fortnight to empty the seine. Besides the two large boats containing the nets, the master-seiner attends in a small boat called the 'lurcher,' or watcher, to direct operations and see that the fish do not escape. A 'concern,' as the whole apparatus of boats and nets is called, requires about sixteen men to work it; it is usually a joint-stock affair among the fishermen themselves, and costs probably a thousand pounds. Drift-nets are sometimes used in the catching of pilchards, and a take of 50,000 by this means is not uncommon.

The method of curing the pilchard is as follows: the fish, when boated ashore from the seine, are carried by the wives and daughters to the curing-houses, where they are 'bulked' or piled up in heaps against the walls, first a layer of fish and then a layer of salt; this is done for the purpose of obtaining the oil with which the fish is largely impregnated, and which forms an article of commerce like the pilchard itself. At the end of thirty days, bulk is broken, the great mass of fish is disturbed, and the salt used is carefully collected by a process of sifting, in order that it may be again made use of. After the work of sifting out the salt has been gone through, the fish are carefully washed, and then packed in great barrels, in which holes have been made. The fish are pressed into the barrels by means of heavy weights, which serve the double purpose of compressing the pilchards, so as to get as many into the barrel as possible, and of squeezing out still more oil than has been obtained by the first process of bulking the fish. The pilchards are exported in great quantities to Spain and Italy, but none of them are smoked, although they are still called 'fumades.' Pilchard-oil is

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in considerable demand for various purposes, and as much as nine gallons has been at times extracted from one hogshead of fish. The prices obtained for the pilchard and the common herring are very similar—varying, of course, as the fish are plentiful or scarce.

THE SPRAT-HARVEST.

The sprat is another well-known and very popular member of the herring family; it is caught in large quantities in the upper reaches of the Firth of Forth, and off the coasts of Kent and Essex during November and December, and the sums derived from the proceeds of the fishery add largely to the grand total of the wealth which this country derives from the sea. The sprat is taken in various ways, on the whole much as the common herring and pilchards are taken, and also by means of very fine bag-nets. Large quantities of the sprats taken in the British seas are cured as sardines, and it is within the mark to say that the annual value of the sprat-fishery is a million sterling. In Scotland, sprats are called 'garvies,' from the place in the Firth of Forth where great numbers of them are taken. In France, again, the sprat is called a sardine; the real sardine is rare. A great sprat or sardine fishery is carried on from Concarneau, on the coast of Brittany, 2500 boats and 11,000 fishermen being engaged in that particular sea-industry. As many as 80,000 barrels of sprats, each barrel containing 3000 of these fish, have been cured in various ways in one year at Concarneau, besides the large quantities sold fresh, and the countless thousands which, boiled in oil, are sent out as sardines. The ground is baited for the sprats with vast quantities of cod-roë, brought from Norway. It is an old idea that the Lord Mayor of London's inaugural banquet is never complete without a dish of sprats. An enormous number of sprats is used in the great metropolis. Mr Mayhew, in his work on *London Labour and the London Poor*, calculated that as many as 4,000,000 pounds' weight of these fish were annually vended by the costermongers.

MISCELLANEOUS FACTS AND FIGURES.

It is impossible to do more than estimate roughly the quantity of herrings caught yearly in the British seas. The Fishery Board takes cognizance only of those that are cured. Speaking roundly, the number of barrels annually cured in the British Islands is a million, each barrel containing 700 herrings. Now, it is not an unreasonable assumption, that an equal quantity is consumed fresh and in other forms not coming within the official returns, and thus we have our seas yielding us the inconceivable number of 1400 millions of one fish; which, at eightpence a dozen, represents a value of nearly four millions of pounds! Notwithstanding this enormous supply, herrings

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are yearly becoming dearer. In the good old times—not so long ago either—‘four a penny’ was a common price; at present (1868–69), the cost runs at about three for twopence; so that the herring is no longer the poor man’s fish. Indeed, the poor man has no fish now, for even sprats have become scarce, and consequently dear. The increase in price might be partly accounted for by the extended range of consumption, owing to the facilities afforded by railways for sending the fish in a fresh state to distant towns. But there is more in it than this; the fish are becoming scarce, or more difficult to catch. The fleet of boats engaged in the herring-fishery is twice as great as it was fifty years ago, and the netting of each boat has been doubled; but the capture is far from keeping pace with this increase of apparatus and labour. In the year 1820, the Wick fleet numbered 604, and each boat had on an average 148 crans; in 1868, there were 983 boats, and the average was only 44½ crans.

Opinions are divided as to the cause of this falling-off in the productiveness of the herring-fields. One set of economists attribute it to ‘over-fishing,’ which is actually, they think, exhausting and breaking up the shoals. Others laugh at this as a mere baseless theory, and an absurd one too. They hold that the shoals are so vast, that it is impossible for man to make any impression on them though he were to multiply his machinery of capture tenfold, and maintain that herrings are as plentiful in the sea as ever, only that they are more difficult to find. The other side reply, that the admitted fact of the fish becoming more and more difficult to find, is a proof that man is making an impression of some kind on the shoals; and that to hold that the fish are not diminished in numbers is a gratuitous assumption. It is an indisputable fact, that certain shoals have been destroyed: the July fishery at Wick, which at one time yielded from twenty to thirty thousand barrels, has dwindled away to a tenth of that quantity, which undoubtedly shews that that particular shoal is becoming exhausted.

THE WHALE-FISHERY.

THE whale-fishery at one time bulked largely in the proceeds of the sea-harvest of Britain; but although the return of the whaling-ships is still announced with interest in the local newspapers, it is no longer felt to mean, as it once did, the success or failure of a great national industry. Forty years ago, as many as 160 vessels of large tonnage left British ports for this pursuit; owing to long-continued want of success, the number is now reduced to less than a third. Luckily for the world, several substitutes for whale-oil have come

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into extensive use—namely, gas for lighting, and petroleum in its various modifications both for lighting and lubrication. There are, however, two or three manufactures, notably the preparation of jute, for which fish-oil is essential; so that the article is still valuable, and would pay well if the fish were as readily found as they once were. It is chiefly from the ports of Peterhead and Dundee that the British whale-fishery continues to be prosecuted.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE WHALE.

The name whale is popularly applied to a good many of the larger kinds of the order of animals called by naturalists Cetaceans or Cetacea. These cetaceans, although living in water and having a fish-like form, are not fishes proper; they belong to the class Mammalia, for they have warm blood, breathe by lungs and not by gills, and bring forth their young alive and suckle them. One section of this order are herbivorous, and are not allowed by some naturalists to be cetaceans proper. Setting them aside, the ordinary or true cetaceans are divided into three families: 1. The *Delphinidæ*, containing the Dolphin, the Porpoise, the Bottlenose or Bottlehead, the Narwhal, &c. 2. The *Physeteridæ* or *Catodontidæ*. Of this family only one member seems to be known—namely, the Cacholot or Spermaceti Whale. 3. The *Balanidæ*, containing the Greenland Whale, the Rorqual, &c.

These creatures all feed on animal food, some of them pursuing and devouring fishes; others, and these the largest, subsisting chiefly on smaller prey, molluscs, small crustaceans, and even zoophytes, which they strain out of the water by a peculiar apparatus in their mouths. None of the true cetacea have molar teeth or grinders; all the teeth which any of them have are conical, but some of the largest are entirely destitute of teeth. The fore-limbs of the true cetacea are mere fins. The resemblance to fishes is increased in many of them by the presence of a dorsal fin. There is a wonderful provision to enable them to spend some time under water, before returning again to the surface to breathe—an arterial plexus or prodigious intertwining of branches of arteries, under the pleura and between the ribs, on each side of the spine. This being filled with oxygenated blood after the animal has spent some time at the surface breathing, the wants of the system are supplied from it whilst breathing is suspended, so that some whales can remain below even for an hour. The position of the nostrils is remarkable, almost on the very top of the head, so that the animal can breathe as soon as the head comes to the surface of the water; and the nostrils are furnished with a valve of singular but very perfect construction, a sort of conical stopper of fibrous substance, preventing the ingress of water even under the pressure of the greatest depths. The nostrils appear to be little

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used for the purpose of smelling, the sense of smell being one which these animals either do not possess at all, or in a very imperfect degree. They are generally called *blow-holes*, from the violent way in which the animal breathes through them. In expiring, a column of mingled air and spray is thrown to a great height into the air, and this *spouting* of the whale, as it is not very correctly called, is one of those wonders of the ocean never to be forgotten by those who have seen it.

A peculiarity in the skin of the true cetacea adapts them for their manner of life. The skin is extremely thick, the inner part of it consisting of elastic fibres interlacing each other in every direction, the interstices of which are filled with oil, forming the substance usually called *blubber*. The oil deposited in this unusual situation, not only serves the ordinary purposes of fat, but that also of keeping the body warm, which to a warm-blooded animal, continually surrounded with water, is of great importance; whilst the elasticity of this extraordinary skin affords protection in the great depths to which some of the whales descend, and in which the pressure must sometimes be enormous.

It is chiefly, however, with two members of the order that we have at present to do, as they alone have been the object of systematic pursuit—namely, the Greenland or ‘Right’ Whale (*Balæna mysticetus*), and the Cacholot or Spmaceti Whale (*Physeter* or *Catodon macrocephalus*).

The species of the genus *Balæna*, to which the Greenland whale belongs, are entirely destitute of teeth, instead of which the palate is furnished with an apparatus of *baleen* or *whalebone*, for the purpose of straining out of the water the small crustaceans and jelly-fish which form the food of these whales. The plates of whalebone in the mouth of a single whale amount to several hundreds on each side of the mouth, and weigh sometimes as much as two tons. They are suspended from the roof of the mouth; none proceed from the lower jaw. They extend on each side from the middle line of the palate, like the barbs of a feather; the base of each plate is embedded in the substance of the membrane that covers the palate, whilst its edge forms a loose fringe, composed of fibres or pliant bristles. The vast mouth being opened, water is taken in; and the small animals which enter with it being retained for food, the water is allowed to escape by the sides of the mouth.

The tongue is a soft thick mass, not extending beyond the back of the mouth. The gullet of these whales is very narrow; it is said not to be more than an inch and a half in diameter even in a large whale, so that only very small animals can pass through it. The head occupies from a third to a fourth of the whole length. The skull is unsymmetrical, the right side being larger than the left. The flesh is red, firm, and coarse. The skin is naked, with the exception of

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a few bristles about the jaws, and its surface is moistened by an oily fluid. The lower surface of the true skin extends into a thick layer of *blubber*. The blubber is from a foot to two feet in thickness, the whole mass in a large whale sometimes weighing more than thirty tons.

It has been attempted to calculate the age of whales from the transverse lines on the plates of baleen, and in this way it has been computed that they attain the age of 800 or 900 years, each transverse line being assumed to indicate an annual check of growth; but it is evident that there is no good ground for the assumption on which such calculation proceeds.

The Greenland or 'right' whale, which is the most important species of the genus, and indeed the most important of all whales, abounds chiefly in the frozen regions of the north; and although it is sometimes seen on the coasts of Britain, and even farther south, the warm seas of the tropics are to it as a wall of fire which it never crosses. The whale which is captured on the coasts of South Africa, New Zealand, and other parts of the southern hemisphere, is a distinct species, distinguished as the Cape Whale (*Balæna Australis*), although resembling the whale of the north both in size and appearance. The size of the Greenland whale was at one time greatly exaggerated, its length being described as from 100 to 120 feet. It is seldom, however, that it exceeds sixty feet. The tail is five or six feet long, and from twenty to twenty-five feet broad. The mouth is fifteen or sixteen feet long. The eyes are not larger than those of an ox, but the sight is acute. The upper parts of the body are black, the under white. The 'cow'-whale produces only one 'calf' or young one at a time, which is from ten to fourteen feet long when born; but the period of gestation is uncertain. The mother displays great affection for her offspring, of which whale-fishers sometimes take undue advantage, harpooning the young one—itsself of little value—in order to secure the mother. Suckling is performed at the surface of the water, and the mother rolls from side to side, that she and the young one may be able to breathe in turn. The usual rate of progress in swimming is about four or five miles an hour, and whales often swim not far beneath the surface of the water, with the mouth wide open to take in water from which to sift food. The whale is capable, however, of swimming with much greater rapidity, and when harpooned, it often descends to a great depth in a few seconds. Its tail is extremely powerful, and a single blow of it is sufficient to destroy a large boat, or toss it and its crew into the air, so that the whale-fishery is attended with no little danger. Whales usually come to the surface to breathe at intervals of eight or ten minutes, but they are capable of remaining under water for half an hour or more. When they come up to breathe, they generally remain on the surface about two minutes, during which they blow eight or nine

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times, and then descend. The noise which they make in blowing is very loud, and the spout of vapour ejected ascends a great height into the air, appearing at a distance like a puff of smoke. They often assume, as if in sport, a vertical position, with the head down, and flap the surface of the water with the tail, making a sound which is heard two or three miles off. The Greenland whale is not properly gregarious, being generally found alone or in pairs, except when numbers are attracted to particular feeding-grounds, as is sometimes the case in the bays and inlets of northern coasts.

The Cacholot or sperm whale may be said to inhabit all seas, although it is most abundant in the southern hemisphere; it is occasionally stranded on the coasts of Britain. The sperm whale sometimes reaches the length of seventy or eighty feet. The head is enormously large, forming about one-half of the entire bulk of the animal, and occupying more than one-third of the entire length. The general colour is very dark gray, nearly black on the upper parts, lighter beneath. Old males, or, in the language of the South Sea whalers, old bull-whales, usually have a large gray spot on the front of the head. The muzzle is very obtuse, almost as if suddenly cut off in front, the breadth of it almost equalling the thickness of the body. In a protuberance on the upper part of it, is the blow-hole, which is single, situated a little on the left side, and in form not unlike the letter S elongated. The mouth is very large and wide; and the throat, unlike that of the Greenland whale, is very wide, sufficiently so to admit the body of a man. The upper jaw projects some feet beyond the lower, and is destitute both of teeth and whalebone; the lower jaw has from 20 to 25 teeth on each side, according to the age of the animal. Just above the eyes, the dorsal line rises considerably; the dorsal fin is also represented by a protuberance about half-way between the neck and the tail: and these parts are seen above water in the ordinary swimming of the animal, which is at the rate of from three to seven miles an hour, and just under the surface of the water, although when alarmed it swims with greater velocity, striking the water upwards and downwards with its tail with great force.

The enormous head of the cacholot is in great part occupied by a cavity in front of and above the skull, called by whalers *the case*, which is a receptacle for spermaceti. This substance being light, it is not wonderful that the animal in swimming raises its head above the surface of the water, which it also often does even when at rest, 'like a black rock in the ocean.' The *case* frequently holds as much as ten large barrels of spermaceti. The substance which it contains is in a semi-fluid state, but hardens on cooling: it consists of spermaceti and oil; the oil is separated by draining and squeezing, and the spermaceti is further purified, till, instead of being a yellow unctuous mass, in which state it is brought home by the whalers, it assumes a beautiful pearly white, flaky, almost crystalline

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appearance. It is chiefly used in making the finer kinds of candles ; it is also an ingredient in various ointments. We learn from Shakspeare that in his time it was believed to be of sovereign efficacy 'for an inward bruise.' The spermaceti was at one time imagined to be the brain of the whale ; what purpose it serves in the animal economy, is not well known, except that already alluded to of giving buoyancy to the fore-part of the huge body. Cavities filled with spermaceti are distributed over the body, and even ramify through the external fat or blubber, although the principal mass is in the head. The blubber of the cacholot is not nearly equal in thickness to that of the Greenland whale, being only about fourteen inches thick on the breast of a large whale, and from eight to eleven inches on other parts of the body. It is called by whalers the *blanket*. The *junk*, a thick elastic mass, which occupies the fore-part of the head, immediately under the *case*, yields also a considerable quantity of sperm-oil.

The cacholot feeds upon fishes and cephalopodous molluscs. Squids and cuttle-fishes appear to be its chief food. It is gregarious in its habits, and the herds are called *schools* by whalers. Five hundred or more have been seen in a single herd. Large herds generally consist of females, with only a few males ; herds of young males also occur ; when solitary individuals are met with, they are almost always old males. Terrible conflicts often take place among the males, and it is not unusual to find the lower jaw deformed in consequence of having been dislocated or broken in these battles.

HISTORY OF THE WHALE-FISHERY.

Norse legends make mention of ships sent to Greenland to catch whales in the ninth century. The Northmen were accustomed to the pursuit on their own coasts ; and when they settled in the north of France, they carried on the fishery in the Bay of Biscay, which was frequented by whales in considerable numbers, until the eager persecution they were subjected to made them disappear about the fifteenth century. As early as 1315 and 1324, there are acts of the English parliament in reference to the whale, decreeing, among other things, that any of those animals that might be cast ashore or captured in the territorial sea should belong to the crown. The whale is thus a royal fish. In 1594, English vessels were sent to the northern whale-fishery off Cape Breton, and one of them lighted on the wreck of two Biscayan whalers, from which she took on board a large quantity of whalebone. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, the seas around Spitzbergen were the chief scene of the fishery. The British Muscovy Company obtained a royal charter, giving them a monopoly of the whale-fishery off the coasts of Spitzbergen, on the pretence of its having been discovered by Sir Hugh Willoughby, although, in fact, it was discovered by the

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Dutch navigator Barentz. Other nations were not disposed to acknowledge the claims of the English; the Dutch in particular sent out a strong fleet, between which and the ships of the Muscovy Company an engagement took place in 1618, and the English were defeated. The Spitzbergen bays and seas were afterwards divided into fishing-stations, allocated to the whalers of the rival nations. No nation now asserts a claim to the exclusive right of whale-fishing in any quarter.

The English for some time prosecuted the whale-fishery sluggishly and with incompetent means; the Dutch carried it on with great vigour and success. During the latter half of the seventeenth century, the Dutch furnished almost all Europe with oil. In 1680, they had 260 ships and about 14,000 men employed in the whale-fishery; but from that time the Dutch fishery began to decline. In 1732, Great Britain attempted to encourage the whale-fishery by a bounty of 30s. a ton to every ship of 200 tons engaged in it, which was raised in 1749 to 40s., reduced to 30s. in 1777, and again raised to 40s. in 1781. The object of the bounty was not only to encourage the trade, but to make it a nursery for seamen. Ships, however, were fitted out rather for the bounty than for the capture of whales, and during the next five years after the reduction of the bounty in 1777, the number of ships employed in the trade was reduced from 105 to 39. After 1781, it rapidly increased, and continued to increase although the bounty was reduced. The bounty was finally altogether withdrawn in 1824. In 1815, when the British whale-fishery was in its most flourishing condition, only 164 ships were engaged in it. The Dutch whale-fishery had in the meantime almost entirely ceased, owing to the national calamities consequent on the French Revolution.

In Britain, the whale-fishery enjoyed almost uninterrupted success from 1795 to 1830. In 1814, for instance, the total catch of the British ships engaged in the fishery was over 20,000 tuns of oil; and in the following year the Hull vessels alone obtained 8000 tuns! The fishery began to decline about the year 1830, when Dundee lost two out of her fleet of nine ships, and obtained only eleven fish. In 1835, Hull lost five vessels out of a fleet of twenty-three whalers, and got very few fish. The year 1836 was also most disastrous for the whaling interest. The ships sent out were comparatively few, and about thirty of them returned empty. The three following years were equally bad; and in 1840, Hull had only two ships bound for the whale-fishing, instead of sixty, as in the days of yore; the average of late years from this port has been three ships.

The New England colonies embarked in this fishery at an early period. At first they fished in boats from their own shores, which were then frequently visited by whales. But about 1740, when the fish ceased to come to be caught, they began to go in ships in search

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of them, both in the northern and southern seas. In the latter half of the eighteenth century, Massachusetts alone employed 304 whale-ships, more than half of which went to the southern seas. Burke in one of his famous orations alluded to the wealth which the Americans derived in his day (1774) from their whale-fisheries. 'We learn,' he says, 'that while some of them draw the line or strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed with their fisheries—no climate that is not witness of their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pursued by this recent people—a people who are still in the gristle, and not hardened into manhood.' Nantucket in Massachusetts was at one time the chief centre of the industry, but New Bedford afterwards attained that position, and is now the greatest whaling-port in the world; although the fishery has of late years materially declined there as well as in Europe.

It was with the capture of the 'right' whale that the New Englanders began; but in 1712, one Christopher Hussey of Nantucket, being driven off shore, fell in with and killed a sperm whale, and from that time the Americans have made the cacholot-fishery in a manner their own. Burke's speech was thought to have incited the fitting-out, in the year 1775, of several British ships for the spermaceti whale-fishery. They were not, however, very successful in their venture; and government in the following year offered bounties to the most successful ship. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, France began to take a successful part in the sperm-oil fishery, and in 1790, we are told the French had at least forty ships engaged in it.

The field of this industry was prodigiously widened when (in 1788) an English ship, stimulated perhaps by the government bounty, which was raised to £700 for the fullest ships, led the way in rounding Cape Horn and pursuing the cacholot in the Pacific. One English vessel, the *Syren*, after an absence of two years and eight months on the coast of Japan, returned with the enormous quantity of 356 tons of sperm-oil! At one time, no less than ninety British ships were engaged in the South Sea fishery; at present there is not one.

THE CAPTURE OF THE WHALE.

In whaling-ships destined for the northern seas, strength is of more importance than speed; they are therefore fortified with additional planks, iron plates, ice-knees, and many timbers and stanchions in the interior. Steam, with the screw propeller, has been recently introduced, and has many obvious advantages. Each ship has a crew of from forty to sixty, and carries from six to eight boats, twenty-five

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feet long, and strongly built. British whalers for the north seas are usually provisioned only for a few months ; but for the distant fisheries of the Pacific, the American whalers lay in a stock of provisions to last them for two or three years. When the oil is *tried-out* on board, as in the South Sea whalers, a supply of casks for storing it is also required ; the Scottish whalers usually bring home the blubber in tanks. An assortment of harpoons and lances is also an essential part of the equipment of a whaler. The harpoon in its simplest form is a barbed spear about five feet long, having a long line attached, and is hurled or plunged by the hand into the animal's side. The gun-harpoon is a short bolt of iron, with the barb at one end, and a ring and chain for the attachment of the line ; this is fired from a small swivel cannon attached to the boat. The hand-harpoon is still preferred by the fishermen. It is a matter of great difficulty and hazard to secure a fish even after it is struck ; and therefore many contrivances have been suggested to make its death more speedy and sure. One of the best was that of Dr Christison of Edinburgh ; which consisted in so placing glass tubes containing prussic acid in the shaft of the harpoon, that when the line was pulled tight they should be broken in the animal's body, and cause instant death. The plan was tried with great success ; but the whale-fishers have a prejudice against so deadly a weapon, and decline to use it : they seem to dread to touch the carcass of a whale that has been killed by such a powerful poison.

If we describe the proceedings of a whale-ship from Dundee or Peterhead to Davis Strait, we shall have described the business of northern whaling generally. The vessels proceeding from those ports are now screw-steamers of 400 to 600 tons, costing each, when fully equipped and provisioned, about £16,000. It is usual for whalers to make a voyage in early spring to the seal-fishing (see page 28). Returning from this, they start again for the whaling-ground ; and they usually anchor for a few days on their way in Bressay Sound, off Lerwick, for the purpose of completing their crews, which are in a great measure composed of Shetlanders. Everybody on board a whaler, from the master to the boys, is paid partly by fixed wages, partly by a certain regulated interest in the proceeds of the voyage. The earnings of a common sailor may average about £40. Harpooners and other functionaries rate higher. If the state of the ice and other circumstances allow a ship to reach the usual haunts of the whale by the beginning of July, there is every chance of success. A constant outlook is now kept from the mast-head ; and as soon as a whale is descried the word is given, and every man rushes to his post, those that happen to be in their hammocks tumbling on deck, it may be, with part of their clothes in their hands. In an incredibly short time, each boat is manned with its appointed crew ; and now begins an exciting contest which boat shall reach the whale first. It may be that another ship has sighted the same fish,

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and sent out her boats in pursuit, and then the rivalry reaches its climax. In the bow sits the harpooner, with his weapon ready, and the line, about one hundred fathoms long, coiled up in a tub beside him. When the boat comes close to the whale, he stands up with two or three coils of the line in one hand, and with the other plunges the harpoon with all his might into the most vital part he can reach. At the same time he gives the word 'Stern all;' and the crew instantly back the boat, to escape the dangerous movement of the whale as it plunges below the surface. It usually dives downward, and, if the harpoon holds fast, the line is run out with such velocity that water must be poured upon it, to prevent the side of the boat from taking fire. The fact of the harpoon 'gripping' is announced by hoisting a flag; and the other boats hasten up to assist, and to furnish, if need be, additional line. Two lengths of line are frequently required; and a fish has been known to run out ten lines. As soon as the animal comes again to the surface to breathe, which is usually in from twenty to sixty minutes, additional harpoons are thrust into it, and each additional boat hoists its signal as it gets fast. Again the fish sinks in the water, or darts away rapidly to a great distance, pulling sometimes the boats along behind it. When it becomes exhausted, endeavours are made to thrust lances into it, which, however, has to be done with caution, as a stroke with the tail or fin of the whale is sufficient to stave in the boat. A whale-hunt often fails; the harpoon may not keep its hold, or the line may get foul, and have to be cut; or the line of the first boat may run out before the second boat comes up to help it. When such mischances occur, the lowering of the flag tells the unwelcome news to the captain, who has been watching the efforts of his crew with the greatest possible anxiety. An hour and a half on an average suffices to kill a fish, though it sometimes takes twice as long. When harpooned or lanced in a vital part, it sometimes dies suddenly and quietly; but oftener it dies hard, lashing the water with its tail into bloody foam with a noise that may be heard miles off.

When dead, the whale is towed to the ship—no easy matter when the distance is great—and made fast to the side. The blubber is cut off with cutting-spades in broad strips of twenty or thirty feet long, and hoisted on deck by tackle, the body being turned over until the whole is stripped. In the meantime others have removed the whalebone from the mouth. This done, the carcass is cast off, a prey to sharks, bears, and vultures. The blubber being cut into smaller pieces, and having the outer skin peeled off, is stowed away in casks or tanks.

The process of fishing the sperm whale is not much different from that just described, but it is attended with rather more danger. The cacholot has a tail as formidable as that of the right whale, while, in addition, it can stave in the side of a ship with its snout, or crush a boat in its mouth. Its speed and endurance in running

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are also greater, and it can continue longer under water. When secured, however, it is a more valuable prize. Sperm-oil, of which a large fish will yield eighty barrels, is purer than the oil of the right whale, and brings a higher price; the spermaceti contained in the head is also valuable. In the intestines, too, there are sometimes found large masses of ambergris, which brings a high price, as much as forty shillings an ounce. When a sperm whale is brought alongside, besides cutting off the blubber, the spermaceti has to be taken out of the head, which is done by lowering buckets into the cavern and scooping out the half-liquid mass. Instead of bringing home the blubber itself, it is boiled down at once; this is called 'trying-out' the oil, and is a very dirty business. The cracknels—that is, the cellular tissue out of which the oil has been squeezed—are used as fuel to heat the pots; and to avoid the smoke and soot in the ship, this operation is performed on shore, wherever it is possible. The blubber of the right whale is sometimes boiled down at sea, when the voyage is long or there is a scarcity of stowage.

In the year 1868, the United States had a whaling-fleet of 338 ships, of which 133 came into port that year, bringing 48,000 barrels of sperm-oil, 68,000 barrels of whale-oil, and 870,000 pounds of whalebone. In the Okhotsk Sea, the average catch in 1867, for the eight vessels engaged there, was 644 barrels. A tun of oil, it may be stated, is 258 gallons. The American barrels are not of any regular size; at one time they were called *lagers*, which were of the size of about half a tun; now their barrels are much smaller, and are called *drums*; but there is no standard. The prices of the two kinds of oil vary according to the supply; sperm-oil is always dearest. 'Whale-oil,' as the produce of the Greenland whale is called, is only about a third of the price of sperm-oil; the one may be three shillings per gallon, while the other is eight shillings and sixpence. About two thousand tuns of whale and seal oil are used every year in Dundee in the jute manufacture; and as the price may be averaged at about £40 per tun, a large sum of money is involved. It may be stated here, as one of the curiosities of the whaling trade, that about the beginning of the crinoline mania, whalebone was sold as high as £500 per ton! The old law that treats of the whale as a royal fish, assigns the tail as a perquisite to the queen, in order to furnish her Majesty's wardrobe with whalebone! We may judge from this how much was then known of this branch of natural history.

THE SEAL-FISHERY.

The capture of the seal divides the attention of the northern whalers with that of the whale itself; and some voyages are undertaken for the seal alone. It is valuable both for its oil and its skin. The oil, being nearly colourless and inodorous, is preferred to whale-oil.

The seal is not a cetacean; it belongs to a distinct family of

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marine mammalia called the *Phocidæ*, in which the transition is seen from the usual mammalian structure to the more marked fish form of the whale group. Seals live chiefly in water, but spend part of their time on shore, basking on rocks, beaches, or ice-fields; and they usually bring forth their young on the ice. They are carnivorous animals, living chiefly on fishes. The common seal on the British coasts shews a high appreciation of salmon—watching the salmon nets, and getting hold of the fish when entrapped. Seals are divided into several genera and species. The species that form the object of pursuit in the arctic fisheries are of the genus *Phoca*. The best known is the Common Seal (*Phoca vitulina*), which is from three



Common Seal (*Phoca vitulina*), attitude when swimming.

to five feet long. Other species are much larger, as the Harp Seal, which is from six to eight feet; and the Great or Bearded Seal, which reaches ten feet and more. The skin of the seal is covered with smooth hair; but in none of the northern species is it fine enough to be prized as fur. The fur-seals are all natives of the southern seas, and are so scarce that only a fraction of the sealskin jackets for which ladies pay such prices are genuine; the greater part are made of dexterously manipulated beaver, rabbit, and other skins.

Many points in the natural history of seals are yet obscure. It is not well known, for instance, what species, or how many species, yield the valuable seal fur of the southern seas. At the meeting of the British Association at Dundee in 1867, it was brought out that the young seals killed in spring are mostly if not altogether males. One experienced master asserted that he had never been able to find a young female, although he had offered a reward to the man who should bring him one. The testimony of the surgeon of the ship was to the same effect. From this some infer that seals must breed twice a year. They produce one or two at a birth.

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The seal-fishery begins early in April, at the 'pupping' season, when the seals are on the ice. We shall suppose a ship arriving at that time off the ice-fields, say near the island of Jan Mayen. The moment a herd of seals is discovered, the crew rush to the scene, and the butchery begins. As many of the old ones as possible are shot before they can escape into the water; the young ones fall a helpless prey, and are ruthlessly clubbed to death. The ice is sometimes covered with seals as far as the eye can reach; and a usual day's work of a ship's crew is to kill from five hundred to eight hundred old seals, along with two thousand young ones. In the year 1866, one ship, the *Camperdown*, 'bagged' the astounding number of twenty-two thousand seals in nine days. To save useless labour, the seals are skinned on the ice; care being taken to bring off the blubber or fat, which is two to three inches thick, along with the skin. A seal sixteen days old will weigh, in its skin, from forty to fifty pounds; this may be divided into blubber, say thirty pounds; skin, six or eight pounds; and 'kran,' or carcass, ten or twelve pounds. Old seals weigh twice or thrice as much. The labour of dragging the skins to the ship, especially if at any distance, is serious; one old skin, or three young, is all that one man can drag at a time. When the skins are brought on board, the blubber is carefully pared off and put into casks or tanks, and the skins stowed away in the hold. The skins are used for a variety of purposes: some are cured with the hair on, and made into carriage rugs, hall mats, sealskin caps, &c.; others are tanned into leather, and used by boot and shoe makers, coach-builders, upholsterers, &c.

PERILS OF THE WHALE-FISHERY.

The annals of the whale-fishery are full of disasters, sufferings, and hairbreadth escapes. Scarcely a year passes that we do not read of some ship having been frozen in, and the crew having had to make their way over the ice or by their boats until they fell in with another vessel, or perhaps having been obliged to winter in those inhospitable regions, but poorly provisioned and equipped. A still more frequent fate is for a ship, in making her way through a lane in the ice, to be crunched up like an egg-shell by the coming together of the floes. A few years ago the *Princess Charlotte*, a Dundee whaler, was so suddenly overtaken in this way, that the men had barely time to escape with their lives when she was reduced to a shapeless mass of splinters: everything was lost, even to the clothes of the crew. Some years are signalised by an unusual number of disasters. In 1830, Dundee lost two out of a very small fleet; and in 1835, of the twenty-three whalers sailing from Hull, no fewer than five were destroyed. The very element of destruction itself affords the means of escaping with life, often attended, however, with great peril and privation. A Dutch captain, named Bille,

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in 1675, lost a richly-laden ship, almost in an instant, and the captain and crew sailed about in their boats for fourteen days before being rescued. Thirteen other ships were wrecked during the same year in the Spitzbergen seas. The powers of endurance often displayed, and the wonderful escapes often made, are well exemplified in the adventure of George Martin, mate of the *Intrepid*, in 1853. Martin was with a party at a considerable distance from the ship, and on the way back happened to be some way behind the rest. They, coming to a lane of water in the ice, made a detour to avoid it; and when Martin came up, he missed the track they had taken, and became completely bewildered. In this condition night came down upon him. He dared not think of rest or sleep, for the numbness of death would soon have stolen over him. Besides, bears were prowling about and trying to approach him. So he had to keep constantly moving and watching. The hope that, with daylight, he would get a sight of the ship, kept him from despair; but when morning came, there was no ship to be seen; and after wandering and looking for a long, long day, he found himself again in darkness, and among the bears. The second night was passed like the first, and the second morning brought still no sign of the ship. All the while there was nothing to eat but raw seal 'kran.' It was not till the third morning that a distant glimpse of the long-looked-for ship gladdened his eyes. Wearied and worn-out, he at last reached it, to the amazement of his shipmates, who, after searching in vain for him in every direction, had concluded that he had fallen a prey to the bears or the cold.

A remarkable tale of the sufferings of a whaling crew, as narrated by the survivors, went the round of the newspapers in the spring of 1867, and thrilled the hearts of all readers. The *Diana*, a steam-whaler belonging to Hull, after the usual halt at Lerwick, sailed from that place for the whaling-ground on the 9th of May, with a crew of fifty men. From June to September the crew were busy at work, although not very successfully. In the beginning of the latter month, the *Diana* was beset with ice, but got free—only, however, to be again hemmed in, to the south of Coutt's Inlet. By the end of September, the crew were subsisting on half-allowance of provisions, and the helpless ship was drifting southwards in the solid ice-bed at the rate of ten miles a day. When off Exeter Sound, they hung a burning mass of tow and oil at the yard-arm, to attract attention, but the weather was so foggy that no one could see them. To add to their alarm, the vessel sustained some heavy ice-nips, and, as if to cap the misery of the crew, she also sprung a leak. An attempt was first made to live upon the ice in tents; but, after a brief trial, the cold made it necessary to return to the ship. Captain Gravell, the commander, died on the 26th of December, having previously given the crew instructions how to act. Gradually the fuel of the ship became used up; the spare wood that was stowed on board was burned; the

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whaling-boats, too, had ultimately to be consumed. Casks of oil were used, one after the other, for cooking. But Frost was at that time king of the arctic regions ; the breath of the men froze around them, and, to add to their misery, their stores, notwithstanding their great economy, began to fail—even to the tobacco. Scurvy at last attacked the crew, and two of them died ; before they got out of the ice, all the rest were more or less prostrate. ‘Take away the dead man from me,’ said one of the crew who awoke one morning and found his bed-fellow dead. On March the 17th, the ship at length drove out of the solid ice between Resolution Islands. Getting into the open, the *Diana* made at once for Shetland, meeting with various misfortunes : three of the watch dropped down at the pumps the night before the *Diana* anchored in St Rona’s Voe ; and just as the ship came into port, another man died. All who survived were weary and worn—some in bed, others crawling about their duty faint and weak ; the poor boys of the ship looking like weird and withered old men. All the crew of the ship that had left about twelve months before were on board, from the captain to the youngest boy ; but the captain and nine of his gallant men were dead—they lay stark and grim on the bridge of the ship as she sailed into the haven.





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GRIZEL COCHRANE.

THE age which this noble woman adorned with her life and heroic actions, was that gloomy one extending between the Restoration and Revolution (from 1660 to 1688), when the Scottish nation suffered under a cruel oppression, on account of their conscientious scruples respecting the existing forms of church and state. Three insurrections, more bold than wise, marked the impatience of the Scotch under this bloody rule; but it was with the last solely that Grizel Cochrane was connected.

Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree, the father of our heroine, was the second son of the first Earl of Dundonald, and the ancestor of the present line of that noble and ingenious family. He was a distinguished friend of Sidney, Russell, and other illustrious men, who signalised themselves in England by their opposition to the court; and he had so long endeavoured in vain to procure some improvement in the national affairs, that he at length began to despair of his country altogether, and formed the design of emigrating to America. Having gone to London in 1683, with a view to a colonising expedition to South Carolina, he became involved in the deliberations of the Whig party, which at that time tended towards a general insurrection in England and Scotland, for the purpose of forcing an alteration of the royal councils, and the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne. In furtherance of this plan, Sir John pledged himself to assist the Earl of Argyll in raising the

malcontents in Scotland. This earl was, if not the acknowledged head of the party in that kingdom, at least the man of highest rank who espoused its interests.

By the treachery of some of the subordinate agents, this design was detected prematurely; and while some were unfortunately taken and executed, among whom were Sidney and Lord Russell, the rest fled from the kingdom. Of the latter number were the Earl of Argyll, Sir John Cochrane, and Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth—the last a patriot rivalling Cochrane in talent and purity of motives, and also, like him, destined to experience the devotedness of a daughter's love. The fugitives found safety in Holland, where they remained in peace till the death of Charles II., in February 1685, when the Duke of York, the object, politically, of their greatest detestation, became king. It was then determined to invade Scotland with a small force, to embody the Highland adherents of Argyll with the west-country Presbyterians, and, marching into England, to raise the people as they moved along, and not rest till they had produced the desired melioration of the state. The expedition sailed in May; but the government was enabled to take such precautions as, from the very first, proved a complete frustration to their designs. Argyll lingered timidly in his own country, and finally, against the advice of Cochrane and Hume, who were his chief officers, made some unfortunate movements, which ended in the entire dissolution of his army, and his own capture and death. While this well-meaning but weak nobleman committed himself to a low disguise, in the vain hope of effecting his escape, Sir John Cochrane and Sir Patrick Hume headed a body of 200 men, formed out of the relics of the army, and bravely resolved, even with that small force, to attempt the accomplishment of their original intention—namely, a march into England. They accordingly crossed the Clyde into Renfrewshire, where they calculated on obtaining some reinforcement. The boats on this occasion being insufficient to transport the whole at once, the first party, headed by the two patriots, was obliged to contend, on the opposite bank of the river, with a large squadron of militia, while the boats returned for the remainder; after which the united force caused their opponents to retreat. The militia returned, however, in greater force, and renewed the assault at a place called Muirdykes, in the parish of Lochwinnoch.

They were now commanded by Lord Ross and Captain Clellan, and amounted to two troops, while Sir John Cochrane's men had decreased to seventy in number. In this predicament, they were called on by the royal troops to lay down their arms, and surrender themselves prisoners. Preferring the risk of death on the field to the tender mercies of a vindictive foe, they rejected the terms with disdain, and entering a sheepfold, used its frail sod-walls as a defence against the furious attack of the enemy, whom, after a keen conflict, in which every man fought hand to hand with his opponents,

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they at length succeeded in beating off, with the loss of their captain and some other men, while Lord Ross was wounded. Cochrane however, soon after learned that the enemy was returning with a great reinforcement, and fearing that he could not much longer defend himself on the field, retired with his troops to a neighbouring wilderness or morass, where he dismissed them, with the request that each man would provide the best way he could for his own safety. For himself, having received two severe contusions in the body during the engagement, and being worn out with fatigue, he sought refuge in the house of his uncle, Mr Gavin Cochrane of Craigmuir, who lived at no great distance from the place of encounter. This gentleman, however, as it unfortunately happened, had married a sister of the Captain Clellan killed in the late battle, and filled with revenge for the death of her brother, this lady secretly informed against her guest, who was immediately seized, and removed to Edinburgh, where, after being paraded through the streets, bound and bareheaded, and conducted by the common executioner, he was lodged in the Tolbooth, on the 3d of July 1685, there to await his trial as a traitor. The day of trial came, and he was condemned to death, in spite of the most strenuous exertions of his aged father, the Earl of Dundonald, who, having received his title from the hands of Charles II., had, from motives of honour, never conspired against him.

Where is the tongue that can express all the secret and varied anguish that penetrates the yearning heart, when about to leave for ever the warm precincts of mortality, to quit the loving charities of life, and to have all the cords which bound it to existence suddenly torn asunder? Natural strength of mind may suffice to conceal much of this mortal conflict, or even to hide it altogether from the eye of the careless observer, but still it is at work within, and grapples in deadly struggle with the spirit.

Such was the state of Sir John Cochrane's mind on the night of his condemnation, when left once more to the gloomy solitude of his prison. It was not the parting stroke of death he feared, however sharp. He was a father, loving and beloved; and the thoughts of the sorrow his children were doomed to suffer on his account, wrung his heart; and burning tears, which his own fate could not have called forth, were shed for them. No friend or relative had been permitted to see him from the time of his apprehension; but it was now signified to him that any of his family he desired to communicate with might be allowed to visit him. Anxious, however, to deprive his enemies of an opportunity of an accusation against his sons, he immediately conveyed to them his earnest entreaties, and indeed commands, that they should refrain from availing themselves of this leave till the night before his execution. This was a sacrifice which it required his utmost fortitude to make; and it had left him to a sense of the most desolate loneliness, insomuch that, when, late in the evening, he heard his prison-door unlocked, he lifted not his

eyes towards it, imagining that the person who entered could only be the jailer, who was particularly repulsive in his countenance and manner. What, then, was his surprise and momentary delight when he beheld before him his only daughter, and felt her arms entwining his neck! Yet, when he looked on her face, and saw the expression it bore of mute despairing agony, more fearful than the most frantic manifestations of misery, and marked her pale cheeks, which no longer bloomed with the tints of health and happiness, and felt the cold dampness of her brow, he thought himself wrong for having given way for an instant to the joy her presence had created, and every other sensation fled before his fear of what might be the consequence to her of this interview.

Sir John had no sooner, however, expressed his feelings on this subject, than his daughter became sensible that, in order to palliate his misery, she must put a strong curb upon her own, and in a short time was calm enough to enter into conversation with her father upon the dismal subject of his present situation, and to deliver a message from the old earl, her grandfather, by which he was informed that an appeal had been made from him to the king, and means taken to propitiate Father Peters, his majesty's confessor, who, it was well known, often dictated to him in matters of state. It appeared evident, however, by the turn which their discourse presently took, that neither father nor daughter was at all sanguine in their hopes from this negotiation. The Earl of Argyll had been executed but a few days before, as had also several of his principal adherents, though men of less consequence than Sir John Cochrane; and it was therefore improbable that he, who had been so conspicuously active in the insurrection, should be allowed to escape the punishment which his enemies had it now in their power to inflict. Besides all this, the treaty to be entered into with Father Peters would require some time to adjust, and meanwhile the arrival of the warrant for execution must every day be looked for.

Under these circumstances, several days passed, each of which found Miss Grizel Cochrane an inmate of her father's prison for as many hours as she was permitted. During these interviews of the father and daughter, while heart clung unto heart, they reaped all the consolation which an undisguised knowledge of the piety and courage of each could bestow. Still, after such intercourse, the parting scene which they anticipated seemed more and more dreadful to think of; and as the daughter looked on the pale and dejected countenance of her parent, her bosom was penetrated with the sharpest pangs. The love of her father might be termed a component part of her nature. She had cherished this filial love ever since she possessed a consciousness of thought, and it was now strong and absorbing, in proportion to the danger in which he stood. Grizel Cochrane was only at that period eighteen years old; but it is the effect of such perilous times as those in which she lived

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to sober the reckless spirit of youth, and make men and women of children. She had, however, a natural strength of character, that would on all extraordinary occasions have displayed itself without such a tuition, and which, being now joined with what she conceived the necessity of the case, rendered her capable of a deed which has caused her history to vie with that of the most distinguished of heroines.

Ever since her father's condemnation, her daily and nightly thoughts had dwelt on the fear of her grandfather's communication with the king's confessor being rendered unavailable, for want of the time necessary for enabling the friends in London, to whom it was trusted, to make their application, and she boldly determined to execute a plan whereby the arrival of the death-warrant would be retarded. A short time, therefore, before it was expected by the council in Edinburgh, she thought it necessary, in her visit to her father, to mention that some urgent affair would prevent her from seeing him again for a few days. Alarmed at this, and penetrating her design of effecting somewhat in his favour, he warned her against attempting impossibilities.

'Nothing is impossible to a determined mind,' said she, 'and fear nothing for me.'

'But the inexperience of youth, my child,' he replied, 'may involve you in danger and in blame; and did you but know the characters of those you must encounter, while vainly pleading for your father's life, you would fear, as I do, the sullying of your fair fame.'

'I am a Cochrane, my father,' said the heroic girl—an answer how brief, but to him how expressive! He could say no more: he beheld in his child, so young, so beautiful, and so self-devoted, all the virtues of her race combined; and he felt for the moment that the courage she had prayed for would be granted, to carry her through the undertaking she meditated, whatever that might be. She felt grateful to her father that he did not urge her further; but she trembled as she turned, at her departure, to catch another look of those loved and venerated features, for his eye appeared to be following her with a parting expression, which seemed to say it was the last fond look.

At that time, horses were used as a mode of conveyance so much more than cafrriages, that almost every gentlewoman had her own steed; and Miss Cochrane, being a skilful rider, was possessed of a well-managed palfrey, on whose speed and other good qualities she had been accustomed to depend. On the morning after she had bid her father farewell, long ere the inhabitants of Edinburgh were astir, she found herself many miles on the road to the Borders. She had taken care to attire herself in a manner which corresponded with the design of passing herself off for a young serving-woman journeying on a borrowed horse to the house of her mother, in a distant part of the country; and by only resting at solitary cottages, where she generally found the family out at work, save perhaps an old woman

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or some children, she had the good-fortune, on the second day after leaving Edinburgh, to reach in safety the abode of her old nurse, who lived on the English side of the Tweed, four miles beyond the town of Berwick. In this woman she knew she could place implicit confidence, and to her, therefore, she revealed her secret. She had resolved, she said, to make an attempt to save her father's life, by stopping the postman, an equestrian like herself, and forcing him to deliver up his bags, in which she expected to find the fatal warrant. Singular as such a determination may appear in a delicate young woman, especially if we consider that she was aware of the arms always carried by the man to whose charge the mail was committed, it is nevertheless an undoubted fact that such was her resolve. In pursuance of this design, she had brought with her a brace of small pistols, together with a horseman's cloak, tied up in a bundle, and hung on the crutch of her saddle; and now borrowed from her nurse the attire of her foster-brother, which, as he was a slight-made lad, fitted her reasonably well.

At that period, all those appliances which at this day accelerate the progress of the traveller were unknown, and the mail from London, which now arrives in twelve hours, took eight days in reaching the Scottish capital. Miss Cochrane thus calculated on a delay of sixteen or seventeen days in the execution of her father's sentence—a space of time which she deemed amply sufficient to give a fair trial to the treaty set on foot for his liberation. She had, by means which it is unnecessary here to detail, possessed herself of the most minute information with regard to the places at which the postmen rested on their journey, one of which was a small public-house, kept by a widow, on the outskirts of the little town of Belford. There the man who received the bag at Durham was accustomed to arrive about six o'clock in the morning, and take a few hours' repose before proceeding farther on his journey. In pursuance of the plan laid down by Miss Cochrane, she arrived at this inn about an hour after the man had composed himself to sleep, in the hope of being able, by the exercise of her wit and dexterity, to ease him of his charge.

Having put her horse into the stable—which was a duty that devolved on the guests at this little public-house, from its mistress having no hostler—she entered the only apartment which the house afforded, and demanded some refreshment. 'Sit down at the end of that table,' said the old woman, 'for the best I have to give you is there already; and be pleased, my bonny man, to make as little noise as you can, for there's ane asleep in that bed that I like ill to disturb.' Miss Cochrane promised fairly; and after attempting to eat some of the viands, which were the remains of the sleeping man's meal, she asked for some cold water.

'What!' said the old dame, as she handed it to her, 'ye are a water-drinker, are ye? It's but an ill custom for a change-house.'

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‘I am aware of that,’ replied her guest, ‘and therefore, when in a public-house, always pay for it the price of the stronger potation, which I cannot take.’

‘Indeed—well, that is but just,’ responded the dame; ‘and I think the more of you for such reasonable conduct.’

‘Is the well where you get this water near at hand?’ said the young lady; ‘for if you will take the trouble to bring me some from it, as this is rather warm, it shall be considered in the reckoning.’

‘It is a good bit off,’ said the woman; ‘but I cannot refuse to fetch some for such a civil discreet lad, and will be as quick as I can. But, for any sake, take care and don’t meddle with these pistols,’ she continued, pointing to a pair of pistols on the table, ‘for they are loaded, and I am always terrified for them.’

Saying this, she disappeared; and Miss Cochrane, who would have contrived some other errand for her, had the well been near, no sooner saw the door shut than she passed, with trembling eagerness, and a cautious but rapid step, across the floor to the place where the man lay soundly sleeping, in one of those close wooden bedsteads common in the houses of the poor, the door of which was left half open to admit the air, and which she opened still wider, in the hope of seeing the mail-bag, and being able to seize upon it. But what was her dismay when she beheld only a part of the integument which contained what she would have sacrificed her life a thousand times to obtain, just peeping out from below the shaggy head and brawny shoulders of its keeper, who lay in such a position upon it as to give not the smallest hope of its extraction without his being aroused from his nap! A few bitter moments of observation served to convince her that, if she obtained possession of this treasure, it must be in some other way; and again closing the door of the bed, she approached the pistols, and having taken them one by one from the holsters, she as quickly as possible drew out their loading, which having secreted, she returned them to their cases, and resumed her seat at the foot of the table. Here she had barely time to recover from the agitation into which the fear of the man’s awaking during her recent occupation had thrown her, when the old woman returned with the water; and having taken a draught, of which she stood much in need, she settled her account much to her landlady’s content, by paying for the water the price of a pot of beer. Having then carelessly asked and ascertained how much longer the other guest was likely to continue his sleep, she left the house, and mounting her horse, set off at a trot in a different direction from that in which she had arrived.

Making a circuit of two or three miles, she once more fell into the high-road between Belford and Berwick, where she walked her horse gently on, awaiting the coming up of the postman. Though all her faculties were now absorbed in one aim, and the thought of her father’s deliverance still reigned supreme in her mind, she could

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not help occasionally figuring to herself the possibility of her tampering with the pistols being discovered, and their loading replaced, in which case it was more than likely that her life would be the forfeit of the act she meditated. A woman's fears would still intrude, notwithstanding all her heroism, and the glorious issue which promised to attend the success of her enterprise. When she at length saw and heard the postman advancing behind her, the strong necessity of the case gave her renewed courage; and it was with perfect coolness that, on his coming close up, she civilly saluted him, put her horse into the same pace with his, and rode on for some way in his company. He was a strong thick-set fellow, with a good-humoured countenance, which did not seem to Miss Cochrane, as she looked anxiously upon it, to savour much of hardy daring. He rode with the mail-bags strapped firmly to his saddle in front, close to the holsters (for there were two), one containing the letters direct from London, and the other those taken up at the different post-offices on the road. After riding a short distance together, Miss Cochrane deemed it time, as they were nearly half-way between Belford and Berwick, to commence her operations. She therefore rode nearly close to her companion, and said, in a tone of determination: 'Friend, I have taken a fancy for those mail-bags of yours, and I must have them; therefore, take my advice, and deliver them up quietly, for I am provided for all hazards. I am mounted, as you see, on a fleet steed; I carry firearms; and, moreover, am allied with those who are stronger, though not bolder than myself. You see yonder wood,' she continued, pointing to one at the distance of about a mile, with an accent and air meant to carry intimidation. 'Again, I say, take my advice; give me the bags, and speed back the road you came for the present, nor dare to approach that wood for at least two or three hours to come.'

There was in such language from a stripling something so surprising, that the man looked on Miss Cochrane for an instant in silent and unfeigned amazement. 'If,' said he, as soon as he found his tongue, 'you mean, my young master, to make yourself merry at my expense, you are welcome. I am no sour churl to take offence at the idle words of a foolish boy. But if,' he said, taking one of his pistols from the holster, and turning its muzzle towards her, 'you are mad enough to harbour one serious thought of such a matter, I am ready for you. But, methinks, my lad, you seem at an age when robbing a garden or an old woman's fruit-stall would befit you better, if you must turn thief, than taking his majesty's mails from a stout man such as I am upon his highway. Be thankful, however, that you have met with one who will not shed blood if he can help it, and sheer off before you provoke me to fire.'

'Nay,' said his young antagonist, 'I am not fonder of bloodshed than you are; but if you will not be persuaded, what can I do? For I have told you a truth—that *mail I must and will have*. So now

choose,' she continued as she drew one of the small pistols from under her cloak, and deliberately cocking it, presented it in his face.

'Nay, then, your blood be on your own head,' said the fellow, as he raised his hand and fired his pistol, which, however, only flashed in the pan. Dashing the weapon to the ground, he lost not a moment in pulling out the other, which he also aimed at his assailant, and fired with the same result. In a transport of rage and disappointment, the man sprang from his horse, and made an attempt to seize her; but, by an adroit use of her spurs, she eluded his grasp, and placed herself out of his reach. Meanwhile, his horse had moved forward some yards, and to see and seize the advantage presented by this circumstance was one and the same to the heroic girl, who, darting toward it, caught the bridle, and having led her prize off about a hundred yards, stopped while she called to the thunderstruck postman to remind him of her advice about the wood. She then put both horses to their speed, and on turning to look at the man she had robbed, had the pleasure of perceiving that her mysterious threat had taken effect, and he was now pursuing his way back to Belford.

Miss Cochrane speedily entered the wood to which she had alluded, and tying the strange horse to a tree, out of all observation from the road, proceeded to unfasten the straps of the mail. By means of a sharp penknife, which set at defiance the appended locks, she was soon mistress of the contents, and with an eager hand broke open the government dispatches, which were unerringly pointed out to her by their address to the Council in Edinburgh, and their imposing weight and broad seals of office. Here she found not only the fatal warrant for her father's death, but also many other sentences inflicting different degrees of punishment on various delinquents. These, however, it may readily be supposed, she did not then stop to examine: she contented herself with tearing them into small fragments, and placing them carefully in her bosom.

The intrepid girl now mounted her steed, and rode off, leaving all the private papers where she had found them, imagining (what eventually proved the case) that they would be discovered ere long, from the hints she had thrown out about the wood, and thus reach their proper places of destination. She now made all haste to reach the cottage of her nurse, where, having not only committed to the flames the fragments of the dreaded warrant, but also the other obnoxious papers, she quickly resumed her female garments, and was again, after this manly and daring action, the simple and unassuming Miss Grizel Cochrane. Leaving the cloak and pistols behind her, to be concealed by her nurse, she again mounted her horse, and directed her flight towards Edinburgh, and, by avoiding as much as possible the high-road, and resting at sequestered cottages, as she had done before, and that only twice for a couple of hours each time, she reached town early in the morning of the next day.

It must now suffice to say, that the time gained by the heroic act

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related above was productive of the end for which it was undertaken, and that Sir John Cochrane was pardoned, at the instigation of the king's favourite counsellor, who interceded for him in consequence of receiving a bribe of five thousand pounds from the Earl of Dundonald. Of the feelings which on this occasion filled the heart of his courageous and devoted daughter, we cannot speak in adequate terms; and it is perhaps best, at anyrate, to leave them to the imagination of the reader. The state of the times was not such for several years as to make it prudent that her adventure should be publicly known; but after the Revolution, when the country was at length relieved from persecution and danger, and every man was at liberty to speak of the trials he had undergone, and the expedients by which he had mastered them, her heroism was neither unknown nor unapproved. Miss Cochrane afterwards married Mr Ker of Morriston, in the county of Berwick; and there can be little doubt that she proved equally affectionate and amiable as a wife, as she had already been dutiful and devoted as a daughter.

BRUNTFIELD.

AMONG the many family quarrels which arose out of the civil contentions in Scotland during the reign of Queen Mary, there was one of a melancholy and remarkable nature which sprung up between Stephen Bruntfield of Craighouse and Robert Moubray of Barnbogle. Bruntfield was an adherent of the queen; Moubray attached himself to the more prosperous cause of the Regent Murray, who rewarded him with a gift of his deceased elder brother's estate, to the exclusion of his niece, Catherine Moubray. The cause of Moubray's enmity to Bruntfield is uncertain; it is only known that, having succeeded (December 1572) in taking Craighouse for the regent, after a siege of two months, he barbarously slew its unfortunate proprietor while conducting him, under a promise of protection, to Edinburgh. The scene of this bloody deed is still pointed out at the upper part of a common in the southern environs of the city, called, from the circumstance, *Bruntfield Links*.*

Bruntfield left a widow and three infant sons. His widow, the lady of Craighouse, had been an intimate of Queen Mary from her early years; was educated with her in France in the Catholic faith; and had left her court to become the wife of Bruntfield. It was a time calculated to change the natures of women as well as of men. The severity with which her religion was treated in Scotland, the wrongs of her royal mistress, and finally the murder of her husband, acting upon a mind naturally enthusiastic, all conspired to alter the character of Marie Carmichael, and substitute for the rosy hues of

* In Scotland, open downs are usually called Links.

her early years the gloom of the sepulchre and the penitentiary. She continued, after the restoration of peace, to reside in the house of her late husband; but though it was within two miles of the city, she did not for many years reappear in public. With no society but that of her children, and the persons necessary to attend upon them, she mourned in secret over past events, seldom stirring from a particular apartment, which, in accordance with a fashion by no means uncommon, she had caused to be hung with black, and which was solely illuminated by a lamp. In the most rigorous observances of her faith she was assisted by a priest, whose occasional visits formed almost the only intercourse which she maintained with the external world.

One strong passion gradually acquired a complete sway over the mind of the lady of Craighouse—**REVENGE**—a passion which the practice of the age had invested with a conventional respectability, and which no kind of religious feeling then known was able either to check or soften. So entirely was she absorbed by this fatal passion, that her very children at length ceased to have interest or merit in her eyes, except in so far as they appeared likely to be the means of gratifying it. One after another, as they reached the age of fourteen, she sent them to France, in order to be educated; but the accomplishment to which they were enjoined to direct their principal attention was that of martial exercises. The eldest, Stephen, returned at eighteen a strong and active youth, with a mind of little polish or literary information, but considered a perfect adept at sword-play. As his mother surveyed his noble form, a smile stole into the desert of her wan and widowed face, as a winter sunbeam wanders over a waste of snows; but it was a smile of more than motherly pride: she was estimating the power which that frame would have in contending with the murderous Moubray. She was not alone pleased with the handsome figure of her first-born child; but she thought with a fiercer and faster joy upon the appearance which it would make in the single combat against the slayer of his father. Young Bruntfield, who, having been from his earliest years trained to the purpose now contemplated by his mother, rejoiced in the prospect, now lost no time in preferring before the king (James VI.) a charge of murder against the Laird of Barnbogle, whom he at the same time challenged, according to a custom then not altogether abrogated, to prove his innocence in single combat. The king having granted the necessary licence, the fight took place in the royal park, near the palace; and, to the surprise of all assembled, young Bruntfield fell under the powerful sword of his adversary.

The intelligence of this sad event was communicated to his mother at Craighouse, where she was found in her darkened chamber prostrate before an image of the Virgin. The priest who had been commissioned to break the news, opened his discourse in a tone

intended to prepare her for the worst; but she cut him short at the very beginning with a frantic exclamation: 'I know what you would tell—the murderer's sword has prevailed, and there are now but two, instead of three, to redress their father's wrongs!' The melancholy incident, after the first burst of feeling, seemed only to have concentrated and increased that passion by which she had been engrossed for so many years. She appeared to feel that the death of her eldest son only formed an addition to that debt which it was the sole object of her existence to see discharged. 'Roger,' she said, 'will have the death of his brother as well as that of his father to avenge. Animated by such a double object, his arm can hardly fail to be successful.'

Roger returned about two years after, a still handsomer, more athletic, and more accomplished youth than his brother. Instead of being daunted by the fate of Stephen, he burned but the more eagerly to wipe out the injuries of his house with the blood of Moubray. On his application for a licence being presented to the court, it was objected by the crown lawyers that the case had been already closed by *mal fortune* of the former challenger. But while this was the subject of their deliberation, the applicant caused so much annoyance and fear in the court circle by the threats which he gave out against the enemy of his house, that the king, whose inability to procure respect either for himself or for the law is well known, thought it best to decide in favour of his claim. Roger Bruntfield, therefore, was permitted to fight in *barras* with Moubray; but the same fortune attended him as that which had already deprived the widow of her first child. Slipping his foot in the midst of the combat, he reeled to the ground, embarrassed by his cumbrous armour. Moubray, according to the barbarous practice of the age, immediately sprang upon and despatched him. 'Heaven's will be done!' said the widow, when she heard of the fatal incident; 'but, thank God! there still remains another chance.'

Henry Bruntfield, the third and last surviving son, had all along been the favourite of his mother. Though apparently cast in a softer mould than his two elder brothers, and bearing all the marks of a gentler and more amiable disposition, he in reality cherished the hope of avenging his father's death more deeply in the recesses of his heart, and longed more ardently to accomplish that deed than any of his brothers. His mind, naturally susceptible of the softest and tenderest impressions, had contracted the enthusiasm of his mother's wish in its strongest shape; as the fairest garments are capable of the deepest stain. The intelligence, which reached him in France, of the death of his brothers, instead of bringing to his heart the alarm and horror which might have been expected, only braced him to the adventure which he now knew to be before him. From this period, he forsook the elegant learning which he had heretofore delighted to cultivate. His nights were spent in poring

over the memoirs of distinguished knights—his days were consumed in the tilt-yard of the sword-player. In due time he entered the French army, in order to add to mere science that practical hardihood, the want of which he conceived to be the cause of the death of his brothers. Though the sun of chivalry was now declining, it was not yet altogether set: Montmorency, Constable of France, was but lately dead; as was also Bayard, the knight of all others who has merited the motto, *sans peur et sans reproche*. Of the lives and actions of such men, Henry Bruntfield was a devout admirer and imitator. No young knight kept a firmer seat upon his horse—none complained less of the severities of campaigning—none cherished lady's love with a fonder, purer, or more devout sensation. On first being introduced at the court of Henry III., he had signalled, as a matter of course, Catherine Moubray, the disinherited niece of his father's murderer, who had been educated in a French convent by her other relatives, and was now provided for in the household of the queen. The connection of this young lady with the tale of his own family, and the circumstance of her being a sufferer in common with himself by the wickedness of one individual, would have been enough to create a deep interest respecting her in his breast. But when, in addition to these circumstances, we consider that she was beautiful, was highly accomplished, and in many other respects qualified to engage his affections, we can scarcely be surprised that *that* was the result of their acquaintance. Upon one point alone did these two interesting persons ever think differently. Catherine, though inspired by her friends from infancy with an entire hatred of her cruel relative, contemplated, with fear and aversion, the prospect of her lover being placed against him in deadly combat, and did all in her power to dissuade him from his purpose. Love, however, was of little avail against the still more deeply rooted passion which had previously occupied his breast. Flowers thrown upon a river might have been as effectual in staying its course towards the cataract, as the gentle entreaties of Catherine Moubray in withholding Henry Bruntfield from the enterprise for which his mother had reared him—for which his brothers had died—for which he had all along moved and breathed.

At length, accomplished with all the skill which could then be acquired in arms, glowing with all the earnest feelings of youth, Henry returned to Scotland. On reaching his mother's dwelling, she clasped him, in a transport of varied feeling, to her breast, and for a long time could only gaze upon his elegant person. 'My last and dearest,' she at length said; 'and thou too art to be adventured upon this perilous course! Much have I bethought me of the purpose which now remains to be accomplished. I have not been without a sense of dread lest I be only doing that which is to sink my soul in flames at the day of reckoning; but yet there has been that which comforts me also. Only yesternight, I dreamed

that your father appeared before me. In his hand he held a bow and three goodly shafts—at a distance appeared the fierce and sanguinary Moubray. He desired me to shoot the arrows at that arch-traitor, and I gladly obeyed. A first and a second he caught in his hand, broke, and trampled on with contempt. But the third shaft, which was the fairest and goodliest of all, pierced his guilty bosom, and he immediately expired. The revered shade at this gave me an encouraging smile, and withdrew. My Henry, thou art that *third arrow* which is at length to avail against the shedder of our blood. The dream seems a revelation, given especially that I may have comfort in this enterprise, otherwise so revolting to a mother's feelings.'

Young Bruntfield saw that his mother's wishes had only imposed upon her reason, but he made no attempt to break the charm by which she was actuated, being glad, upon any terms, to obtain her sanction for that adventure to which he was himself impelled by feelings considerably different. He therefore began, in the most deliberate manner, to take measures for bringing on the combat with Moubray. The same legal objections which had stood against the second duel were maintained against the third; but public feeling was too favourable to the object to be easily withstood. The Laird of Barnbogle, though somewhat past the bloom of life, was still a powerful and active man, and instead of expressing any fear to meet this third and more redoubted warrior, rather longed for a combat which promised, if successful, to make him one of the most renowned swordsmen of his time. He had also heard of the attachment which subsisted between Bruntfield and his niece; and, in the contemplation of an alliance which might give some force to the claims of that lady upon his estate, found a deeper and more selfish reason for accepting the challenge of his youthful enemy. King James himself protested against stretching the law as to duelling so far; but, sensible that there would be no peace between either the parties or their adherents till it should be decided in a fair combat, he was fain to grant the required licence.

The fight was appointed to take place on Cramond Inch, a low grassy island in the Firth of Forth, opposite the castle of Barnbogle. All the preparations were made in the most approved manner by the young Duke of Lennox, who had been the friend of Bruntfield in France. On a level spot, close to the northern beach of the islet, a space was marked off, and strongly secured by a paling. The spectators, who were almost exclusively gentlemen, sat upon a rising-ground beside the enclosure, while the space toward the sea was quite clear. At one end, surrounded by his friends, stood the Laird of Barnbogle, a huge and ungainly figure, whose features displayed a mixture of ferocity and hypocrisy in the highest degree displeasing. At the other, also attended by a host of family allies and friends, stood the gallant Henry Bruntfield, who, if divested of his armour,

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might have realised the idea of a winged Mercury. A seat was erected close beside the barras for the Duke of Lennox and other courtiers who were to act as judges; and at a little distance upon the sea lay a small decked vessel, with a single female figure on board. After all the proper ceremonies which attended this strange legal custom had been gone through, the combatants advanced into the centre, and planting foot to foot, each with his heavy sword in his hand, awaited the command which should let them loose against each other, in a combat which both knew would only be closed with the death of one or the other.

The word being given, the fight commenced. Moubray, almost at the first pass, gave his adversary a cut in the right limb, from which the blood was seen to flow profusely. But Bruntfield was enabled, by this mishap, to perceive the trick upon which his antagonist chiefly depended, and by taking care to avoid it, put Moubray to his mettle. The fight then proceeded for a few minutes without either gaining the least advantage over the other. Moubray was able to defend himself pretty successfully from the cuts and thrusts of his antagonist, but he could make no impression in return. The question then became one of time. It was evident that, if no lucky stroke should take effect beforehand, he who first became fatigued with the exertion would be the victim. Moubray felt his disadvantage as the elder and bulkier man, and began to fight most desperately, and with less caution. One tremendous blow, for which he seemed to have gathered his last strength, took effect upon Bruntfield, and brought him upon his knee in a half-stupefied state; but the elder combatant had no strength to follow up the effort. He reeled towards his youthful and sinking enemy, and stood for a few moments over him, vainly endeavouring to raise his weapon for another and final blow. Ere he could accomplish his wish, Bruntfield recovered sufficient strength to draw his dagger, and stab beneath the breastplate his exhausted foe. The murderer of his race instantly lay dead beside him, and a shout of joy from the spectators hailed him as the victor. At the same instant, a scream of more than earthly note arose from the vessel anchored near the island; a lady descended from its side into a boat, and rowing to the land, rushed up to the bloody scene, where she fell upon the neck of the conqueror, and pressed him with the most frantic eagerness to her bosom. The widow of Stephen Bruntfield at length found the yearnings of twenty years fulfilled—she saw the murderer of her husband, the slayer of her two sons, dead on the sward before her, while there still survived to her as noble a child as ever blessed a mother's arms. But the revulsion of feeling produced by the event was too much for her strength; or rather Providence, in its righteous judgment, had resolved that so unholy a sentiment as that of revenge should not be too signally gratified. Overcome by her feelings, she almost immediately expired in the arms of her son.

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The remainder of the tale of Bruntfield may be easily told. After a decent interval, the young Laird of Craighouse married Catherine Moubray; and as the king saw it right to restore that young lady to a property originally forfeited for service to his mother, the happiness of the parties might be considered as complete. A long life of prosperity and peace was granted to them; and at their death they had the satisfaction of enjoying that greatest of all earthly blessings, the love and respect of a numerous and virtuous family.

KING ROBERT'S BOWL.

ABOUT the year 1309, Robert Bruce, though invested three years before with the crown of Scotland, was only able to maintain a kind of outlaw's independence against the officers of the English king, and frequently roamed, with a small band of attendants, through the wilds of Galloway. In that remote corner of the kingdom, on the banks of the Urr, lived Mark Sprotte, a shepherd and a husbandman, but also, when occasion required, a warrior. It was the good-fortune of this obscure peasant to be united to a woman possessing an affectionate character, and no small share of good sense and activity. One morning, Bruce, in the course of his wanderings, was attacked near Mark's cottage by one of the English intruders—Sir Walter Selby.

Bruce was not the man to yield to one or even more opponents. The contest was fierce and dubious; the followers on each side were diminished to three, and these three were sorely wounded. Many a battle has been begun by a woman—this was ended by one. The clashing of swords, a sound not unusual in those unsettled times, reached the ear of the wife of Sprotte, as, busied at the hearth-fire, she prepared her husband's breakfast. She ran down to the banks of the Urr, and there saw several warriors lying wounded and bleeding on the grass, and two knights, with their visors closed, and with swords in their hands, contending for death or life. They were both bold and stalwart men; but she in vain sought for a mark by which she might know the kindly Scot from the southron. The fire sparkled from their shields and helmets, and the grass was dropped here and there with blood. At length one received a stroke upon the helmet, which made him stagger. Uttering a deep imprecation, he sprang upon his equally powerful and more deliberate adversary, and the combat grew fiercer than ever. 'Ah, thou false swearing southron!' exclaimed the wife of Mark Sprotte, 'I know ye now—I know ye now;' and seizing Sir Walter Selby by a single lock of his hair which escaped from his helmet, she pulled him backward to the ground, when he had no alternative but to yield himself a prisoner.

The two knights washed their hands in the Urr—and bloody hands they were—uttered short soldier-like acknowledgments to

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their saints for having protected them, and entering the cottage, seated themselves by the side of their humble hostess.

'Food,' said the Scottish knight, 'have I not tasted for two days, else Sir Walter Selby, renowned in arms as he is, had not resisted Robert de Bruce so long.'

'And have I then had the glory,' said the Englishman, 'of exchanging blows with the noble leader of the men of Scotland?'

'Leader of the men of Scotland!' exclaimed Dame Sprotte: 'he shall ne'er be less than king in this house, and king, too, shall ye call him, sir, or else I will cast this boiling brose in your English face, weel-favoured though it be.'

King Robert smiled, and said: 'My kind and loyal dame, waste not thy valuable food on our unfortunate enemy, but allow the poor king of Scotland to taste of thy good-cheer. And Sir Walter Selby, too, would gladly, I see, do honour to the humility of a Scottish breakfast-table. So spoons to each, my heroine. I have still a golden coin in my pocket for such a ready and effectual ally as thou art. And thou shalt also take thy seat beside me: this is not the first time I have had the helping-hand of a kindly Sprotte.'

The dame refused to be seated; said it was bad manners to sit beside a king, and such a king too—bless his merciful and noble face! 'Soon may he enjoy his rightful inheritance, and long may he bruik it!'

So saying, she placed a small oaken table before him, filled a large wooden bowl with the favourite breakfast of Caledonia, rich, hot, and savoury; then laying a silver spoon beside it, she retired to such a distance from the king as awe and admiration might be supposed to measure to a peasant.

'But, my fair and kind subject,' said the king, 'let this gentle knight partake with me.'

'I should be no true subject,' answered she, 'if I feasted our mortal foe. Were I a man, hemp to his hands, the keep of Thrieve Castle for his mansion, and bread and water for his food, should be his doom; as a woman, I can only say I have vowed a vow that no southron shall feast within my door in my presence; and shall I be hospitable to the man who lately laid his steel sword with such right good-will to my king's helmet?'

'I commend thy loyalty,' said De Bruce, 'and thus shall I reward it. This land, thou knowest, is mine; the hill behind thy house is green and fair; the vale before thy house is green and fertile; I make thee lady of as much as thou canst run round while I take my breakfast. The food is hot, the vessel large, so kilt thy coats, and flee.'

With right good-will she shortened her skirts as desired, bound up her hair, and stood ready for flight on the threshold of her door. She looked back upon her guests with a comic expression, returned and locked fast all spoons save the one for the king, and then resumed her station at the door.

'Now,' said Robert, 'a woman's speed of foot against a king's

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hunger. Away!’ And as he raised the spoon to his lips, she vanished from the door. The King’s Mount, so green and beautiful now, was then rough with wild juniper and briers, and the path round the base was interrupted by shivered stones and thorn-bushes. But the wife of Mark Sprotte loved her husband, and wished to become lady of the land. She had already compassed one-third of the hill, when she saw a fox running along with a goose she had fattened. ‘May the huntsman find ye yet, for coming across me at this unsensie time!’ said the dame; ‘but a rood of land is better than a fat goose;’ and she augmented her speed till she approached the mill. The miller, wearied with grinding all night, lay sleeping on the Sheeling Hill, while the fire that dried his oats seized the ribs of the kiln, ran up the roof, and flashed red from between the rafters. ‘Burn away!’ said she. ‘If I awake thee, thou wilt demand help, and a minute’s work or explanation will scoup the green holm of Urr out of the inheritance which I hope to encompass before our king gains the bottom of the bowl.’ So the flame increased, the miller slept; and she reached the place where the hill sloped into the vale. A small wicket in the gable of her house had a board suspended by a leather hinge; she flew for a moment to this rude casement, lifted it warily up, and there she beheld the monarch and his enemy seated side by side, their helmets on the floor, their swords laid aside, and with one spoon between them, smiling in each other’s face as they took alternate spoonfuls of the hot and homely fare. She cried: ‘Fair-play, my liege, fair-play,’ and recommenced her race with renewed agility.

‘I like the fare not amiss,’ said Selby, ‘and still better the hale and hearty dame who prepared it. I shall never forget with what right good-will she twisted her hand into my hair, and pulled me to the ground. I’ll tell thee what, De Bruce; if half the men in Scotland had hearts as heroic as hers, we might turn our bridles southward.’

‘I am losing my land listening to thy eulogium,’ said the king with a smile. ‘See—the brook beside the willows, where we fought so long, and where so many of thy comrades and mine lie stark and bloody, she has passed it at one bound. The helmet of Lord Howard, whom with my own hand I slew there, is ornamented with silver and gold; she sees it glittering on the ground, but stoops not to unlacé it. She knows she can strip the slain at her leisure, when she cannot win land. Seven English horses graze masterless among her corn; she stays not to touch their bridles, though they have silver housings, and belts of silver and gold, and though she never mounted a fairer steed than an untrained Galloway. On my royal word, this is a prudent woman!’

She had now nearly run round the hill, nearly encompassed the holm; and when she approached her own threshold, it was thus the king and Selby heard her commune with her own spirit as she ran: ‘I shall be called the lady of the Mount, and my husband

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shall be called the lord on't. We shall nae doubt be called the Sprottes of the Mount of Urr, while Dalbeattie Wood grows, and while Urr runs. Our sons and our daughters will be given in marriage to the mighty ones of the land, and to wed one of the Sprottes of Urr may be the toast of barons. We shall grow honoured and great, and the tenure by which our heritage shall be held will be the presenting of butter brose in a lordly dish to the kings of Scotland when they happen to pass the Urr.'

'On thy own terms,' said King Robert, 'so loyally and characteristically spoken, my heroic dame of Galloway, shall the Sprottes of Urr hold this heritage. This mount shall be called the King's Mount; and when the kings of Scotland pass the Urr, they shall partake of brose from King Robert Bruce's bowl, and from no other—presented by the fair and loyal hands of a Sprotte. Be wise, be valiant, be loyal and faithful, and possess this land, free of paying plack or penny, till the name of Bruce perish in tale, in song, and in history: and so I render it to thee.' And thus, in one short morning, did the ancestress of the Sprottes of Urr win the lands which have given sustenance and dignity to her descendants for more than five hundred years. King Robert's Bowl, as it is called, is still preserved in the family.

THE 'BONNIE EARL OF MORAY.'

THE Earl of Moray whose personal qualifications acquired for him the appellation of the 'Bonnie Earl,' was a son of Lord Doune, but succeeded to the title of Moray by marrying Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the celebrated Regent, brother to Queen Mary. As son-in-law to a person so distinguished, and inheritor of his estates, the young Earl of Moray naturally possessed a high degree of consideration in the state, and particularly with the Presbyterian party, of which the Regent had been so long the leader. The earl's character, indeed, was such as to win him universal esteem: to the attractive beauty of his countenance and form, he added a most amiable disposition, and perfect skill in all the chivalric accomplishments of the age. It is scarcely to be wondered at, therefore, that he should have been one of the most popular noblemen of the day, especially as the nation in general had by that time irrevocably attached itself to the religious party of which he was a leading member. To the Presbyterian party, the king, James VI., also belonged, though he was under the necessity, from the number and power of the nobles who still remained Catholics, of holding the balance of his favour evenly between the professors of the old and the new persuasions. Of these Catholic peers, the Earl of Huntly was the chief, a man who bore rather a good character, but was at heart ambitious and vindictive. It was owing to a feud between Huntly and Moray that the

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circumstances which we are about to relate occurred, and which ended in the tragic and untimely death of the 'bonnie Earl of Moray.'

The real grounds of this feud consisted in the claims of the Gordon family to the possession of the earldom of Moray, of which they had been deprived when it was bestowed by Queen Mary upon the Regent. This deep-seated cause of dissension had been long gathering strength from the minor animosities which arose out of it, and in particular was aggravated by an act of the Earl of Moray, which it is impossible to justify. In his capacity as sheriff, the Earl of Huntly endeavoured to bring to justice a person accused of violating the laws of the land. This felon was taken into protection by Moray, for some reason which is not recorded. Huntly, it may well be supposed, was highly displeased at this, and with a party of men proceeded to Moray's castle of Darnaway, for the purpose of getting possession of the felon's person. This expedition unfortunately terminated in widening the breach between the noblemen. John Gordon, a brother of Gordon of Cluny, and then in attendance on Huntly, was killed by a shot from the Earl of Moray's castle. Whether Moray was personally blamed for this act, does not appear; certain it is, however, that the hostility between the two families assumed from that hour a more decided character than it had ever worn before.

This event took place a short time previous to the year 1591, and was not immediately followed by any further exhibition of animosity. In the meantime, Campbell of Calder, a friend of Moray, became an object of hostility to certain of the principal men of the Campbell family, on account of his being preferred as tutor of the young Earl of Argyll. Uniting in purpose with these men, Huntly formed a concerted scheme, in which, strange to say, the Chancellor of the kingdom, Lord Thirlstain, concurred, for taking off Moray and Campbell of Calder by one sweep of vengeance. The late Mr Donald Gregory, in his work on the Highlands, for the first time exposed the particulars of this double plot, than which nothing could be more strikingly illustrative of the character of a time when the highest men in the kingdom, so far from setting an example for the observance of the laws which they made, thought themselves at liberty on all occasions to violate them at their pleasure. By persuading the king that Moray had been concerned in the conspiracy of the turbulent Earl of Bothwell, Huntly obtained a commission to apprehend Moray, and bring him to Edinburgh for trial.

On the afternoon of the 8th of February 1591-2, Huntly, attended by a strong body of horse, set out from the house of the provost of Edinburgh, where the king then lodged for security. The object of the journey, Huntly gave out, was to attend upon a horse-race at Leith; instead of which, he turned to the westward, and directed his course across the Queensferry to Dunnibrissle House, where he understood the Earl of Moray to have taken up his residence for

a time with his mother. About midnight, Huntly reached his destination. He surrounded the house with his men, and summoned Moray to surrender. Even had this been complied with immediately, the same consequences, it is clear, would have ensued, Huntly's determination being fixed. The enemy of himself and his House knocking at his gates at the dead of night—encompassing the walls with armed and vindictive retainers—such a summons as this was not one from which the young earl could expect moderation or justice to follow. He resolved to defend the house to the death. A gun, fired from within, mortally wounded one of the Gordons, and the passions of the assailants and their leader were excited to the highest pitch. To force an entrance, they set fire to the doors, and the house seemed to be on the point of being enveloped in flames. In this emergency, Moray took counsel with his friend Dunbar, sheriff of the county, who chanced to be with him on that night. 'Let us not stay,' said Dunbar, 'to be burned in the flaming house: I will go out foremost, and the Gordons, taking me for your lordship, will kill me, while you escape in the confusion.' After giving utterance to this noble offer, the generous Dunbar did not hesitate an instant, but threw himself among the assailants, and fell immediately, as he had anticipated, beneath their swords. At first, it seemed as if this act of heroic devotion would have accomplished its purpose. The young earl had passed out immediately after his friend, and had the fortune to escape through the ranks of the Gordons. He directed his flight to the rocks of the neighbouring beach, and most probably would have got off in the darkness, had not his path been pointed out to his foes by the silken tassels of his helmet, which had caught fire as he passed out through the flames of the house. A headstrong and revengeful cadet of the Huntly family, Gordon of Buckie, was the first, it is said, who overtook the fleeing earl, and wounded him mortally. While Moray lay in the throes of death at the feet of his ruthless murderer, Huntly himself came up to the spot, when Buckie exclaiming: 'By Heaven, my lord, you shall be as deep in as I,' forced his chief to strike the dying man. 'Huntly,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'with a wavering hand, struck the expiring earl in the face. Mindful of his superior beauty even in that moment of parting life, Moray stammered out the dying words: "You have spoiled a better face than your own."'

The perpetrators of this barbarous deed hurried from the scene, leaving the corpse of the earl lying on the beach, and the house of Dunnibrissle in flames. Though but little afraid of any consequences that might ensue, Huntly did not choose to return to Edinburgh to be the narrator of what had passed. The messenger he chose for this purpose, strange to say, was no other than the person on whom the deepest share of guilt lay—Gordon of Buckie. This bold man hesitated not to fulfil his chief's commands. He rode post to the king's presence, and informed his majesty of all that

had occurred. Finding, however, that the night's work was not likely to acquire its doers any credit, he left the city as hastily as he had entered it. By some, it is supposed that Gordon could not have seen the king, who had gone out at an early hour to hunt. It is known at least that, with apparent unconsciousness of the deed that had been perpetrated, James pursued his sport for several hours in the early part of that day. On his return to the city, his majesty found the streets filled with lamentations for the murder of Moray, and strong suspicions entertained that he himself had authorised Huntly to perpetrate the deed. Dunnibrissle House being visible from the grounds of Inverleith and Wardie, it was alleged that the king must have seen the smoking ruins in his hunting; nay, that he had chosen that quarter for his sport, on purpose to gratify his eye with the spectacle.

The popularity of the late earl, on account of his personal qualities, and as a leading Presbyterian, rendered the people blindly severe for the moment to James, whom there is no real cause for supposing accessory to the guilt of the Gordons. The fact of the conspiracy which we have already mentioned at length, is almost a positive exculpation of the king. In a fine old ballad, it is said that Moray 'was the queen's luv.' A traditionary anecdote is the only support which the ballad receives for a circumstance utterly discredited by history. James, says the story, found the Earl of Moray sleeping one day in an arbour with a ribbon about his neck which his majesty had given to the queen. On seeking her majesty's presence, the king found the ribbon on *her* neck, and was convinced that he had mistaken one ribbon for another. But, continues the story, the ribbon worn by Moray was in truth the queen's, and had been only restored to her in time to blind his majesty, by the agency of some one who had noticed the king's jealous observation of Moray asleep.

To return, however, from tradition to history. The ferment caused in Edinburgh by the news of Moray's death was aggravated tenfold when, on the same day, Lady Doune, mother of the ill-fated nobleman, arrived at Leith in a boat, carrying with her the bodies of her son and his devoted friend Dunbar. The mourning lady took this step in order to stimulate the vengeance of the laws against the murderers of her son. When the news reached the king that Lady Doune was about to expose the mangled bodies to the gaze of the multitude, he forbade the bodies to be brought into the city, conceiving justly that the spectacle was not only an unseemly one, but that the populace were excited enough already. Defeated in her first wish, Lady Doune caused a picture to be drawn of her son's remains, and enclosing it in a piece of lawn cloth, she brought it to the king, uncovered it before him, and with vehement lamentations cried for justice on the slayers of 'her beautiful! her brave!' She then took out three bullets found in Moray's body, one of which she

gave to the king, another to one of his nobles, and the third she reserved to herself, 'to be bestowed on him who should hinder justice !'

As far as he could, James fulfilled the demands of justice, though the times would not permit him to punish the leaders. Two servants of Huntly were executed for the deed ; but the earl himself had fled to the north, where he was much more powerful than James, king of Scotland as the latter was. After some time, however, to recover the royal favour—which, to his credit, James obstinately withheld till some atonement was made—Huntly surrendered himself, and was confined for a time in Blackness Castle. He was not brought to any trial, and was liberated on bail. Gordon of Buckie, the true murderer, lived for nearly fifty years after Moray's death, and in his latter days expressed great contrition for the act of which he had been guilty. From punishment by the hand of man, the unsettled state of society and of the laws succeeded in screening him.

Nearly at the same time with Moray's death, Campbell of Calder fell by the hand of an assassin. The young Earl of Argyll fortunately escaped the snares of the conspirators.

Such is the story of one of the numberless feudal quarrels and deeds of violence which disfigure the history of Scotland, and to which it is instructive, though painful, to look back from these comparatively peaceful and happy times.

AN INCIDENT IN THE QUEENSBERRY FAMILY.

MORE than a century ago flourished the famous Kitty Hyde, Duchess of Queensberry, 'charming, gay, and young,' the friend of Gay, and the same of whom he said :

'Yonder I see the cheerful duchess stand,
For friendship, zeal, and blithesome humours known.'

This lady is well remembered by all who have read aught of song and story, and that class is happily a wide one nowadays. The majority of the anecdotes told of the eccentric duchess are of a humorous character ; but *all* are not of this order. She was concerned, at one period of her life, in a most melancholy tragedy, and this is the matter which we wish at present to speak about.

'Don't speak to me of the Mackays !' said the duchess one day to her husband in very peremptory tones : 'a poor commoner's daughter to sit in my shoes, and wed the heir of the House of Queensberry, one of the first matches in the land ! I will have no Mackays.'

'Ay, my dear,' returned the duke, 'but Drumlanrig is no child, and you may find it difficult to bring him round to your opinions on this subject.'

'Pooh, pooh! my lord duke; I think I have managed more difficult concerns in my day,' returned the opinionative duchess, who had seldom known what it was to be thwarted in anything she took into her head. 'Just let your Grace promise not to interfere with my proceedings, and I promise you that this silly heir of ours shall marry the lady whom *I* have chosen for him, and of whom you approve.'

'Well, my dear, I shall not meddle in the matter,' replied the meek husband, 'as I certainly would prefer his union with Lady Elizabeth Hope; but not at the expense of his happiness. Act fairly, my lady; convince and convert him, if you can; but all by fair means, and fair means only.'

'Fair means!' muttered the duchess, as her husband walked away: 'all means are fair where the end in view is to cure a foolish boy of an unworthy fancy. Mackay, truly!'

The conversation here related took place at Drumlanrig Castle, the magnificent seat of the Queensberry family in Dumfriesshire. As may be understood, the eldest son of the self-willed duchess, Henry, Lord Drumlanrig, had fixed his affections on a Miss Mackay, a lady of respectable though not elevated station, and of great beauty and accomplishments. She returned, with equal ardour, the passion of the young nobleman, and a correspondence was carried on between them of a very affectionate nature. But when Lord Drumlanrig informed his parents of his attachment, one of them, as we have seen, was anything but pleased to hear of the circumstance. The duchess had already settled decisively in her own mind that Lady Elizabeth Hope, eldest daughter of the Earl of Hopetoun, and no one else, should wed her son. What steps she took to bring this match about must now be told.

Lord Drumlanrig was at home with his parents. Miss Mackay was resident at a great distance from him, but her letters formed a cherished source of consolation. That consolation, however, was not destined to be lasting. The letters of the lady were discontinued, and no entreaty that he could use in his own had the effect of causing a renewal of her communications. The poor young nobleman was almost distracted with this loss of favour, for the obstinate silence of Miss Mackay seemed to him attributable to no other cause. Yet on this point his sentiments underwent many changes. Remembering how sincere seemed to be her attachment, he at one moment entertained hopes that all would be cleared up, and that some accident had caused the temporary cessation of her letters. At another period, he saw no way of explaining the matter, excepting by supposing her faithless. This was the ultimate conviction which he reached; and it brought great anguish along with it. If there remained a glimmer of hope in his mind, it was dispelled by tidings received from the duchess his mother. She came to him one day with a letter in her hand. 'Stupid boy!' said she, in tones that

seemed at once to express sympathy and reproof, 'still moping for one who never cared one whistle about you! See here—can you bear to learn the truth?'

'I can,' said the son eagerly; 'anything rather than this suspense!'

'Then know that your Miss Mackay is married,' returned the duchess.

'Married! impossible!' cried the young lord.

'It is rather unmannerly, my Lord Drumlanrig, to contradict me thus, especially when I can so readily prove my words to be true. Your Miss Mackay was wedded a fortnight since, and here is evidence of it. This letter is from a friend of mine, whose word cannot surely be doubted by you—especially as she could have no possible interest in telling a falsehood.' The duchess then gave the letter to her son. He read it, and sank back on his seat in a state of speechless distress. All doubt was now at an end.

The duchess looked at him for some time in silence. 'Well,' said she at last, 'I might, I think, have looked for more spirit in a son of mine. Have you one drop of my blood in your veins? If you had, contempt would be the feeling uppermost in your mind at this moment—contempt for one who has so clearly shewn, what you were long ago told, that she never was worthy of you!' The duchess pursued this vein for some time, and at last was so far successful in rousing the young man's pride. She followed up her advantage by working on his filial affection, of which he was gifted with a large share, and prevailed on him to consent to visit Lady Elizabeth Hope, with the view of soliciting her hand.

Lord Drumlanrig proved but a cold wooer, but the duchess stood always at his elbow, to urge him on and supply all deficiencies. Besides, the young lady was too favourably disposed towards him not to overlook any little neglects of form on his part. Hence it was that the match was arranged very speedily, the duchess having but too good reasons for allowing no time to elapse unnecessarily ere all was settled. On the 10th of July 1754, Lord Drumlanrig was united to Lady Elizabeth, to the great joy of his mother at least. As for the young nobleman, he had attained to seeming composure of mind; and no doubt all who looked on during the nuptial ceremony imagined that felicity could not fail to attend a union where the parties were so highly endowed with rank, fortune, and many other worldly advantages.

But the clever and unscrupulous Kitty was not permitted to plume herself long upon the success of her scheme. While Lord Drumlanrig and his bride remained in Scotland, under the eye of the duchess, all went on smoothly. Her Grace took care to allow nothing to become known to her son but what she chose. The case was altered ere long. In October of the year 1754, about three months after his marriage, Lord Drumlanrig set out for London with his lady. They travelled in their own carriage, and had reached the town of — on the 19th of October. Here they rested for a short

time, and Lord Drumlanrig walked out alone, for the sake of a half hour of more active exercise than his carriage permitted to him. He was listlessly inattentive to everything around him, when a well-known figure met his eye, and sent the blood from his heart in more rapid tides. His first glance told him that the being who now stood before him had once been the object of his every thought and wish, and was still too often the subject of his meditations. It was Miss Mackay—or she who had once borne that beloved name. The lady saw her former lover almost as soon as he observed her, and, from the pallor that flashed instantly over her cheek, it was plain that the recognition was a matter of no common interest to her as well as to him. For a moment they seemed to hesitate how to act—whether to pass one another, or to speak; and both seemed to resolve on the latter course at the same moment. In truth, they had the very same motives for doing so—a question sprang to the lips of both, which called imperatively for an answer. After an agitated salutation, the lady was able faintly to pronounce the words: ‘My lord, it is not for us to meet or speak now; but there is one question to which I would fain have a reply, as the matter is important to my peace of mind. Was your conduct caused by any report or belief of unworthiness in me?’

‘Madam, it is I who should put that question to you, and it is one you have this instant anticipated me in asking.’

‘My lord, you mock me,’ said the lady: ‘are you not wedded?’

Lord Drumlanrig started, and hurriedly asked: ‘Are not *you*, madam, also wedded?’

‘I am *not*, my lord!’ was the lady’s answer.

Lord Drumlanrig struck his forehead wildly, as he cried: ‘Then may God forgive those who have deceived us, and ruined the earthly peace of at least one of us!’

Further explanations passed between the unfortunate pair; and Lord Drumlanrig discovered that his mother must have systematically intercepted all his own letters, as well as those of Miss Mackay, and finally caused one to be written to herself with the false statement of the lady’s marriage. She, like himself, had only ceased to write in consequence of the obstinate silence of her correspondent. The poor young lady had remained faithful to the last, and had even so far resisted the natural promptings of womanly pride as once and again to ask and offer explanations. The tidings of her lover’s marriage closed all doubts. When these most harassing disclosures were made, the pair asked forgiveness from one another, and tore themselves asunder—never to meet again in that world which, but for the machinations of a proud and jealous woman, might have been to them a scene of unalloyed happiness!

The effect of this discovery upon Lord Drumlanrig was deplorable. He felt as if he could no longer bear the burden of existence. His poor young wife, though not charged by him with any share in the

contrivances of the duchess, had become an object on which his eye could no longer rest with composure. In brief, the mind of the ill-fated young nobleman was so completely unhinged, that on the following day he shot himself in his carriage, by the side of his horror-stricken lady.

Books of heraldry mention that Henry, Earl of Drumlanrig, was killed by the accidental going off of his pistol; but the case is well known to have been very different. Lady Drumlanrig never recovered from the shock occasioned by her husband's death. She survived him only about a year and a half, dying in April 1756. Thus the notable scheme of Kitty, 'charming, gay, and young,' destroyed the happiness of at least three unfortunate human beings, and caused the premature death of two of them, the one her own son.

STORY OF SIR ROBERT INNES.

EARLY in the eighteenth century, a young gentleman, Robert Innes, fell heir to the baronetcy of Orton, a title of some standing in his name and family. By a concurrence of adverse circumstances, not one rood of land, nor any property whatever, followed the destination of the titular honours. This was particularly hard in his case, as he had received a liberal education, and such a general training, in short, as is usually bestowed on heirs presumptive or apparent to titles that have a substantial amount of acres appended to them. After this statement, it is scarcely necessary to say that Robert Innes was brought up to no useful art or profession by which a livelihood might be won.

Few situations could be more painful than that in which the young baronet found himself when he acquired the right to place before his name the important monosyllable which entitled him to hold a prominent place in society, while at the same time he was totally devoid of the means of maintaining that place with fitting credit and respectability. It is true that, having enjoyed various opportunities of viewing the ways of high life, he knew very well that many needy fashionables, and even men of title, contrive to pass their lives in apparent ease and splendour, by clinging tenaciously to the skirts of wealthy relatives and friends, or by preying on strangers not sufficiently experienced or sage to be secure against the toils of the high-bred sharper or jockey. Sir Robert Innes knew that men in the like circumstances with himself lived, nay, flourished, after this manner and fashion; but he was endowed with a spirit too honourable and manly not to revolt at the thought of eating the bread either of swindling or of servility. He therefore felt his position to be one of extreme difficulty, and was for a time altogether at a loss how to procure his maintenance in a manner consistent with the preservation, not of his rank and

dignity, but simply of honesty and independence of character. It may well be believed that he envied the craftsmanship even of the humblest artisan, who had learned to look to his hands, and his hands alone, for subsistence. But all trades, arts, and professions seemed in a measure closed against Sir Robert, since he possessed not the necessary means to train himself for any particular employment, even if that could have been effectively done at the comparatively advanced period of life which he had attained. One profession only, if it may be properly so called, remained open to him, namely, the profession of arms, and to this the young baronet naturally turned his attention. Had he besieged the doors of those who had known his family in better days, he might possibly have at once entered the military service in a station corresponding with his social rank; but the risk of encountering scornful refusals, and other such-like fears and feelings, caused the indigent baronet to shrink from becoming a petitioner, desirable as it would have been to attain the object in question. He therefore preserved the independence which he loved, by entering the British army in the capacity of a private soldier. The — dragoons was the body in which he enrolled himself, retaining his own name, but dropping of course the title which had descended to him from his ancestors.

In this condition Sir Robert Innes remained for a considerable time, fulfilling regularly and peacefully the duties imposed upon him, and giving no expression to the regrets which could not but occasionally arise in the breast of one moving in a sphere so far below that to which he was suited by birth and education. The monotonous tenor of his life was at length broken in upon in an unexpected and remarkable way. While standing sentry one evening at the quarters of Colonel Winram, the commander of the regiment, he was accosted by a stranger, apparently an officer of another regiment, who inquired if the colonel was at that moment engaged. The sentinel courteously answered that he believed he was, but probably would soon be at leisure; and then recommenced his short perambulations. The stranger followed, and continued the conversation, in order, ostensibly, to while away the time until the colonel should be at liberty to receive him, but in reality to satisfy himself on a point of curiosity which had sprung up in his mind. We shall not say more respecting this conversation than that it served, by its tenor, as far as correct expression and judicious remark on the part of the young soldier were concerned, to confirm the stranger in the suspicion to which some glimmering recollection of features had given rise. When the gentleman who had been in conference with Colonel Winram was seen to depart, the stranger took leave of the sentinel, and entered the commandant's quarters.

'Colonel,' said the officer, after paying his respects on entrance, 'you are at present more highly honoured in one point than many crowned heads, though you may not be aware of it.'

'How may this be, my good friend?' asked the veteran.

'In respect of your attendant sentry,' said the officer. 'Few princes can boast of a more honourable guard than the one now pacing backward and forward in front of your quarters.'

The old colonel was surprised at the grave assertion of his visitor. 'What mean you?' said he. 'You seem serious; and yet there can be nobody now on duty as sentry but one of the common soldiers of the corps, who have all been here ten times over already.'

'This may be,' returned the visitor; 'but I still assure you that you have a rare and remarkable guard of honour at present, in as far as you have a Scottish knight-baronet, of old creation, standing sentry at your threshold.'

'Bless my heart, do you really say so!' exclaimed Colonel Winram, who, though a worthy man, and an approved soldier, carried his veneration for titles and family honours somewhat to excess. 'A man of title doing duty in the ranks of my corps!' continued the veteran. 'How, in the name of wonder, came this about, and how did you discover it?'

'I had seen Sir Robert Innes several years ago, before he came to the title, and while its late possessor still retained enough of the family property to keep himself and his heir in tolerable condition, as far as appearances went. When it was discovered, on the accession of this young gentleman, that his ancestral possessions had long been in the deceptive condition of a husk with the kernel gone, many individuals who had known Robert Innes, and had admired his manly and virtuous character, were anxious to aid and befriend him; but the youth disappeared suddenly from society, and the rumour went that he had entered the army. Having heard of this report, I was much struck to-night by the look and bearing of the sentry whom I saw at your porch, and a closer examination satisfied me that the soldier was indeed no other than Sir Robert Innes of Orton.'

'Can this be true?' exclaimed the veteran, and moved hastily to a window, from which he could command a view of his titled sentinel. Being over and over again assured by his friend that the young soldier was no other than the person who had been described, he immediately gave orders to have another private brought on duty, and the hero of our tale ushered into his presence. When the young man appeared before his commander, the latter plainly and candidly stated what had been communicated to him, and asked if it was true that he really addressed Sir Robert Innes. The youth, after colouring a little from surprise, and partly perhaps from other feelings, owned that the information given to the colonel was correct, and that he was really Sir Robert Innes. Colonel Winram was silent for a few moments, and then said: 'Believe me, young gentleman, when I ask you to inform me personally of the true motives which induced

you to enter the ranks, I have a sincere wish to serve you, and am not actuated by mere curiosity.'

Sir Robert answered his commander by simply stating, that, finding himself possessed of a title without any of the requisite means for supporting it creditably, he had been under the necessity of quitting the society of his equals in station, but superiors in point of fortune. 'I chose,' said he, not without a degree of honourable pride, 'to enter on the humble yet independent condition of a common soldier, rather than make any attempt at gaining a maintenance in my own degree by drawing on the bounty of others, and eating what must have been, at best, the bread of dependence.'

A tear trickled down the brown cheek of the old colonel as he listened to the explanation. 'I admire your candour, sir,' said the veteran, 'and I honour your sentiments. You must be replaced in your proper station—in that station to which you were born, Sir Robert, and to which you will be a credit and an ornament. Thank Heaven, I have interest enough, I think, to procure you a cornetcy; and a cornetcy of British horse is a fitting station for any one—for the first noble in the land.' The poor young soldier, in whose fortunes a great change was thus unexpectedly promised, could scarcely find language to thank his warm-hearted benefactor and commander. But the colonel did not give himself time to listen to thanks. 'I think I am sure of the cornetcy on application,' continued he; 'but, at the worst, I can procure your discharge, and do something for you in other ways.' Pursuing his kindly intentions farther, the colonel gave our hero a temporary release from regimental duty, and invited him to dinner on the following day, offering him for this purpose the use of a spare suit of plain clothes from his own wardrobe. Sir Robert joyfully accepted the invitation, but declined the use of the colonel's wardrobe, as he had chanced to retain a suit of his own, which was still capable of making a respectable appearance.

The young baronet dined with his commanding-officer, not once, but again and again; for the cornetcy of horse was obtained for Sir Robert Innes, and he became daily a greater and greater favourite with Colonel Winram, who found his protégé fulfil all the high promise that had appeared in him at their first interview. Handsome, well bred, and accomplished in all the qualifications of a gentleman, Sir Robert was indeed very generally esteemed by his brother-officers, and all who met him in society. It was barely possible, however, for any one to view him with the measureless partiality of the old colonel, and of this the following conclusive occurrence will give ample proof. After the new cornet had held his station for some months, the veteran asked his youthful friend to join him in an excursion to the country. The request was of course cheerfully complied with, and the pair set out in the colonel's carriage. After they had gone a considerable way, the colonel told Sir Robert that his daughter and only child was then, for the completion of her

education, residing at a neighbouring boarding-school, and that he was going to visit her. The boarding-school was accordingly reached, and Sir Robert in due time had the honour of being introduced to the only child of his benefactor. She was a young lady in the very spring of womanhood, and beautiful in countenance, though the full graces of her person were scarcely yet developed. The Scottish baronet thought to himself that he had scarcely ever seen filial affection under a more captivating aspect than when Miss Winram, unconscious of a stranger's presence, ran into the room to welcome her father, whose carriage she had seen at a little distance. In short, Sir Robert Innes thought the daughter of his old friend the most charming girl he had yet seen, and the impression was not decreased by her modest, yet lively and intelligent conversation. When the visit drew to an end, he was even a little discomposed, while the veteran exhibited a more open degree of parting sadness. The young lady also looked regretful, but that of course was accounted for as relating to the departure of her father.

The colonel and his young friend were not very communicative for some space. At length the conversation turned on the young lady, on whom her father expatiated with the fondness of a parent; and his observations being assented to somewhat warmly, the colonel, to the surprise of Sir Robert, hinted that his daughter might do worse than take him for a husband. The young man was completely stunned for the moment by this most unlooked-for overture. He could not believe that the veteran meant to sport with his feelings, yet some such notion suggested in part the answer which he gave to the colonel, after a pretty lengthened pause. 'Colonel Winram,' said he, 'I am poor—penniless—and you are wealthy. All I have I owe to you; but'——

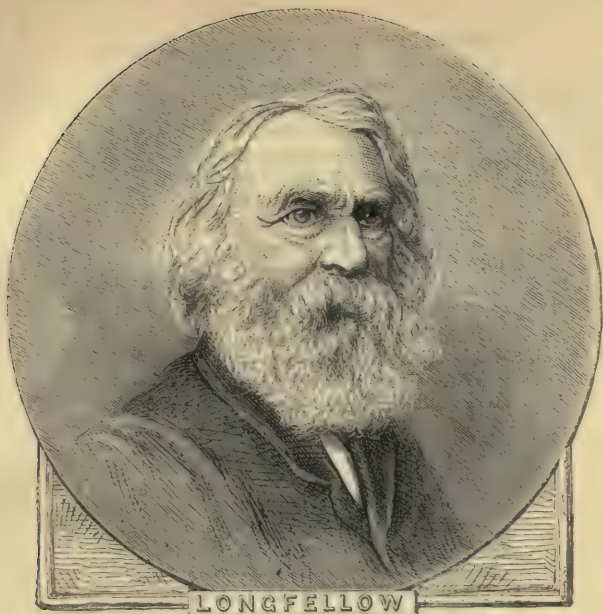
The veteran somewhat impatiently interrupted the baronet. 'Well, well, that is exactly what I am thinking of. Margery happens to have a small fortune of her own, the bequest of a deceased aunt; and you have a title: a fair equivalent. I have always honoured ancestral dignities, at least when borne by such as yourself, whom I already love as a son. My girl has been a good daughter, and will be a good wife.'

While the words were yet on his lips, fortune suddenly gave an unexpected turn to affairs, by sending a troop of yearling cattle scampering into the highway from the open gate of a park. The horses of the colonel's carriage were startled, and, by their sudden bound aside, the reins were twitched from the coachman's hands. Feeling no control, the alarmed animals sprang forward at full speed; but they went no great way ere their divergence from the mid-line caused a violent overturn of the vehicle into a shallow side-ditch. The inmates, who had travelled in barouche fashion, were thrown clear out upon one side of the road, which, fortunately, was a grass common. The coachman and Sir Robert Innes, being both of light

frames, were very little injured, but the poor veteran's fall was a heavy and severe one. He lay at first perfectly insensible, with his usually ruddy complexion changed to an ashy whiteness. In a few minutes, however, he regained his consciousness, and in some degree his bodily strength, but complained much of pain in his chest and shoulder. Sir Robert, as may be supposed, was greatly agitated, and at a loss how to get his kind friend within reach of immediate advice and assistance. But the coachman was able, happily, to get the horses quieted and the coach raised with the baronet's assistance, and it was resolved to move slowly back to the boarding-school, from which they were only a mile and a half distant.

The distress of Miss Winram on seeing her kind-hearted father return so unexpectedly, and in such a condition, was extreme, and her solicitude was fully shared by her instructress, Mrs Batty, who instantly despatched a messenger for the surgeon of the district. This functionary soon arrived, and relieved a material portion of the pain suffered by the veteran, who, however, continued to be very feeble, and was besides discovered to have fractured one of his ribs. He occupied a sick-bed for several weeks. In that time, he had such a nurse in his daughter as often made him weep tears of gratitude to Heaven for its kindness in giving her to him. Our readers may well imagine that such a spectacle as this was a dangerous one for our Scottish knight, who had also continued in attendance. In truth, this young gentleman surrendered his whole heart to the veteran's daughter, and did it willingly and consciously, having no alloy in his hopes for the future, excepting in as far as the state of the young lady's affections was unknown to him. But, in his capacity of occasional attendant on the veteran, the young baronet appeared in almost as favourable a light to Miss Winram as she did to him, and the state of each other's affections was soon made manifest by the kindly interference of Colonel Winram.

Our story draws to a close. Sir Robert proposed, and was accepted. The marriage took place as soon as the veteran could leave his couch ; and the career of the young Scottish knight, whom our narrative took up in so unpromising a condition, was, by the remarkable incidents detailed, rendered one of much happiness throughout the whole of its after-duration. His beautiful lady brought him one sole child and daughter, whose personal charms in time attracted the admiration of the noblest in the land. One suitor for her hand was a gentleman who afterwards acceded to the title of Duke of Roxburghe ; but eventually Miss Innes of Orton became the wife of the sixteenth Lord Forbes. Her grandson is the present possessor of that ancient title ; and of her daughters, one became Duchess of Athol, and another the wife of Sir John Hay of Hayston.



SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

INDIAN NAMES.

'How can the red men be forgotten, while so many of our states and territories, bays, lakes, and rivers, are indelibly stamped by names of their giving?'



E say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave ;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave ;
That, 'mid the forests where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout ;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like ocean's surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world,
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have disappeared, as withered leaves
Before the autumn's gale ;
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his young renown.
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
Within its rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart.
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
Doth seal the sacred trust,
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.

—LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THE BUCCANEER.

THE ISLE.

THE island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.
But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently ;
How beautiful ! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.
And inland rests the green, warm dell ;
The brook comes tinkling down its side ;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell nor pastoral bleat
In former days within the vale ;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet ;
Curses were on the gale ;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men ;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear ;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear :
Each motion gentle ; all is kindly done—
Come, listen, how from crime this isle was won.
—RICHARD H. DANA.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language ; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form is laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock,

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers, of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe, are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there ;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead there reign alone.

So shalt thou rest—and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favourite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—W. C. BRYANT.

TO A WATERFOWL.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

—W. C. BRYANT.

THE PROBLEM.

I LIKE a church ; I like a cowl ;
 I love a prophet of the soul ;
 And on my heart monastic aisles
 Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles ;
 Yet not for all his faith can see
 Would I that cowed churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
 Which I could not on me endure ?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
 His awful Jove young Phidias brought ;
 Never from lips of cunning fell
 The thrilling Delphic oracle ;
 Out from the heart of nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old ;
 The litanies of nations came,
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
 Up from the burning core below—
 The canticles of love and woe ;
 The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
 Wrought in a sad sincerity ;
 Himself from God he could not free ;
 He builded better than he knew ;
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.
 Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
 Of leaves, and feathers from her breast ?
 Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
 Painting with morn each annual cell ?
 Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
 To her old leaves new myriads ?
 Such and so grew these holy piles,
 Whilst love and terror laid the tiles,
 Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
 As the best gem upon her zone ;
 And Morning opes with haste her lids,
 To gaze upon the Pyramids ;
 O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
 As on its friends, with kindred eye ;
 For, out of Thought's interior sphere,
 These wonders rose to upper air ;
 And Nature gladly gave them place,
 Adopted them into her race,

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass ;
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned ;
And the same power that reared the shrine,
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken ;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.
I know what say the fathers wise—
The Book itself before me lies,
Old *Chrysostom*, best *Augustine*,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines.
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowed portrait dear ;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

—R. W. EMERSON.

THE HUMBLE-BEE.

BURLY, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me.
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek ;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone !
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines :
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion !
Sailor of the atmosphere ;
Swimmer through the waves of air ;
Voyager of light and noon ;
Epicurean of June ;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a colour of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone.
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers,
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found ;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavoury or unclean
Hath my insect never seen ;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap, and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among ;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher !

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep ;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep ;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

—R. W. EMERSON.

THE ORIGIN OF MINT JULEPS.

'And first behold this cordial Julep here,
That flames and dances in its crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed ;
Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thome
In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst.'

MILTON—*Comus*.

'Tis said that the gods, on Olympus of old
(And who the bright legend profanes with a doubt?),
One night, 'mid their revels, by Bacchus were told
That his last butt of nectar had somehow run out !

But, determined to send round the goblet once more,
They sued to the fairer immortals for aid
In composing a draught, which, till drinking were o'er,
Should cast every wine ever drank in the shade.

Grave Ceres herself blithely yielded her corn,
And the spirit that lives in each amber-hued grain,
And which first had its birth from the dews of the morn,
Was taught to steal out in bright dew-drops again.

Pomona, whose choicest of fruits on the board
Were scattered profusely in every one's reach,
When called on a tribute to cull from the hoard,
Expressed the mild juice of the delicate peach.

The liquids were mingled, while Venus looked on,
With glances so fraught with sweet magical power,
That the honey of Hybla, e'en when they were gone,
Has never been missed in the draught from that hour.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Flora then, from her bosom of fragrancy, shook,
And with roseate fingers pressed down in the bowl,
All dripping and fresh as it came from the brook,
The herb whose aroma should flavour the whole.

The draught was delicious, each god did exclaim,
Though something yet wanting they all did bewail ;
But juleps the drink of immortals became,
When Jove himself added a handful of hail.

—C. F. HOFFMAN.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way ;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !
Let the dead Past bury its dead !
Act—act in the living Present !
Heart within, and God o'erhead !

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ;

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a thrashing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

N U R E M B E R G.

IN the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow lands
Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient,
stands.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them
throng :

Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors, rough and bold,
Had their dwelling in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old ;

And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted, in their uncouth rhyme,
That their great imperial city stretched its hand through every
clime.

In the courtyard of the castle, bound with many an iron band,
Stands the mighty linden, planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand ;

On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days
Sat the poet Melchior, singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.

Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of Art—
Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common
mart ;

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

And above cathedral doorways, saints and bishops carved in stone,
By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.

In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust,
And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their
trust ;

In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art ;

Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand,
Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.

Emigravit is the inscription on the tombstone where he lies ;
Dead he is not—but departed—for the artist never dies.

Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair,
That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its
air !

Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and
dismal lanes,
Walked of yore the Master-singers, chanting rude poetic strains.

From remote and sunless suburbs, came they to the friendly guild,
Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows
build.

As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime ;

Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy
bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.

Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet, laureate of the gentle craft,
Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an alehouse, with a nicely sanded floor,
And a garland in the window, and his face above the door ;

Painted by some humble artist, as in Adam Puschman's song,
As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and
long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,
Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Vanished is the ancient splendour, and before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard ;
But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer, from a region far away,
As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his
careless lay :

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,
The nobility of labour—the long pedigree of toil.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

FROM EVANGELINE.

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore, and past the mouth of the Wabash,
Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles ; a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune ;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward, o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness sombre with
forests,

Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river ;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plume-like
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the
current,

Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sand-bars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dovecots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where, through the golden coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.
They, too, swerved from their course ; and, entering the Bayou of
Plaquemine,

Soon were they lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a
ruin.

Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

NEW ENGLAND.

LAND of the forest and the rock—
Of dark-blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountains reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock—
My own green land for ever!
Land of the beautiful and brave—
The freeman's home—the martyr's grave—
The nursery of giant men,
Whose deeds have linked with every glen,
And every hill, and every stream,
The romance of some warrior-dream!
Oh, never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering steps incline,
Forget the sky which bent above
His childhood like a dream of love,
The stream beneath the green hill flowing,
The broad-armed trees above it growing,
The clear breeze through the foliage blowing;
Or hear, unmoved, the taunt of scorn
Breathed o'er the brave New England born;
Or mark the stranger's jaguar-hand
Disturb the ashes of thy dead,
The buried glory of a land
Whose soil with noble blood is red,
And sanctified in every part—
Nor feel resentment, like a brand,
Unsheathing from his fiery heart!
Oh, greener hills may catch the sun
Beneath the glorious heaven of France;
And streams, rejoicing as they run
Like life beneath the day-beam's glance,

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

May wander where the orange bough
With golden fruit is bending low ;
And there may bend a brighter sky
O'er green and classic Italy—
And pillared fane and ancient grave
Bear record of another time,
And over shaft and architrave
The green, luxuriant ivy climb ;
And far toward the rising sun
The palm may shake its leaves on high,
Where flowers are opening, one by one,
Like stars upon the twilight sky ;
And breezes soft as sighs of love
Above the broad banana stray,
And through the Brahmin's sacred grove
A thousand bright-hued pinions play !
Yet unto thee, New England, still
Thy wandering sons shall stretch their arms,
And thy rude chart of rock and hill
Seem dearer than the land of palms ;
Thy massy oak and mountain-pine
More welcome than the banyan's shade ;
And every free, blue stream of thine
Seem richer than the golden bed
Of oriental waves, which glow
And sparkle with the wealth below !

—J. G. WHITTIER.

THE STAR AND THE WATER-LILY.

THE Sun stepped down from his golden throne,
And lay in the silent sea,
And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,
For a sleepy thing was she ;
What is the Lily dreaming of ?
Why crisp the waters blue ?
See, see, she is lifting her varnished lid !
Her white leaves are glistening through !

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek
In the lap of the breathless tide ;
The Lily hath sisters fresh and fair,
That would lie by the Rose's side ;
He would love her better than all the rest,
And he would be fond and true ;
But the Lily unfolded her weary lids,
And looked at the sky so blue.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Remember, remember, thou silly one,
How fast will thy summer glide,
And wilt thou wither a virgin pale,
Or flourish a blooming bride?
'Oh, the Rose is old, and thorny, and cold,
And he lives on earth,' said she;
'But the Star is fair, and he lives in the air,
And he shall my bridegroom be.'

But what if the stormy cloud should come,
And ruffle the silver sea?
Would he turn his eye from the distant sky,
To smile on a thing like thee?
O no, fair Lily, he will not send
One ray from his far-off throne;
The winds shall blow and the waves shall flow,
And thou wilt be left alone.

There is not a leaf on the mountain-top,
Nor a drop of evening dew,
Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore,
Nor a pearl in the waters blue,
That he has not cheered with his fickle smile,
And warmed with his faithless beam—
And will he be true to a pallid flower,
That floats on the quiet stream?

Alas, for the Lily! she would not heed,
But turned to the skies afar,
And bared her breast to the trembling ray
That shot from the rising star;
The cloud came over the darkened sky,
And over the waters wide;
She looked in vain through the beating rain,
And sank in the stormy tide.

—O. W. HOLMES.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more.'

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before ;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating :
‘Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door ;
This it is, and nothing more.’

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,
‘ Sir,’ said I, ‘ or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you’—here I opened wide the
door——

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering,
fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before ;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word ‘ Lenore !’
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word
‘ Lenore !’—

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
‘ Surely,’ said I, ‘ surely that is something at my window lattice ;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore :
‘Tis the wind, and nothing more.’

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute stopped or stayed
he ;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no
craven,

Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore !'
Quoth the Raven : 'Nevermore.'

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore ;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as 'Nevermore.'

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered ; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered : 'Other friends have flown
before—

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before.'
Then the bird said 'Nevermore.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "Never—nevermore."'

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and
door ;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking 'Nevermore.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core ;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore !

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen
censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore !
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore !'
Quoth the Raven : 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet !' said I, 'thing of evil !—prophet still, if bird or devil !—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead ?—tell me—tell me, I implore !'
Quoth the Raven : 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet !' said I, 'thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil !
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.'
Quoth the Raven : 'Nevermore.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend !' I shrieked, up-
starting—

'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore !
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken !
Leave my loneliness unbroken !—quit the bust above my door !
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my
door !'

Quoth the Raven : 'Nevermore.'

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door ;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the
floor ;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore !

—E. A. POE.

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee ;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea :
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
I and my Annabel Lee ;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee ;
So that her highborn kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes !—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee :

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea.
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

—E. A. POE.

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED.

I DU believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur away ez Paris is ;
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infarnal Pharisees ;

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want
A tax on teás an' coffees,
Thet nothin' ain't extravygunt—
Purvidin' I'm in office ;
Fer I hev loved my country sence
My eye-teeth filled their sockets,
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan
O' levyin' the taxes,
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
I git jest wut I axes :
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,
Because it kind o' rouses
The folks to vote—an' keeps us in
Our quiet custom-houses.

I du believe it's wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
An' orthydox conditions :
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways
O' prayin' an' convartin' ;
The bread comes back in many days,
An' buttered, tu, fer sartin ;
I mean in preyin' till one busts
On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff
Fer 'lectioneers to spout on ;
The people's ollers soft enough
To make hard money out on ;
Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
An' gives a good-sized junk to all ;

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

I don't care *how* hard money is,
Ez long ez mine's paid punctooal.

I du believe with all my soul
In the gret Press's freedom,
To pint the people to the goal
An' in the traces lead 'em ;
Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
At my fat contracts squintin',
An' withered be the nose thet pokes
Inter the gov'ment printin' !

I du believe thet I should give
Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,
Fer it's by him I move an' live,
From him my bread an' cheese air ;
I du believe thet all o' me
Doth bear his souperscription—
Will, conscience, honour, honesty,
An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
To him thet hez the grantin'
O' jobs—in every thin' thet pays,
But most of all in Cantin' ;
This doth my cup with marcies fill,
This lays all thought o' sin to rest :
I *don't* believe in princerple,
But, oh ! I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
Or thet, ez it may happen
One way or t' other hendiest is
To ketch the people nappin' ;
It ain't by princerples nor men
My preudunt course is steadied ;
I scent wich pays the best, an' then
Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
Comes nat'ral tu a Presidunt,
Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
To hev a wal-broke precedunt ;
Fer any office, small or gret,
I couldn't ax with no face,
Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

I du believe wutever trash
 'll keep the people in blindness ;
Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
 Right inter brotherly kindness ;
Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
 Air good-will's strongest magnets,
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
 Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
 In Humbug generally,
Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
 To hev a solid vally ;
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
 In pasturs sweet heth led me,
An' this 'll keep the people green
 To feed ez they hev fed me.

—J. R. LOWELL.

WHAT MR ROBINSON THINKS.

GUVERNER B. is a sensible man ;
 He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks ;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
 An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes :
 But John P.
 Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guverner B.

My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?
 We can't never choose him, o' course—thet's flat ;
Guess we shall hev to come round (don't you?),
 An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that ;
 Fer John P.
 Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guverner B.

General C. is a drefle smart man :
 He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf ;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan ;
 He's ben true to *one* party—an' thet is himself.
 So John P.
 Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer General C.

General C. he goes in fer the war ;
 He don't vally principle more'n an old cud ;

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Ginerall C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut ain't,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country;
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
Puts the *debit* to him, an' to us the *per contry*;
An' John P.
Robinson he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies;
Sez they're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum*;
An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ignorance, an' t'other half rum;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez it ain't no sech thing; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it's a marcy we've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow—
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
To drive the world's team wen it gits in a slough;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world 'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!

—J. R. LOWELL

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

MR BIGLOW ON THE CIVIL WAR (1862).

* * * * *
IT'S war we're in, not politics ;
It's systems wrastlin' now, not parties ;
An' victory in the eend 'll fix
Where longest will an' truest heart is.
An' wut's the Guv'ment folks about ?
Tryin' to hope ther' 's nothin' doin',
An' look ez though they didn't doubt
Sunthin' pertickler wuz a-brewin'.

Ther' 's critters yit thet talk an' act
Fer wut they call Conciliation ;
They'd hand a buff'lo-drove a tract
When they wuz madder than all Bashan.
Conciliate ? it jest means *be kicked*,
No metter how they phrase an' tone it ;
It means thet we're to set down licked,
Thet we're poor shotes an' glad to own it !

A war on tick's ez dear 'z the deuce,
But it wun't leave no lastin' traces,
Ez 'twould to make a sneakin' truce
Without no moral specie-basis :
Ef green-backs ain't nut jest the cheese,
I guess ther' 's evils thet's extrem'er :
Fer instance—shinplaster idees
Like them put out by Gov'nor Seymour.

Last year, the Nation, at a word,
When tremblin' Freedom cried to shield her,
Flamed weldin' into one keen sword
Waitin' an' longin' fer a wielder :
A splendid flash !—an' how'd the grasp
With sech a chance ez thet wuz tally ?
Ther' warn't no meanin' in our clasp—
Half this, half thet, all shilly-shally.

More men ? More Man ! It's there we fail ;
Weak plans grow weaker yit by lengthenin' :
Wut use in addin' to the tail,
When it's the head's in need o' strengthenin' ?
We wanted one thet felt all Chief
From roots o' hair to sole o' stockin',
Square-sot with thousan'-ton belief
In him an' us, ef earth went rockin' !

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

Ole Hick'ry wouldn't ha' stood see-saw
'Bout doin' things till they wuz done with ;
He'd smashed the tables o' the Law
In time o' need to load his gun with ;
He couldn't see but jest one side—
Ef his, 'twuz God's, an' thet wuz plenty ;
An' so his '*Forrards!*' multiplied
An army's fightin' weight by twenty.

But this 'ere histin', creak, creak, creak,
Your cappen's heart up with a derrick,
This tryin' to coax a lightnin'-streak
Out of a half-discouraged hay-rick,
This hangin' on mont' arter mont'
Fer one sharp purpose 'mongst the twitter—
I tell ye, it doos kind o' stunt
The peth an' sperit of a critter.

In six months where 'll the People be,
Ef leaders look on revolution
Ez though it wuz a cup o' tea—
Jest social el'ments in solution?
This weighin' things doos wal enough
When war cools down, an' comes to writin' ;
But while it's makin', the true stuff
Is pison-mad, pig-headed fightin'.

Democ'acy gives every man
A right to be his own oppressor ;
But a loose Gov'ment ain't the plan,
Helpless ez spilled beans on a dresser :
I tell ye one thing we might larn
From them smart critters, the Seceders—
Ef bein' right's the fust carn,
The 'fore-the-fust's cast-iron leaders.

But 'pears to me I see some signs
Thet we're a-goin' to use our senses :
Jeff druv us into these hard lines,
An' ough' to bear his half th' expenses ;
Slavery's Secession's heart an' will,
South, North, East, West, where'er you find it,
An' ef it drors in the War's mill,
D'ye say them thunder-stones sha'n't grind it?

D'ye s'pose, ef Jeff giv *him* a lick,
Ole Hick'ry 'd tried his head to sof'n
So's 'twouldn't hurt thet ebony stick
Thet's made our side see stars so of'n?

SELECTIONS FROM AMERICAN POETRY.

'No!' he'd ha' thundered, 'on your knees,
An' own one flag, one road to glory!
Soft-heartedness, in times like these,
Shews sof'ness in the upper story!'

An' why should we kick up a muss
About the Pres'dunt's proclamation?
It ain't a-goin' to lib'rate us,
Ef we don't like emancipation:
The right to be a cussed fool
Is safe from all devices human,
It's common (ez a gin'l rule)
To every critter born o' woman.

So *we*'re all right, an' I, fer one,
Don't think our cause'll lose in vally
By rammin' Scriptur' in our gun,
An' gittin' Natur' fer an ally:
Thank God, say I, fer even a plan
To lift one human bein's level,
Give one more chance to make a man,
Or, anyhow, to spile a devil!

* * *

An' come wut will, I think it's grand
Abe's gut his will et last bloom-furnaced
In trial-flames till it'll stand
The strain o' bein' in deadly earnest:
Thet's wut we want—we want to know
The folks on our side hez the bravery
To b'lieve ez hard, come weal, come woe,
In Freedom ez Jeff doos in Slavery.

Set the two forces foot to foot,
An' every man knows who'll be winner,
Whose faith in God hez ary root
Thet goes down deeper than his dinner:
Then 'twill be felt from pole to pole,
Without no need o' proclamation,
Earth's Biggest Country's gut her soul
An' risen up Earth's Greatest Nation!

—J. R. LOWELL.





BOBERT BRUCE AND WILLIAM WALLACE are two names intimately associated with one of the most heroic struggles for national independence which occurs in any history. From an exceedingly remote period, Scotland enjoyed the character of an unconquered country. Consisting for the greater part of mountains, and intersected by arms of the sea, it naturally presents considerable difficulties to the encroachments of a foreign enemy. Every successive attempt at invasion and conquest, therefore, was less or more fruitless. The Romans held possession of the more accessible part of it in the south for some time, and the same tract of country afterwards became a settlement of Anglo-Saxons. No foreign power was ever able to obtain an entire or permanent possession of the country. Even when England suffered a conquest from Norman intruders, Scotland was unmolested, and continued to enjoy its ancient freedom. In

the eleventh century, when regular history commences, the various tribes and people—Celts, Picts, and Scots—who had settled in the country were united in one monarchy; and from this time Scotland took its place in Europe as an independent kingdom. This consolidation of power was afterwards promoted by the absorption of an Anglo-Saxon district in the reign of Malcolm Canmore. After this, many Normans, invited by the Scottish kings, settled in the country, and the people in process of time acquired the language, the arts, and many of the customs of their English neighbours. Not satisfied with cultivating this friendly relationship, it was the misfortune of the English sovereigns to become afflicted with a fierce desire to conquer and hold Scotland in subjection, at a time when it was labouring under a severe domestic calamity, and least able to repel aggression. There now ensued between the two countries a protracted and disastrous war, in which every evil and every noble passion was evoked—on the one hand, a villainous thirst of ambition, which stopped at no means for its gratification; and on the other, a spirit of heroic independence, which would brook no such unjustifiable oppression. We propose to relate the story of this great war of independence, which, till the present day, is spoken of with much excusable pride by the Scottish people; and in doing so, we shall have occasion to expatiate on the deeds of the two heroes whose names have been mentioned—William Wallace, by whom the war was begun, and Robert Bruce, who brought it to a successful issue.

The wish to conquer and possess Scotland, and so subdue the entire island of Great Britain, had been a favourite project of the Anglo-Norman sovereigns ever since they had fixed themselves in England by the victory of Hastings (1066). A pretext was at length found for at least making the attempt. The kings of Scotland had family possessions in Northumberland, in virtue of which they enjoyed the rank of English earls, and so far they were vassals of the English monarchy. Henry II. was desirous that the acknowledgment of vassalage should extend to the whole of Scotland; but this he had no means of enforcing except by stratagem. In one of the warlike expeditions of the English into Northumberland in 1174, they had the address to take captive the Scottish king, William the Lion; and making the most of this lucky accident, they would not release the royal prisoner till he had given a formal acknowledgment of vassalage to England for his entire kingdom; and in the same deed of submission there was included an article implying the superiority of the English over the Scottish ecclesiastics. The thought of what had been done rankled in all Scottish hearts; and from that period the Scottish king and the Scottish clergy took every opportunity of resenting the indignity to which they had been forced to submit, and of declaring to the world that they did not consider the agreement binding.

Henry II., the author of this inglorious stratagem, died in 1189;

and Richard Cœur de Lion, his son, too generous to profit by his father's mean action, and perhaps also influenced by necessity, sold back to the Scottish king, for ten thousand merks, all the rights which Henry had extorted. By this tranquillising measure, matters between the two kingdoms were restored to precisely the footing on which they had been before the capture of William. Passing over various attempts which the successors of Richard made to renew their unjustifiable claim, we arrive at the year 1252, when Henry III. was king of England, and Alexander III., then but a boy of ten years of age, king of Scotland. Alexander had been betrothed in infancy to Henry's daughter, Margaret; and in that year he went to York, to have the marriage-ceremony performed. While in England, the crafty Henry tried to extort from him an acknowledgment of vassalage for the kingdom of Scotland; but the boy had been well instructed ere he left home, and his reply to his father-in-law's demand was, that in a 'matter of such consequence he could not decide without the advice of his parliament.' Eight years afterwards, when Margaret his queen, about to give birth to an heir, wished the event to take place at her father's court, and her husband accompanied her in her journey, the jealousy of the Scotch in this long-contested matter was shewn by their insisting on an agreement being made, that during the royal stay in England, no affairs of state should be discussed or transacted. But Alexander was a king after their own heart, worthy to be intrusted even singly with the high charge of defending his country's liberty. Nobly and manfully, while he reigned in Scotland, did he repel the claims and encroachments of his able and profound brother-in-law, Edward I., the successor of Henry. Alexander III. seems to have been one of the best and wisest kings that ever sat on the Scottish throne. He is known to this day as the good king Alexander. In his reign, Scotland rose to be a kingdom of some importance; foreign ships laden with costly commodities visited its shores; the din of the anvil was heard in the village streets; the shuttle of the weaver plied its busy labours; the cattle lowed on the hills; and plenty abounded in the land. It was also a period of profound tranquillity; and this happy condition of affairs was so exceedingly remarkable, that till this day it is referred to in all charters of the Scottish chancery as 'the time of peace.'

This national tranquillity and prosperity suddenly came to an end. The good king Alexander III., on the 16th of March 1286, was killed by a fall from his horse while hunting at Kinghorn, in Fife, and the intelligence of the event spread a foreboding gloom over the whole kingdom. The heir to the Scottish throne was Alexander's grand-daughter, Margaret, daughter of Eric of Norway, a child two years of age. Edward I. had resolved on the marriage of this little Norway maiden to his son Edward, as a peaceful means of carrying into effect the family project of incorporating the two kingdoms;

but in this he was disappointed. On the 1st of September 1290, the young queen died at the Orkney Islands, on her voyage from Norway. In her the royal line of William the Lion was extinct, and an empty throne was now to be contended for.

Competitors flocked in from every quarter. All over Scotland, there was a ransacking of genealogies; and whosoever could find that an intermarriage with the royal line had ever taken place in his family, came and claimed to be made king. Altogether, there were no fewer than eleven competitors. Out of these, the two who had the preferable title were Robert Bruce and John Baliol. Baliol was the grandson of the eldest daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of William the Lion. Bruce was the son of the second daughter of the same David, Earl of Huntingdon. In the dispute between these two, therefore, an important principle of succession had to be settled. It had to be decided whether the grandson of an elder daughter, or the son of a younger, had the better title. This question has been settled now by precedents; but at that time it was perplexing to lawyers and legislators. For some reason, not distinctly stated in historical annals, the whole matter was referred to the arbitration of Edward I., who, to his everlasting dishonour, declared neither for Baliol nor Bruce, but for himself as sovereign, recognising Baliol, however, as his vassal-king; and accordingly he had that weak-minded man crowned at Scone, November 30, 1292.

The vassal monarchy of Baliol was everywhere in Scotland considered to be a mockery. Edward was observed to be the king, as far as power was concerned, for he filled the towns and forts with garrisons of English soldiers, and had received the allegiance of the Scottish nobles. Edward's design was clearly to incorporate Scotland with England. On the most insignificant pretexts, Baliol was made to trudge to the English court, there to appear as a chief retainer or vassal of the English crown. An appeal was opened in Scotch lawsuits to the English courts at Westminster. The Scotch nobles were occasionally required to repeat the humbling ceremony of taking the oath of fealty. Such ancient historical papers as fell into the hands of the English were made away with. English ecclesiastics were preferred to abbeys and other high offices in the Scotch church; and, in the end, the conqueror marked, by two very impressive pieces of ceremonial, that Scotland was now to be considered a mere province of England: the great seal of the kingdom was broken in pieces, the fragments being deposited in the English treasury; and the famous stone on which the kings of Scotland had been crowned for upwards of eight hundred years was carried away from Scone, and placed in Westminster Abbey.

These humiliating inflictions, which occurred between the years 1291 and 1297, stung the Scotch bitterly, and they only gave a temporary and grumbling submission. On this as on all other

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occasions of aggression, the English were utterly regardless of the feelings of the people among whom they intruded themselves. Suffering under accumulated outrages, the Scotch at length made an attempt, with Baliol at their head, to drive out the English, and restore native usages; but it failed. The battle of Dunbar, fought in the spring of 1296, served still more to strengthen the power of Edward. Baliol was taken prisoner, and sent off to London; and thenceforth all the accessible parts of the country were placed under the government of English officials.

WALLACE.

It was in 1297, the period at which we are now arrived, that William Wallace burst into public view. This young and ardent patriot was born at Elderslie, near Paisley. His father was Sir Malcolm Wallace of Elderslie, and his mother was the daughter of Sir Hugh Crawford, sheriff of Ayr. Although descended from a Norman family, Wallace, like his father, was a true Scotchman. While he was a boy, his father and elder brother were killed fighting against the English intruders, and this sad event threw him entirely on the care of his mother, with whom he resided for a time in different parts of the country. As he advanced in years, he was committed to the charge of his uncle, a priest at Dunipace, in Stirlingshire, and from him he received the rudiments of a liberal education. From Dunipace he removed to Dundee, where, becoming morbidly alive to his family's and his country's wrongs, he slew one of the English garrison who had unceremoniously insulted him. He now retired into Ayrshire, and, according to the traditions of the country, scrupled not to encounter and punish any English soldiery who made themselves amenable to his irregular discipline. Of large stature and fair proportions, his strength now and afterwards is described as having been considerably beyond that of other men, while, though rash and incautious, his temper is said to have been exceedingly mild, and his disposition generous. Sympathising with the common people in their sufferings, and often succouring them in their necessities, he became endeared to them in an extraordinary degree; and, till the present day, no man in Scotland has ever ranked so high in popular esteem as 'Wallace Wight'—the name by which our hero has been fondly remembered by the peasantry.

While rendering himself notorious by his exploits throughout the shires of Ayr, Renfrew, and Lanark, Wallace does not appear to have signalised himself as a public champion till after the battle of Dunbar, when about twenty-six years of age. He now, in connection with a chosen band of patriots, equally reckless, led the life of a guerrilla chief in the recesses of Clydesdale, occasionally issuing forth and taking signal vengeance on the English garrisons

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which incautiously exposed themselves to attack. Among the most noted of his associates in these hazardous operations were Sir Andrew Murray, Sir William Douglas, Robert Boyd, David Barclay of Towie, Hugh Dundas, Alexander Scrymgeour, and John Blair, a priest. A body of from ten to thirty always remaining together in the forest,* the sound of Wallace's bugle could increase it on special occasions, by summoning recruits from the villages and hamlets round about. Thus he continued for several months, daily gaining new adherents, and extending the range of his operations, till at last there was not an English garrison in all that district in which stories were not told by the soldiers to each other of the formidable doings of the turbulent robber of Clydesdale. Many monuments remain in that district to the present day, such as upright stones, secret caves, and half-obliterated forts, to attest the traditionary accounts of these engagements with the English, as well as the many hairbreadth escapes of Wallace, when some extraordinary military errand led him to quit the forest without any followers.

Wallace was now become exceedingly formidable to the English intruders, whom it was his object to exterminate without mercy; and many Scottish nobles began to think that if matters continued to proceed as successfully, it would be safe for them ere long to forswear their allegiance to Edward. On the other hand, attempts seem to have been made by the English officials to tamper with Wallace through his mother's relations. But it is the proudest fact in the patriot's history, that never once during his whole life did he make a single acknowledgment of Edward's right to govern Scotland. While others went and came, took the vows when they were in extremity, and broke them when hope revived; while the Comyns and the Bruces and other great nobles were living in ignoble security at Edward's court, watching a safe opportunity of being patriotic; nay, while even the fair fame of Douglas himself was tarnished in the end, Wallace, hunted with sleuth-hounds through the woods, or hiding in the hollows of trees, never once did a false or mean thing, but lived and died, in the midst of slaves, a true Scottish freeman.

But, alas! what neither promises nor threats, nor hunger nor danger, could effect, a power greater than any of them took on hand. Wallace fell in love—an incident important enough in any man's life, but, as it appears to us, unusually so in that of Wallace. Going to the kirk of Lanark one day, Wallace saw Marion Bradfute, the orphan daughter of Sir Hugh Bradfute of Lamington. Father, mother, and brother dead, the orphan girl lived a retired life in Lanark, purchasing protection from insult by paying a sum of money to Hazelrig, the English governor, who, it is said, intended to marry her and her estate to his son. She was now eighteen, and an ancient minstrel gives this interesting description of her :

‘ All suffered she, and richt lowly her bare,
 Amiable, so benign, and wise,
 Courteous and sweet, full-filled of gentleness,
 Well ruled of tongue ;’ &c.

For a time, Wallace struggled between love and duty—between Scotland and Marion Bradfute. He endeavoured to reconcile both sentiments by marrying the gentle Marion. For some time after this event, which was kept a profound secret, his enterprises were confined to the neighbourhood of Lanark, and the English had a respite. But Wallace was to be restored to his country.

Returning home from one of his forays, our hero was recognised by some English soldiers, and attacked in the streets of Lanark. He was nearly being overpowered, when a well-known door opened, a hand beckoned him, and dashing in, he escaped into the woods behind. It was the house of Wallace’s wife, the heiress of Lamington. The secret was now divulged, and, by Hazelrig’s orders, the poor girl was hanged. All Lanark was horror-struck ; and intelligence of the event reaching the distracted husband, he returned with his party at night, slew the wretch Hazelrig, and drove the English from the town. Nothing now stood between Wallace and his duty to his country.

After this tragic circumstance, Wallace carried on his operations on a more extended scale. With a party greatly increased in numbers, he found himself strong enough to lay siege to some of the most important garrisoned towns. The most signal of these achievements was his taking of Glasgow, which was occupied by a strong body of soldiers under Anthony Bek, Bishop of Durham, and his extirpating a colony which Edward had planted in Argyleshire, under an Irish chief called M’Fadyan. These successes, followed up by a number of other sieges and engagements, made the final deliverance of the whole country appear possible.

One of Wallace’s most noted exploits about this time was the burning of what were called the Barns of Ayr. It appears that the English governor of Ayr had invited a large number of the Scottish nobility and gentry to meet him at these barns or buildings, for the purpose, as he said, of friendly conference on the affairs of Scotland. His design, however, was base and treacherous. It was his object to put the whole assembly of gentlemen to death, by causing soldiers in attendance to run nooses over their heads, and then hang them to the beams of the roof. Unsuspicious of any such plot, a large number came on the appointed day, and, as they were admitted into the house, nooses were thrown over their heads, and they were immediately drawn up to the beams overhead and hanged. Sir Reginald Crawford, sheriff of Ayrshire, and uncle to Wallace, was among the sufferers in this infamous tragedy. As soon as Wallace heard of this outrage on some of the best men in Scotland, he was

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dreadfully enraged ; and collecting his men, proceeded to revenge his country on the contrivers and executioners of the crime. He proceeded very cautiously in this enterprise, his plan being to take the English unawares. One night, accordingly, when he learned that they had laid themselves down to sleep, after feasting and drinking, in the same large barns in which the Scottish gentlemen had been murdered, he led his men to the attack. A woman who knew the place, friendly to Wallace, obligingly marked the doors of the houses in which the English lay, and these outlets were immediately fastened with ropes. Thus secured, the doors were set on fire with burning straw. Roused from their slumbers by the noise and smell of the burning, the English endeavoured to escape ; but they were driven back into their burning houses, or put to death on the spot. Thus perished, either by fire or the sword, the principal perpetrators of an unjustifiable crime ; the deed still more spreading abroad the fame of Wallace's heroism.*

In addition to the few men of note who had gathered round him at the outset of his career, others of the Scottish nobles now joined him. Among these were the Stewart and his brother, Robert Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, Alexander Lindsay, Sir Richard Lundin, and lastly, young Robert Bruce, afterwards King Robert, who, long fretting in his ignoble servitude at the court of Edward, had taken an opportunity of escaping, breaking the oath which he had sworn to the conqueror on the sword of Thomas à Becket. A revolt made so alarming by these accessions, Edward determined decisively to crush. Urged by his commands, Warrene, the governor, sent Sir Henry Percy and Sir Robert Clifford with a large force against the associated Scottish leaders. The latter were encamped near the town of Irvine, and, becoming alarmed for their safety, all, with the exception of Wallace and Sir Andrew Murray, gave up thoughts of fighting, and signed a treaty drawn up by the Bishop of Glasgow, submitting themselves, and expressing contrition for having 'risen in arms against our Lord Edward, and against his peace in his territories of Scotland and Galloway.' Wallace and Murray, indignant at this pusillanimity, retired into the north, there to wait a time for retrieving what had been lost by the cowardice of their associates. Before going northward, however, Wallace went straight to Glasgow, and, as a mark of his opinion of Wishart's conduct in drawing up the treaty, demolished his house, carrying off his horses and furniture.

Wallace was not idle while in the north, for we find him at Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, Dunnottar, and Aberdeen, beating the English

*This, like most other anecdotes of Wallace, is gathered from *The Adventures of Sir William Wallace*, a work written in verse from popular tradition about the year 1460, by a wandering poet usually called Blind Harry, and which has long been a favourite volume amongst the Scottish peasantry. It was the study of this book which had so great an effect in kindling the genius of Burns.

out of them all. He had come southward again, and was engaged in besieging Dundee, when he was informed that a powerful English army, with Warrenne at its head, was marching northward. Leaving strict injunctions to the townsmen to continue the siege of the garrison of Dundee, he hastened southward, and encamped at Cambuskenneth, near Stirling Bridge. Warrenne having been superseded in the governorship, wished to avoid an engagement till his successor, Brian Fitzallen, should arrive to take the responsibility. He therefore sent two friars to attempt a truce with Wallace; but they were sent back with a defiance, and the battle commenced. The military sagacity of Sir Richard Lundin, and Warrenne's own prudence, were overborne by the zeal of the hot-headed Cressingham, who insisted on crossing the bridge, in order to fall directly upon the Scotch. The result was a total defeat of the English army. The Scotch rushed down upon them as they were crossing, slaughtered them in masses on the bridge, drove hundreds into the river, and made havoc of the fugitives. Cressingham was killed; and so obnoxious had this official made himself to the Scotch, that, animated by the barbarous feelings of the period, they made sword-belts of his skin. In this battle the Scotch lost but few men. The brave Sir Andrew Murray, however, a colleague worthy of Wallace, was mortally wounded. The remains of the English army fled in confusion to Berwick.

Not long after this battle, in the end of 1297 or the beginning of 1298, we find Wallace using the title of 'Guardian of Scotland in the name of King John, and by the consent of the Scottish nation.' The manner of his assuming such a title has been made a subject of debate, some insisting that it was regularly conferred at a meeting at which certain of the Scotch nobles were present; others, that no such meeting was held; and others, that Baliol had sent Wallace a private commission appointing him regent. However this might be, it was a regency in the sovereign's name, with the approbation of the nation; and although the title roused many invidious feelings among the Scottish nobility, Wallace used his power with great discretion, and never aimed at being anything more than a servant of the state. A person in his circumstances, animated by vulgar ambition, would have aimed at becoming king.

Wallace's regency did not last a year; but during this brief period he manifested his ability for governing with a judicious and strict hand. The only obstacle he had to encounter was the mean jealousy of certain Scottish nobles, who resented his assumption of power; though there was evidently no other person able to preserve order, or quell the enemies of the country. It may be remarked that, throughout the whole struggle for independence, comparatively few of the Scottish aristocracy afforded any assistance. Inclining either to the side of Edward, at whose court they looked for advancement, or holding coldly aloof, they left the main difficulties to be achieved

by men of inferior rank. Wallace, a man of the people, and of a sagacious mind, perceived that the feudal power of the barons was inconsistent with civil freedom, and he had the boldness to contrive a plan by which it should be relinquished, and the people at large be left their own masters, and at the disposal of the state. He did not remain sufficiently long in power to accomplish this design ; but during his short guardianship he adopted measures for encouraging foreign trade. A letter has lately been discovered in the archives of Hamburg, written at Haddington, 11th October 1297, by 'Andrew Murray and William Wallace, commanders of the army of the kingdom,' and addressed to the mayor and citizens of Lübeck and Hamburg. The purport of this interesting document is expressed in the request that 'the mayor and citizens will cause it to be made known among the merchants, that Scotland being now, by God's blessing, delivered out of the hands of the English, they may now have free access to all the Scottish ports with their goods and commodities.'

The period of national tranquillity was short. At the time of the battle of Stirling, Edward was in Flanders, and when he returned to England in the spring of 1298, he immediately turned his attention to Scotland. He first summoned the Scottish nobles to meet him at York ; and, when the fear of Wallace's vengeance prevented them from going thither, he collected an immense army, and marched northward at the head of it, to redeem the defeats of former commanders by his own military genius. The detention of the fleet, to which he trusted for provisions, and the mutinous conduct of his army, owing to the number of Welsh in it, involved Edward in such difficulties, that he had almost determined on a retreat into England, when he received intelligence that the Scotch were willing to risk a battle, and were drawn up near Falkirk. He immediately marched thither. Wallace, who commanded the Scotch infantry or spearmen, had drawn them up in four circular bodies. In the spaces between these bodies of spearmen were posted the archers, under Sir John Stewart. There were but a thousand horse, and these were in the rear, commanded by Comyn. The English infantry were drawn up in three divisions ; but Edward relied principally on his cavalry. A morass lay between the two armies. 'I have brought you to the ring,' said Wallace to his men, before the battle commenced, in jocular allusion to some now obsolete game ; 'hop gif ye can.' The fight was long and desperate. The Scottish spearmen stood like stone walls. But at length the impetus of the English cavalry, assisted by showers of stones and arrows from the infantry, thinned and broke them. A total defeat ensued, and an immense number was left dead or taken prisoners. The defeat is easily enough to be accounted for by the great superiority of the English in numbers, and especially in cavalry ; but tradition will not accept this explanation, and insists that the defeat was owing to

the refusal of the two aristocratic leaders to co-operate with Wallace, and to a positive act of treachery on Comyn's part during the battle. Sir John Stewart was among the killed. Wallace, with the remains of his infantry, retreated to Stirling, which he set on fire. Edward withdrew into England, leaving Scotland crushed for the meantime in military strength, but still unconquered.

Little was done in 1299. Wallace resigned the guardianship, which he could no longer hold except by force; and John Comyn the younger, the elder Bruce, and Lamberton, Bishop of St Andrews, were appointed his joint-successors. The real power was that of Comyn, a name exceedingly disliked in popular Scotch history. Wallace retired into private life, ready to resume military command on any emergency; but he had hardly any opportunity of doing so; for, owing to a difference with his nobility, Edward could not carry immediately into effect his design of invading Scotland. This year, however, Baliol, who had been a prisoner in London since 1296, was released, and sent to France. After this, he is not mentioned in history. It was not till 1303 that anything occurred to call Wallace again into active life. The reason of this is, that two or three years were occupied by a controversy between Edward and Pope Boniface VIII. respecting the sovereignty of Scotland, the pope claiming Scotland as a territory of the church, and Edward maintaining that it was his. This dispute gave Scotland a breathing-time, which, under an efficient government, might have been improved, so as permanently to secure her independence. During this period of tranquillity, Wallace visited France.

Edward's blow was only suspended. With a zeal and vigour more than sufficient to compensate for the loss of time, the English monarch, in 1303, recommenced the war. As most open to attack, the country round Edinburgh was invaded, and here several engagements took place between the troops of Edward and the Scottish chiefs. One of these was the battle of Roslin, fought by Comyn, the Guardian of Scotland, and Simon Frazer of Tweeddale, on the one side, and Segrave on the other. The English suffered a defeat on this occasion; but in other quarters they were more successful, and ravaged the country as far as Caithness. All that Wallace could do in such a strait was to attack marching-parties, and storm weakly garrisoned fortresses, as he did when he was a mere outlaw chief, winding his bugle through the forest of Clydesdale.

From Caithness to Galloway, Scotland was now in the possession of the English; the Highlands, however, presenting too many difficulties for attack. On the 9th of February 1304, the Comyn government gave in its resignation. A treaty was drawn up, in which the Scottish nobles stipulated for their lives, their liberties, and their estates, subject to such fines as Edward should see fit to impose upon them by way of punishment. From the benefits of this amnesty there were excepted by name the following eight persons: David Graham,

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Alexander Lindsay, Sir John Soulis, the Stewart, Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, Simon Frazer, Thomas Boys, and William Wallace. We have arranged the names in the order corresponding to the severity of the punishment to be inflicted on them. Graham and Lindsay were to leave Scotland for six months ; Soulis, the Stewart, and the Bishop of Glasgow, were to be banished for two years ; Frazer and Boys were to be banished for three years ; and during that time they were to reside neither in England nor France. 'As for William Wallace,' says the treaty, 'it is agreed that he shall render himself up at the will and mercy of our sovereign lord the king.'

As Wallace had no disposition to render himself up in accordance with this arrangement, means were adopted to capture him ; but, in spite of every attempt, he continued for several months to wander about, accompanied by a few of his outlaw followers. Tradition also mentions that at this time Wallace and young Robert Bruce were in secret communication with each other, and that Wallace was meditating a new insurrection against Edward, for the purpose of placing Bruce on the throne. In this last effort he was not doomed to be successful. On the 5th of August 1305, he was treacherously delivered up by Sir John Menteith to the English, by whom he was taken, under a strong guard, to London. The rest is soon told. Wallace was tried, on a charge of high treason, in Westminster Hall, and, as a matter of course, condemned. In a few days thereafter, this gallant and unfortunate patriot was ignominiously and cruelly put to death on a scaffold at Smithfield ; to the last protesting against the injustice of his sentence, and declaring that all he had done he would do over again, and more, for his beloved and much-abused country.

BRUCE.

The death of the noble-minded Wallace sent a pang through Scotland, and from that moment there was a still fiercer desire to shake the country free of its oppressor. Young Bruce, as we have seen, had already formed some resolutions on the subject, which this new atrocity did not by any means weaken. As the one patriot sinks, therefore, the other rises, and becomes prominent in the page of history. Bruce, like Wallace, was a descendant of a Norman settler in Scotland. His ancestor was Robert de Bruce, who received a grant of lands in Annandale from David I. in the early part of the twelfth century. The great-great-grandson of this first of the Scottish Bruces was the Robert Bruce who competed with Baliol for the crown, at which time he was considerably advanced in life. The son of this Robert the competitor, also called Robert, married the Countess of Carrick, and by her he had a large family ; his eldest son, likewise named Robert, being born on the 21st of March 1274. At the time of good King Alexander's death, in 1286, when the troubles of Scotland began, there were three generations of Bruces

alive—father, son, and grandson ; on the last of whom, as it will appear, fell the task of achieving his country's freedom.

Young Bruce spent his early years at Turnberry Castle, in Ayrshire, and at about the age of sixteen, on the death of his mother, he succeeded to the earldom of Carrick. Old Bruce the grandfather died in 1295 ; Bruce his son died in 1304 ; and young Bruce, Earl of Carrick, was now the sole representative of the House. The Earl of Carrick was upwards of thirty years of age before he assumed the character of a patriot. His father had lived chiefly in England, with little inclination to put forward any claims on the Scottish crown ; and, bred up with a wish to conciliate Edward's favour, he himself was inclined to remain a peaceful subject of England, and on one occasion took oaths of fealty to him. The heroism and the fate of Wallace at length stimulated him to view matters differently. His conduct for some years was marked by great prudence, if not dissimulation. He became desirous of attempting to free Scotland from English intrusion, provided it could be done with a good chance of success. The disappearance of Baliol in 1304, by opening up a prospect of gaining the crown, no doubt contributed to fix his wavering resolutions. Yet there was a rival to his aspirations after kingly honours : this was a personage usually known by the title of the Red Comyn, and against whom he had a grudge, on account of Comyn having perfidiously made known to Edward that Bruce was wavering in his allegiance. Happening to visit Dumfries, on the occasion of a meeting of a court of justice, at which many of the feudal chiefs attended, Bruce there met the Red Comyn in the church of the Minorite Friars (February 4, 1305-6). The result of such an interview in such an age of strife might almost be anticipated. Pacing backward and forward in the aisles of the church, conversing together on matters of import, these two fiery spirits came to high words, Bruce reproaching Comyn with his treachery. At last, when near the altar, something which Comyn said provoked Bruce so much that he drew his dagger and stabbed him. Comyn fell, the blood flowing from him on the pavement of the sanctuary. Shocked at his rash act, Bruce rushed out of the church, and his friends, Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, and Sir Christopher Seton, meeting him at the door, asked what he had done. He said : ' I doubt I have killed the Comyn.' ' Doubt ! ' cried Kirkpatrick ; ' I'll mak sicker ' (I will make sure) ; and running into the church, he finished the Comyn with one or two stabs. Seton at the same time killed an uncle of Comyn, who had rushed in to assist him. This deed of blood scandalised all religious feeling, and Bruce ever afterwards looked on it as the sin of his life ; not, however, the act of assassinating his rival—for in these days killing was recognised as a mode of action which it was quite legitimate to adopt—but because the assassination of Comyn had been effected in a church. This was considered a sacrilege only to be atoned for by a long life of toil, penitence, and

good deeds. Whatever were the feelings of Bruce afterwards, he now seems to have considered that, by the riddance of his rival, the time was come for throwing off his ill-disguised, and, as he styled it, compulsory allegiance to the king of England. Collecting his followers, therefore, he immediately took possession of the town of Dumfries. The English justiciaries shut themselves up in the place where they were holding their sittings ; but Bruce threatening to set it on fire, they surrendered, and were suffered to leave the country in safety. Bruce then traversed the south of Scotland, seizing and fortifying towns, and expelling the English who happened to be in his path.

Although thus far successful, Bruce had yet the kingdom to win—no easy task with only a handful of adherents. Among these, besides his own brothers, were Lamberton, Bishop of St Andrews, Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, David Murray, Bishop of Moray, the Abbot of Scone, Thomas Randolph or Randall, of Strathdon (Bruce's nephew), Christopher or Christall Seton (Bruce's brother-in-law), Malcolm, Earl of Lennox, John, Earl of Athole and Lord of Strathbogie, Gilbert Hay, Earl of Errol, young Sir James Douglas, and nine or ten other persons of consequence. But these were but a fraction of the Scottish aristocracy ; and many of the rest were pledged on the English side. Nevertheless, Bruce and his party resolved on a bold and decided step. Spending about three weeks in riding hither and thither through the country, to rouse as strong a feeling as possible, they met at Scone on Friday the 27th of March 1306, and there Bruce was crowned king, a small circlet of gold having been made to serve in lieu of the old Scottish crown which Edward had carried away. Now, the honour of placing the crown on a new king's head belonged by ancient right to the family of Macduff, Earl of Fife. But the present representative of the family, Duncan, Earl of Fife, being on the English side, it appeared at first that this essential requisite in the ceremony could not be complied with. Hearing, however, that Bruce was to be crowned, Isabella, the sister of the earl, and wife of Comyn, Earl of Buchan, stole her husband's horses, and posted off to Scone, resolved that, in spite of brother and husband, Bruce should be crowned by a Macduff. As she did not reach Scone till after the 27th, the act of crowning was performed over again on the 29th, the thin gold circlet being placed on the brow of the new king by his fair adherent.

In the meantime, all was bustle and excitement in London. Edward was now an old man, scarcely able to bestride his war-horse ; and that the great scheme of the annexation of Scotland, to which he had devoted so many years of his life, should now be in danger of failing at the last, was a grief and a canker to his aged spirit. There is no sorer affliction for an old man whose life has been spent in toil, enterprise, and energetic action, than to see his schemes failing, and all that he has struggled for cast out and rejected by the world, at a

time when he is beginning to feel that death is coming, and that he can do no more. The spirit of the warrior-king flickered up bravely under the disappointment, and he swore, in the hearing of his counselors and nobles, that he would take the field once more against Scotland, deal with Bruce as he had dealt with Wallace, and then turn his thoughts to holier subjects, and prepare to die in peace. Forthwith there was a going to and fro of messengers, a writing and sealing of dispatches, a buzz of eager anticipation among the young men, and a noise everywhere of steel clanging under the armourer's hammer. To meet the present emergency, and oppose Bruce at the outset, Aymer de Valance, Earl of Pembroke, hurried away northward with what force he could gather. To crush the spirit of the Scotch under a fear stronger than that of invasion, Edward wrote to the pope to procure an anathema against Bruce and his cause for the act of sacrilege committed in the church of the Minorite Friars at Dumfries. He levied a large army, 'and for the purpose of giving more éclat to his expedition, knighted his eldest son. Immediately after receiving that honour, the Prince of Wales went in procession to Westminster Abbey, ascended the high-altar, and knighted three hundred nobles, who were all apparelled in embroidered robes of gold. At the conclusion of this ceremony, two swans, adorned with trappings and bells of gold, were brought by minstrels, in nets of the same metal, with great pomp into the church, and the king took a solemn oath, by the God of heaven and by these swans, that he would march into Scotland, and never return till he had punished the rebels, and avenged the death of John Comyn.* Giving the command of the army to the Prince of Wales, and exacting an oath from him that he would not rest two nights in one place before reaching Scotland, Edward himself followed more leisurely with his queen. Poor old monarch! he never reached the land against which he had vowed vengeance. Becoming ill near Carlisle, he was detained there, and obliged to leave the management of the invasion to others.

At first, the Scotch suffered a considerable reverse of fortune. Having penetrated as far north as Perth, the English forces there surprised Bruce by a sudden attack. Many of the Scotch were killed, and others were made prisoners, and hanged. Among these was Sir Simon Frazer or Frizell, who was carried to London, and there ignominiously put to death, his head being set upon a spear on Westminster Bridge, near that of his co-patriot Wallace. This defeat was a heavy blow and great discouragement to Bruce, who, with his followers, retired into the north, a fugitive in the kingdom whose crown he had assumed. He halted for a time at Aberdeen, whither his wife, and the wives of all his noble adherents, had resorted to wait his arrival. From Aberdeen, the band of patriots, ladies and all, retreated to the mountain country inland, and

* Clarke's *Vestigia Anglicana*.

although pinched occasionally for food, held together during the summer of 1306.

In the course of Bruce's wanderings, he attempted to force his way into Lorn, a district of Argyleshire; but here he encountered the M'Dougals, a powerful family, then called Lords of Lorn, and friendly to the English; besides, John of Lorn, the chief of the M'Dougals, hated Bruce on account of his having slain his kinsman the Red Comyn. At the first encounter, Bruce was defeated; but he shewed amidst his misfortunes the greatness of his strength and courage. According to the lively account given by Sir Walter Scott of Bruce's movements after this defeat—'He directed his men to retreat through a narrow pass, and placing himself last of the party, he fought with and slew such of the enemy as attempted to press hard upon them. Three followers of M'Dougal, a father and two sons, all very strong men, when they saw Bruce thus protecting the retreat of his followers, made a vow that they would either kill this redoubted champion, or make him prisoner. The whole three rushed on the king at once. Bruce was on horseback, in the strait pass between a precipitous rock and a deep lake. He struck the first man who came up and seized his horse's rein such a blow with his sword as cut off his hand and freed the bridle. The man bled to death. The other brother had grasped Bruce in the meantime by the leg, and was attempting to throw him from horseback. The king, setting spurs to his horse, made the animal suddenly spring forward, so that the Highlander fell under the horse's feet; and as he was endeavouring to rise again, Bruce cleft his head in two with his sword. The father, seeing his two sons thus slain, flew desperately at the king, and grasped him by the mantle so close to his body that he had not room to wield his long sword. But with the heavy pommel of that weapon, or, as others say, with an iron hammer, which hung at his saddlebow, the king struck his third assailant so dreadful a blow that he dashed out his brains. Still, however, the Highlander kept his dying grasp on the king's mantle, so that, to be free of the dead body, Bruce was obliged to undo the brooch or clasp by which it was fastened, and leave that and the mantle itself behind him.' The brooch which fell thus into the possession of M'Dougal of Lorn, is still preserved in that ancient family, as a memorial that the celebrated Robert Bruce once narrowly escaped falling into the hands of their ancestor. Robert greatly resented this attack upon him; and when he was in happier circumstances, did not fail to take his revenge on M'Dougal, or, as he is usually called, John of Lorn.* On the ruins of the family rose the Campbells and other great clans.

* Of late years, the Brooch of Lorn has become an interesting object of antiquity, and been copied by Scottish jewellers as an article of sale. It is of great size, of silver, circular in form, and embellished with gems. For a complete account of it, we refer to *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, No. 375, first series.

After this defeat in Argyleshire, with the English pressing northward, the chieftain of Lorn dogging their footsteps, and the cold weather coming on, the wanderers found it impossible any longer to live, as they had been doing, among the hills, with their garments worn out, their shoes torn and patched, and with scarcely the means of procuring food. Bruce therefore divided his little band into two parties. One of these, under the command of Nigel Bruce, his youngest brother, was to convey the ladies to Kildrummie Castle, on the river Don, in Aberdeenshire, where, though in danger of being besieged, they would at all events be safer than if they remained where they were. When the party had gone away, taking with it all the horses, there remained with the king about two hundred men, uncertain whither they should go, or how they should pass the winter. To remain in Scotland seemed impossible; they therefore came to the resolution of crossing over to the north of Ireland, where they might possibly obtain assistance from the Earl of Ulster, or where at least they might remain through the winter, looking eagerly across the Channel, and watching for an opportunity of returning to renew the enterprise. Accordingly, they pushed their way across Argyleshire to Cantire, whence they passed over to Rathlin, a small island on the coast of Ulster, within sight of the Scottish shore. At first, the wild inhabitants shewed a disposition to question the right of two hundred strangers to come and quarter so unceremoniously in their island; but a little intercourse conciliated them; and through the winter of 1306-7, the fugitive king and his men made Rathlin their place of refuge.

In the spring of 1307, the fugitives began to think of revisiting their native land, where their mysterious disappearance had caused some sensation. Accordingly, Douglas and Boyd, with a few followers, went over to the Isle of Arran, and attacked the English: and ten days after, Bruce and the rest of the Scotch left Rathlin, and joined them. They were now near the Scottish mainland opposite Bruce's own district of Carrick and his castle of Turnberry; but before actually committing themselves by a landing in Ayrshire, it was resolved to send a spy, named Cuthbert, to learn the true state of affairs. If appearances were favourable, Cuthbert was to kindle a bonfire on Turnberry nook, the blaze of which, seen in the night-time from the coast of Arran, would be a signal for Bruce and his little band to embark in their boats and row across the Channel. After the messenger was gone, Bruce walked up and down the beach, his eyes in the direction of Turnberry nook, watching eagerly for the expected signal. All night he watched, and all next morning; and just as it was growing late in the day, he thought he saw the flickering of the bonfire. As it grew dark, all doubt was at an end; there was the bonfire blazing ruddily in the horizon; so with joyful hearts they began to busy themselves in getting ready the boats. Just as Bruce was stepping on board, a woman of the island, 'than

whom none in all the land had so much wit of things to come,' came and prophesied to him that ere long he would be king, and overcome all his enemies; but before that time he should have much to endure: in token of her own confidence in her prophecy, she gave him her two sons to be his followers. With the words of this wise woman in their ears, the brave band, increased now to three hundred men, shot out their galleys into the water, and steered through the darkness for the light on Turnberry nook.

After hard rowing, they drew near the Carrick shore, discerning through the gloom the dark figure of a man walking to and fro on the beach. It was Cuthbert come to tell them that there was no hope of effecting a rising in Carrick; that the bonfire on Turnberry nook had not been kindled by him; but that, seeing it blazing, he had come to warn them away. What were they to do? Remain in Scotland, now that they were in it, or re-embark and seek refuge for a year or two longer in the island of Rathlin? Thus they stood inquiring of each other with sinking hearts in the gray of the early morning, where the tide was rushing up among the sands. Out spoke Edward Bruce, the king's brother, a wild impetuous young man: 'I tell you, no peril, be it ever so great, shall drive me back to the sea again: by God's help, I am here, and here will I take my venture for better or worse.' This resolution recommended itself to the prudence of the rest; and now that they were in their native land once more, they made up their minds never to leave it again, but to wander through the country until they should all be cut off, or there should be a general rising against the English. They determined to make a beginning immediately; and hearing that there was a party of soldiers belonging to Percy, the English governor of the district, in the town of Turnberry, they attacked and routed it. Little, however, could be done in the Carrick district, where the inhabitants, though friendly to Bruce, were afraid openly to take his part. One lady, however, a relation of his own, came with a reinforcement of forty men.

Now for the first time Bruce learned what had taken place in Scotland during his absence. The news was melancholy enough. Shortly after the defeat of Bruce at Methven, Edward, then in the north of England, had issued, through the Earl of Pembroke, a proclamation to the effect 'that all the people of Scotland should search for and pursue every person who had been in arms against the English government, and who had not surrendered themselves to mercy; and should also apprehend, dead or alive, all who had been guilty of other crimes.' In consequence of this proclamation, and the efforts made to enforce it, many of Bruce's most eminent adherents, some of them the co-patriots of Wallace, fell into the hands of the English, and suffered death. Besides Sir Simon Frazer, to whose fate we have already referred, Sir Christopher Seton, Thomas Boys, Sir Simon Frazer's esquire, and one of

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Wallace's friends, Sir Herbert de Morham, Sir Walter Logan, and several others, were sent to London, and there hanged and quartered. The fate of Lamberton, Bishop of St Andrews, Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, and the Abbot of Scone, would probably have been the same, had they not been ecclesiastics. As it was, they were imprisoned, and Edward made every effort to induce the pope to depose them; in which, however, his Holiness did not gratify him. After all these culprits had been disposed of, there still remained the ladies and those of Bruce's adherents who were shut up in the castle of Kildrummie. The Earls of Lancaster and Hereford marched north to besiege the castle; but before they reached it, the queen, her daughter, the Countess of Buchan, who had put the crown on Bruce's head, and the rest of the ladies, fled to Ross-shire with an escort, and took refuge in the sanctuary of St Duthac, near Tain. Here, in violation of the religious usage of the times, they were seized; and being sent prisoners into England, they lived there in dignified captivity, until the victory of Bannockburn released them, seven or eight years afterwards. The punishment of the Countess of Buchan was more marked than that of the other lady-captives, inasmuch as the crime of crowning Bruce was peculiarly heinous. Her husband, the Earl of Buchan, one of the Comyn family, was urgent that she should be put to death; but Edward would not consent to so desirable a measure, and ordered her to be confined in a circular prison, constructed in the form of a cage, in the castle of Berwick, where she might be seen by the passers-by. The general impression handed down by tradition is, that the poor lady was hung out in a cage on the castle wall; and it is at least certain that she was immured in an ignominious manner within the fortress of Berwick. Nigel Bruce, the Earl of Athole, and the rest who remained in Kildrummie after the ladies were gone, defended the castle bravely for a time; but at last their magazine of provisions being set on fire by a traitor of the name of Osborne, they were obliged to surrender. Nigel Bruce, the youngest of the king's brothers, and of great comeliness, was carried to Berwick, and there beheaded; the Earl of Athole was sent to London—and hanged.

Such had been the miserable fate of the adherents Bruce had left in Scotland. Edward, ill and dying at Carlisle, and unable to reach the land the subjugation of which had been the most anxious thought of his life, felt it a pleasure to wreak his vengeance on so many of those who had thwarted him, before he left the world. Stretched in pain on his bed, he said to those around him that knowing that the Earl of Athole was hanged made the pain almost lightsome. His dying acts were all directed towards Scotland. He assigned estates in it to his favourite nobles, impressed on his son's mind the duty of punctually fulfilling the great design he was to bequeath to him, and summoning a parliament at Carlisle, he and all his nobles heard the dread sentence of the church's excommunication pronounced

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against Bruce and his adherents by Peter d'Espaigne, cardinal legate from the pope. Leaving the dying monarch at Carlisle, we return to the operations of the heroic Bruce.

The condition of Bruce after his disheartening defeat in Ayrshire was most afflicting, and was aggravated by the intelligence of the capture of his brothers Thomas and Alexander, and their execution at Carlisle. Still, he was not utterly deserted or deprived of friends; his brother Edward proceeded into Galloway, while Douglas went into Lanarkshire, to raise men in these quarters. Until assistance should be raised, he wandered about the wild hills of Carrick, constantly shifting from spot to spot, in order to escape the vigilant pursuit of his enemies. On one occasion, separated from the few men who had kept him company, he reached, about midnight, a poor hut, under whose thatched roof he might rest till morning. Throwing himself down on a heap of straw, he lay upon his back with his hands placed under his head, unable to sleep, but gazing vacantly upwards at the rafters of the hut, disfigured with cobwebs. From thoughts long and dreary about the hopelessness of the enterprise in which he was engaged, and the misfortunes he had already encountered, he was roused to feel a degree of interest in the efforts of a poor and industrious spider over his head. The object of the animal was to swing itself by its thread from one rafter to another; but in this attempt it repeatedly failed, each time vibrating back to the point where it had made the effort. Twelve times did the little creature try to reach the desired spot, and as many times was it unsuccessful. Not disheartened with its failure, it made the attempt once more, and lo! the rafter was gained. 'The thirteenth time,' said Bruce, springing to his feet. 'I accept it as a lesson not to despond under difficulties, and shall once more venture my life in the struggle for the independence of my beloved country.'

Rallying his drooping spirits, Bruce hastened to assemble such as were disposed to risk all for the sake of the cause he had at heart. With a courageous little army, he met the English under Pembroke at Loudon Hill (May 10, 1307), and gained the first of that series of victories which ultimately made Scotland a free kingdom. Pembroke's defeat roused the dying Edward at Carlisle, and, although unable to endure the fatigue of a journey, he mounted his war-horse, and made the attempt to reach Scotland, for the purpose of crushing the rebellion in person. Vain effort! Having reached, with extreme difficulty, Burgh-on-Sands, from which the blue hills of Scotland could be seen, he there sunk and died. It was his dying request that his bones should be carried at the head of the army into Scotland; but this injunction was not complied with. His son, Edward II., caused the body to be buried at Westminster, with this inscription on his tomb: 'Edward I., the Hammer of the Scotch.'

Edward II., to whom the duty of subjugating Scotland had been bequeathed, was of inferior abilities to his father, and failed to

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inspire his followers with confidence or his enemies with fear. He proceeded into Scotland, in obedience to his father's injunction, but being disheartened with some reverses, he led his army back to England. Picking up courage, Bruce ventured now on bold measures, and, with a considerably augmented force, swept through the country as far as Inverness, rooting out garrisons of English, destroying castles, and skirmishing with parties sent out to keep him in check. While thus engaged, Edward Bruce, his brother, expelled the English from Galloway; and Douglas was roving about the hills of Tweeddale, doing good service. Here, at a house on Lyne Water, Douglas had the good-fortune to take prisoner Thomas Randolph, Bruce's nephew, who had latterly attached himself to the cause of the English usurper. Apparently ashamed of this recreancy, Randolph afterwards became one of his uncle's warmest adherents. Many other influential persons, who had hitherto kept aloof, now joined Bruce's standard. Argyleshire, the country of the Lords of Lorn, still holding out, he invaded it, took the castle of Dunstaffnage, and drove Lorn and his son refugees into England. The whole of Scotland might now be said to have been in Bruce's hands, except that several of the great towns were still in the possession of English garrisons, and that Edward II. was every now and then threatening an invasion. An invasion in the then weak state of Bruce's government might have proved fatal; but this danger was warded off, partly by Edward's own fickle and unsteady temper, partly by the disgust of his nobles at his unkingly conduct, and partly also by the earnest endeavours made during the years 1308 and 1309 by Philip, king of France, to bring about a peace between Scotland and England. A truce between the two countries was indeed agreed to; but it was broken almost as soon as made. In 1310, Edward II. conducted an invading army into Scotland; but, as on a former occasion, he retired again into England.

The years 1311, 1312, and 1313 were spent by Bruce in consolidating the power he had acquired; expelling garrisons, and acquiring the allegiance of some of the principal towns. The citizens of Aberdeen had already expelled the English garrison from that town. Forfar and several other important stations had been wrested out of the English keeping; and during the three years to which we are at present directing our attention, many other towns or castles were won either by Bruce in person or by his adherents. The principal of these were—the town of Perth, and the castles of Linlithgow, Buittle, Dumfries, Dalswinton, Roxburgh, Edinburgh, Rutherglen, and Dundee. The seizures of the castles of Linlithgow and Edinburgh deserve particular mention, from their romantic character. The castle of Linlithgow was taken by the stratagem of a poor peasant named William Binnock, who was in the way of conveying hay and other provender into the castle. Having agreed to deliver a load of hay at a particular day, Binnock placed eight men in his

cart, covered them well over with hay, and then walked by the side of the cart, a stout man going before driving. When the cart was within the posts of the gate, so that it could not be shut, Binnock gave the preconcerted signal by crying out : ' Call all ! call all ! ' and gave the porter a blow which split his skull ; while the man driving cut the rope by which the oxen were yoked to the cart, so as to leave it fixed in the gateway. The men then leaped out, and the castle was taken.

Edinburgh Castle, which occupies the top of a lofty and huge rock, precipitous on all sides but one, could not be taken without encountering very serious risks of destruction. Randolph engaged to gain possession of it by stratagem and personal activity. Guided by a person named Frank, who had once been in the garrison in the castle, and had become acquainted with the nature of the precipice, Randolph and a party of thirty men proceeded one dark night to scale the black and jagged sides of the rock. Up they climbed, slowly and painfully, with scathed knees and bleeding fingers, by a zigzag path, where a single false step would have caused them to be dashed to atoms, or the scraping of their arms against the rock would have discovered them to the watch above. The darkness of the night, however, favoured them, and at last they all reached a shelving part of the rock half-way up, where they could rest for a little. While crouching together here, they heard the sentries pacing above and challenging each other. Proceeding upward, they at length reached the wall, to which they applied a ladder they had contrived to bring along with them. Frank climbed up first, then Sir Andrew Gray, then Randolph himself. Seeing these three on the top of the wall, the others climbed up after them. The noise alarmed the sentries, who raised the cry of ' Treason ! Treason ! ' Some of them fled ; some of them were so terrified that they leaped over the wall ; the rest of the garrison mustered and fought, but were soon overpowered, leaving Randolph master of the castle.

These and similar exploits not only secured Bruce's possession of the country, but increased the number of his partisans, by causing many powerful Scotch gentlemen, who had hitherto taken the side of the English, to join him. In the year 1313, only a few vestiges of English intrusion remained, in the shape of an unreduced garrison here and there. Nor had Bruce's exertions been confined to Scotland itself. Imitating the conduct of Wallace after the battle of Stirling, he had made two several forays into the north of England, devastating and spoiling the country ; and he had also seized the Isle of Man. All this while, Edward II. was engaged in enjoying himself at his own court, or in quarrelling with his nobles ; sometimes resolving upon an expedition into Scotland, but never carrying it into effect. At last, after repeated complaints from the people of Cumberland, whose territories Bruce had ravaged, and from the small party of Scottish nobles who still adhered to the

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English interest, Edward, on his return from a short visit to France in the end of 1313, began to make preparations in earnest, and an army greater than any that had ever followed his victorious father was ordered to be raised.

The immediate cause of this sudden preparation for a new invasion of Scotland was this : Edward Bruce, the king's brave and hot-headed brother, after subduing the garrisons of Rutherglen and Dundee, attacked that of Stirling. The English commander, Philip de Mowbray, offered to surrender the castle if not relieved before the 24th of June next year ; and this offer Edward Bruce thoughtlessly accepted, without his brother's knowledge. The effect of this treaty was to allow the English time to assemble an army, which of course they would do as soon as they heard of it, and to commit the fate of Scotland to the issue of a great general battle, such as it appeared most prudent in the meantime to avoid. It was impossible, however, for Bruce to retract the engagement which his brother had made, and he therefore began to busy himself with preparations to meet the English army, which he knew would be approaching Stirling before the appointed 24th of June. The first half of the year 1314 was spent by each kingdom in gathering all its strength for this great day. This was to be no chance engagement—no Scotch army falling on an English army unawares ; it was a deliberate battle, concerted months before it took place, and the full issues of which, in the case either of victory or defeat, must have all that time been present to the minds of both parties. Poor Scotland, thy chance is the hardest ! If England lose the day, it is but the loss of a kingdom which does not belong to her ; but if Scotland lose, she is intralled for ever !

When the appointed day for this decisive battle drew near, Edward entered Scotland by way of Berwick and the Lothians, at the head of an army of 100,000 men, 40,000 of whom were cavalry. Bruce now caused his whole available forces to be summoned to meet at Torwood, near Stirling ; and when they were all assembled at the place appointed, they numbered no more than 30,000 fighting-men, and about 15,000 camp-followers. To make up for the inferiority of his army in point of numbers, Bruce chose his ground warily, on the face of a hill which gently slopes toward the Forth, near Stirling. What he feared most was the English cavalry. The locality where, from the nature of the ground, cavalry would have the greatest difficulty in acting, was a field called the New Park, having the town of Stirling, with woods between, on the left, and the small brook or burn of Bannock on the right. Here, therefore, he resolved to draw up and wait the approach of the English. Still more to improve the advantage which his choice of the ground gave him, he caused pits two or three feet deep to be dug in all those parts of the field to which the English horse could have access. These pits were covered neatly over with brushwood and turf, so that they might not be perceived by the English cavalry till the feet of the horses actually sunk down

into them. Besides these, pointed barbs of iron, called calthrops, were strewn over parts of the field, to lame the horses. Giving the command of the centre to Douglas, and Walter, the Steward of Scotland; of the right to his brother, Edward Bruce; and of the left to Randolph, Bruce himself commanded a reserve composed of picked men. During the battle, the band of camp-followers, boys, and baggage-carriers were to keep in the valley on the other side of a rising-ground, where they might be out of the way. All these arrangements having been made, the Scotch lay looking eagerly for the first appearance of armed men on the horizon; and on the morning of Sunday the 23d of June, the English army was seen approaching from the direction of Falkirk, where they had slept the evening before. Whether they should attack the Scotch immediately, or whether they should wait till to-morrow, was the question in the English army when they came to the field; and the latter alternative was at length resolved on. In the meantime, however, it would be a great advantage if they could throw a body of men into Stirling Castle to succour the garrison. Randolph, in command of the Scotch left, had received strict injunctions to be on the watch to frustrate any such attempt; but the attempt was nevertheless made; and had it not been for the vigilance of Bruce himself, it would have succeeded. Eight hundred horse, under Sir Robert Clifford, were stealing along toward the castle, and had almost gained it, when Bruce pointed them out to Randolph, saying rudely: 'There's a rose fallen from your chaplet, Randolph.' Off dashed Randolph to repair his fault, and drive the English horse back. Seeing him hard pressed and likely to be beaten, Douglas wished to go to his rescue. 'You shall not stir an inch,' said the king; 'let Randolph extricate himself as he may; I am not going to alter my order of battle for him.' 'By my troth, but with your leave, I must go,' said Douglas; 'I cannot stand by and see Randolph perish.' Bruce then giving his assent, Douglas flew to assist his friend. Before he could reach him, however, Randolph had turned the day, and was throwing the English into confusion; and Douglas seeing this, cried out: 'Halt! Let Randolph have all the glory himself;' and then stood to look on.

This attempt to throw a party into Stirling Castle was made by the advanced-guard of the English; but before the evening of the 23d, the whole army had come up and taken its position. Bruce was riding along in front of his army on a small Highland pony, with much good-humour, marshalling the men with a battle-axe in his hand. On his basinet he wore a small crown, distinguishing him from his knights. When the main body of the English came up, seeing the Scottish king riding along in this manner, and thinking to signalise himself by killing him, an English knight, Sir Harry de Bohun, armed at all points, set spurs to his horse, and with his spear couched, galloped against him. Bruce perceiving him approach,

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instead of withdrawing among his own men, prepared for the encounter ; and reining in his pony, so as to cause the knight to miss him when he came on, he stood up in the stirrups, and dealt such a blow with his battle-axe, that the skull, down almost to the neck, was cleft through the helmet. This feat being seen by both armies, encouraged the one as much as it dispirited the other. Bruce, when reproached by his lords for exposing himself so unnecessarily, did nothing but grumble that he had broken the shaft of his battle-axe.

It was a sleepless night on both sides. The Scotch, as being the weaker, spent it in prayers and devotion ; the English, as being the stronger, in rioting and carousing. In the gray of the morning, the two armies stood looking at each other. The Abbot of Inchaffray, after celebrating mass, walked along barefoot, holding a crucifix, in front of the Scotch, who all knelt. Seeing this, the English cried out : ' They ask mercy.' ' Yes,' said Sir Ingram de Umfraville, a Scottish knight in the English army, ' but it is from Heaven.' The same knight advised the king to feign a retreat, so as to draw the Scotch out of their well-chosen position ; but his advice was not taken. The signal was given, and the English van moved on to the attack.

' Now 's the day, and now 's the hour ;
See the front o' battle lour ;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery !'

Immovably firm, the Lion standard floating proudly on a rising-ground, fixed in a large earthfast stone, which Scotchmen now go many miles to see, the Scottish battalions waited the onset. Edward Bruce's wing was the first attacked ; but in a short time all the three bodies were engaged, and there were three battles going on together. Seeing his men severely galled by the English archers, Bruce detached a body of five hundred cavalry, under Sir Robert Keith, to ride in among these and disperse them, while he himself plunged into the fight with his reserve. The battle was now a hand-to-hand fight of 100,000 and 30,000 men. It was an agitating moment. Fortune turned in favour of the weaker party. The English having got into a state of confusion in the contest, they were seized with a panic fear, and their confusion was turned into a flight. It appears that the motley group of Scottish baggage-carriers and camp-followers, placed for safety behind the brow of the hill, became anxious to learn the fate of the battle, and crawled to the top of the eminence, whence they could look down on the field beneath. The moment they saw that their countrymen were gaining the day, they set up a prolonged shout, and waved their cloaks, which giving an impression to the English that there was a new army coming to the attack, they turned their backs and fled. Many crowded to the rocks near Stirling, and many were drowned in the Forth. Edward, led off the

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field by the Earl of Pembroke, fled in the direction of Linlithgow, but being pursued by Douglas and sixty horsemen, he did not rest till he arrived at Dunbar, a distance of sixty miles from the field of battle, and there he took shipping for England.

Such was the famous battle of Bannockburn, fought on the 24th of June 1314. While the fame of the victory humbled the pride and arrogance of the English, and more particularly of Edward and his immediate advisers, it raised the Scotch from the depths of despair. It procured them not only glory, arms, and all the apparatus of war, but the release of many prisoners, and vast sums as ransom for captives taken in the battle. Stirling, according to agreement, was delivered up, and a few other places of strength were secured. The victory, in short, placed Scotland once more in the hands of the Scotch, and relieved the country from the military, who, for such a length of time, had occupied and tyrannised over it. Bruce was now at liberty to recognise the ancient institutions of the country, to consolidate the peace which had been achieved, and, with the assistance of his parliament, to appoint a successor to the crown.

While so employed, he was called away from the country by the condition of affairs in Ireland, with which, indeed, except on the score of humanity, he had no title to interfere. More successful in their attempts on Ireland than Scotland, the English had already fastened themselves on that unfortunate country, although almost constantly exposed to resistance from the native chiefs. Looking for sympathy towards Scotland, the Irish chiefs invited Robert Bruce to come to their assistance, and, like a true knight at the call of distress, he went across to Ireland along with his brother Edward, and such a force as they could collect (1315-16). Bruce himself could not remain long in the country, but left Edward to carry on the war. At first, he was successful, and the Irish looked forward to having him for king; but his brilliant career was suddenly cut short. He was slain in battle, October 5, 1318.

From this period the Scottish king devoted himself to the consolidation of his power, and the tranquillising of his long distracted country. Yet, amidst these cares, it appears that he considered it a measure of safe policy to carry war into England, for the purpose of weakening and annoying an enemy which he expected would return to vex the country. Perhaps, in carrying this project into effect, he was desirous of taking advantage of the internal disorders of the neighbouring kingdom. In that country, there had been treason, civil war, and famine. Edward II. was barbarously murdered by Mortimer, and Edward III., a youth, ascended the throne (1327). Being in a feeble state of health, and unable to mount his war-horse, Bruce intrusted the expedition against the English to the two most eminent men of their day, the good Lord James Douglas, and Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray. These commanders accordingly proceeded with 20,000 men into Northumberland and Durham,

burning and slaying, and everywhere laying the unfortunate border country waste. Accustomed to endure fatigue, to live sparingly, and to move rapidly in their marches, the Scotch on this occasion proved more than a match for the heavy cavalry and less hardy infantry of England. Edward tried to bring the two forces into collision; but in vain. The Scotch avoided a regular battle, and only retired after having kept the English king and his army tramping backward and forward for weeks through morasses and across mountains, in a manner most amusing to the Scottish leaders.

This was the last of Bruce's warlike efforts. Both nations now desired a breathing-time, and the terms of peace were soon concluded (1328). By this treaty, Edward renounced all pretensions to the sovereignty of Scotland, and, by way of attaching its friendship, gave his sister Joanna to be wife to Robert Bruce's son David.

Having thus settled the affairs of his kingdom, and, as he thought, effected a peace with his neighbours, Robert the Bruce retired to Cardross, a pleasant residence on the north bank of the Clyde, there to die in tranquillity; for he was now broken by age, toil, and disease. The last moments of the pious monarch are affectingly described by Froissart:

'When King Robert of Scotland felt that his end drew near, he sent for those barons and lords of his realm in whose loyalty he had the greatest confidence, and affectionately enjoined them, on their fealty, that they should faithfully keep his kingdom for David, his son, promising to obey him, and place the crown upon his head when he attained the full age: after which, he beckoned that brave and gentle knight, Sir James Douglas, to come near, and thus addressed him in presence of the rest of his courtiers: "Sir James, my dear friend, few know better than yourself the great toil and suffering which, in my day, I have undergone for the maintenance of the rights of this kingdom; and when all went hardest against me, I made a vow, which it now deeply grieves me not to have accomplished: I then vowed to God that, if it were his sovereign pleasure to permit me to see an end of my wars, and to establish me in peace and security in the government of this realm, I would then proceed to the Holy Land, and carry on war against the enemies of my Lord and Saviour, to the best and utmost of my power. Never hath my heart ceased to bend earnestly to this purpose; but it hath pleased our Lord to deny me my wishes, for I have had my hands full in my days, and, at the last, you see me taken with this grievous sickness, so that I have nothing to do but to die. Since, therefore, this poor frail body cannot go thither and accomplish that which my heart hath so much desired, I have resolved to send my heart there, in place of my body, to fulfil my vow; and because, in my whole kingdom, I know not any knight more hardy than yourself, or more thoroughly furnished with all those knightly qualities requisite for

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the accomplishment of this vow, it is my earnest request to thee, my beloved and tried friend, that, for the love you bear me, you will, instead of myself, undertake this voyage, and acquit my soul of its debt to my Saviour; for, believe me, I hold this opinion of your truth and nobleness, that whatever you once undertake, you will not rest till you successfully accomplish; and thus shall I die in peace, if you will do all that I shall enjoin you. It is my desire, then, that as soon as I am dead, you take the heart out of my body, and cause it to be embalmed, and spare not to take as much of my treasure as appears sufficient to defray the expenses of your journey, both for yourself and your companions; and that you carry my heart along with you, and deposit it in the holy sepulchre of our Lord, since this poor body cannot go thither. And I do moreover command, that in the course of your journey you keep up that royal state and maintenance, both for yourself and your companions, that into whatever lands or cities you may come, all may know you have in charge to bear beyond seas the heart of King Robert of Scotland." At these words, all who stood by began to weep; and when Sir James himself was able to reply, he said: "Ah, most gentle and noble king, a thousand times do I thank you for the great honour you have done me in permitting me to be the keeper and bearer of so great and precious a treasure. Most willingly, and, to the best of my power, most faithfully shall I obey your commands, although I do truly think myself little worthy to achieve so high an enterprise." "My dear friend," said the king, "I heartily thank you, provided you promise to do my bidding, on the word of a true and loyal knight." "Undoubtedly, my liege, I do promise so," replied Douglas, "by the faith which I owe to God, and to the order to which I belong." "Now, praise be to God," said the king, "I shall die in peace, since I am assured that the best and most valiant knight in my kingdom hath promised to achieve for me that which I myself never could accomplish:" and not long after, this noble monarch departed this life.* He died June 7, 1329, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. His dying injunctions were so far complied with. Douglas set out on this solemn expedition with the heart of the deceased sovereign in a silver casket; but, being killed in Spain fighting with the Moors, the casket never reached its destination, and was brought back to Scotland, and buried at Melrose. The body of the royal Bruce, after being embalmed, was buried in the Abbey Church of Dunfermline.*

* A knowledge of Bruce's life and character has been greatly promoted by the poem called *The Bruce*, a lengthy epic, by John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, written about the year 1376. As a poetical production, it is greatly superior to the humble work of Blind Harry: many passages abound in dignified and pathetic sentiment; among others, the Apostrophe to Freedom, which has been frequently quoted. In the *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, specimens are presented of this ancient and interesting work.

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BRUCE'S SUCCESSORS.

Robert Bruce, the greatest of the Scottish sovereigns, was succeeded by his son David, a boy, who was crowned in 1329, under the title of David II. The management of the kingdom was committed to Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, who reduced it to a state of greater security than it had enjoyed for some time. But his efforts to preserve order were soon interrupted. Scotland was exposed to a fresh invasion from the south. Considering this a favourable opportunity for pushing claims long dormant, Edward Baliol, the son of John Baliol, procured the assistance of a large body of English nobles, with their retainers, and made a descent on the coast of Scotland. Most unfortunately, at this juncture of affairs, the Earl of Moray died rather suddenly, the report being that he was poisoned, at Musselburgh (1331), and was succeeded as regent by Donald, Earl of Mar, a person of very inferior abilities. Having effected a landing in Fife, the English forces, led by Baliol, proceeded towards Perth; and coming up with the Scottish army, a fierce battle ensued at Dupplin, in which the Scotch were vanquished, with a loss of 3000 men. Overjoyed with his good-fortune, Baliol adjourned to the neighbouring Abbey of Scone, and was crowned king of Scotland, August 23, 1332. Although the power of David Bruce was grievously wounded by this blow, his adherents were far from being disheartened. The young king and his wife were sent to France, to be out of danger, and Sir Andrew Moray, nephew of Robert Bruce, was appointed regent in room of the Earl of Mar. There now ensued a series of contests between the two powers for thorough mastery of the kingdom, which tore Scotland in pieces; and for some years the country endured greater horrors than it had experienced in the reign of the renowned 'Hammer of the Scotch.' A victory achieved by Edward at Halidon Hill in 1333, was followed by the surrender of Berwick. Four years later, after numerous engagements, the English laid siege to the castle of Dunbar, a strong fortalice placed on some rocky heights overlooking the German ocean, and approachable by land only at one point. At the time, the castle was held by the Countess of March, whose lord had embraced the cause of David Bruce. The countess was the daughter of Randolph, Earl of Moray, and a high-spirited and courageous woman. From her complexion, she was usually known by the familiar title of Black Agnes. The castle, of which Agnes was now mistress, had been well fortified; and in her hands it held out bravely against Montague, Earl of Salisbury, with all the power he could direct against it. Cannon not having been yet invented, it was customary to attack forts of this kind with engines constructed to throw huge stones, and accordingly the English general employed this species of force to attack the castle. Agnes, confident of with-

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standing such attempts, is said to have treated them with contempt. While the English engineers were throwing stones into the fort, she went about with her maidens, and, in sight of the enemy, wiped with a clean towel the spots where the masses of stone had fallen. Enraged at this apparent unconcern, the earl commanded his men to bring forward a large engine, called the sow. This was a strong shed, rolled on wheels, underneath which the walls could be safely undermined with pickaxes. When Black Agnes observed this movement, she leaned over the castle wall, and derisively addressed the earl in the following rhyme :

‘Beware, Montagow,
For farrow shall thy sow.’

On uttering this admonitory hint, she caused a huge fragment of rock to be hurled down on the back of the sow, which crushed it in pieces, killing the men beneath, and scattering all who were near it. ‘Said I not so? Behold the litter of English pigs!’ was the ready jibe of the brave commandress of the castle. The siege was ultimately abandoned, after being invested for nineteen weeks. Of Black Agnes, many other traditionary stories are related, and the following rhyme is still preserved in commemoration of her prowess :

‘She kept a stir in tower and trench,
That brawling boisterous Scottish wench;
Came I early, came I late,
I found Agnes at the gate.’

Having enjoyed a respite from active measures, in consequence of Edward being embroiled with France, the Scotch rallied under manifold disasters, took a number of castles which had been wrested from them, chased Edward Baliol out of the country, and, in 1341, recalled David Bruce and his consort. Encouraged by the apparently defenceless state of England, a Scottish army carried a retaliatory war into the enemy’s kingdom. This proved a disastrous campaign. The Scotch suffered a severe defeat at Neville’s Cross, near Durham, October 17, 1346, their king being taken prisoner, and led off to captivity in London. Again there were incursions of devastating armies into Scotland; but it would seem that about this time the English monarch became satisfied, that however much he could harass and impoverish Scotland, its conquest was hopeless. David was liberated on payment of a heavy ransom, after a captivity of eleven years; and he died at Edinburgh, February 22, 1371.

David died childless, and the crown, according to previous arrangement, went to Robert, son of Walter, the Lord High Steward of Scotland, and of Marjory, eldest daughter of Robert Bruce; and he ascended the throne under the title of Robert II. From the dignity of Steward, which had been held by his ancestors, Robert adopted a surname, and was the first of the royal line of Stewarts.

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After this event, the English under Edward III., and his successor, Richard II., made several attacks on Scotland, but with various success. The effort at subjugation was nearly worn out; and finally, towards the close of the fourteenth century, it expired, the Scotch being left to govern their own country without further molestation.

CONCLUSION.

From the death of Alexander III. in 1286, Scotland may be said to have been kept in a state of almost constant war and civil distraction for a century. During this period of disorder, the country was greatly impoverished; its agriculture and trade were ruined, its people barbarised, and every tendency to social improvement checked. Many of its towns had been several times burned; and in certain districts, where cultivation had ceased, the people died in great numbers of famine and other miseries. Arts which had flourished previous to this unhappy period were, at its conclusion, lost, and some hundreds of years elapsed before they were generally recovered.* To add to this catalogue of misfortunes, the long defensive war carried on by Scotland against England led to a spirit of enmity between the two nations, which has vanished only in recent times. And all this, as has been seen, arose out of one of the most unjust and unprovoked acts of aggression recorded in history. Yet the struggle which has been described led to lasting benefits. In the present day, it would indeed be impossible to measure the value of the independence achieved by Wallace, Bruce, and their successors; for to it may be traced the peace and the prosperity which Scotland now enjoys. With the highest respect for the English character, we feel impressed with the conviction that it is ill suited for allaying the prejudices, or acquiring the friendship, of a conquered people. Straightforward and well meaning, it will accommodate itself in no respect to the character of the nation into which it is intruded. It has been shewn that Edward meditated the entire eradication of Scottish institutions, without the slightest regard to their value, or the veneration in which they were held, and of planting on their ruins the institutions of England. No one can doubt that if he had effected this design, the Scotch, till the present time, would have been giving an unwilling submission to what they considered a foreign power, and taking every means to thwart and overthrow it.

Such a misfortune, not only for Scotland but for England also, was fortunately averted. When the proper time arrived, the two

* Wheeled carriages were common in the rural parts of the country in the reign of Alexander III. After going completely out of use, they were reintroduced only in the course of the eighteenth century.

kingdoms were united on terms calculated to preserve the independence and self-respect of each, and to insure mutual assistance and good-will. Speaking of the accession of the House of Stewart to the proud sceptre of the Tudors, a preliminary to the union a century later, a historian (Tytler) observes : 'In this memorable consummation, it was perhaps not unallowable, certainly it was not unnatural, that the lesser kingdom, which now gave a monarch to the greater, should feel some emotions of national pride : for Scotland had defended her liberty against innumerable assaults ; had been reduced in the long struggle to the very verge of despair ; had been betrayed by more than one of her kings, and by multitudes of her nobles ; had been weakened by internal faction, distracted by fanatic rage ; but had never been overcome, because never deserted by a brave, though rude and simple people. Looking back to her still remoter annals, it could be said, with perfect historical truth, that this small kingdom had successfully resisted the Roman arms and the terrible invasions of the Danish sea-kings ; had maintained her freedom within her mountains during the ages of the Saxon Heptarchy, and stemmed the tide of Norman conquest ; had shaken off the chains attempted to be fixed upon her by the two great Plantagenets, the first and third Edwards, and at a later period by the tyranny of the Tudors ; and if now destined, in the legitimate course of royal succession, to lose her station as a separate and independent kingdom, she yielded neither to hostile force nor to fraud, but willingly consented to link her future destinies with those of her mighty neighbour : like a bride who, in the dawning prospect of a happy union, is contented to resign, but not to forget, the house and name of her fathers.'

The two countries, now inextricably associated, and enjoying the blessings of international tranquillity, where is the Englishman, as well as the Scotchman, who does not sympathise in the struggles of the heroic William Wallace and Robert the Bruce ?





THE VILLAGE MAYOR.

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

I AM, as you know, my young friends, the Surveyor of Woods and Forests, and in this capacity I was obliged, some years ago, to make a journey to Amsterdam respecting some timber with which we had supplied the Dutch for ship-building, and about the payment for which they made great difficulties. I succeeded beyond expectation in my mission, and was returning in high spirits to Germany, when an accident happened which led to the adventure I am about to relate to you. With my servant Kruz, I had been travelling day and night, when one evening we were overturned at a little distance from a small town, the name of which I have entirely forgotten. Kruz was thrown from the carriage-box; and I fell from my seat, and knocked against the postilion with such violence that he fell to the ground between the horses. The fore axle-tree of the chaise was broken, Kruz's arm was much hurt, and the postilion's nose cut. I suffered only from fright; and happily the horses did not attempt to run away. With much effort we reached the town; and I went immediately to the inn, and inquired for a wheelwright to repair my carriage. Both the landlord and postilion assured me that I must

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travel two miles farther, to Hard, where the best artisans of every kind resided. I was not much inclined to do this, particularly as Kruz was very ill. I examined his arm, and found that it was put out of joint. The doctor, for whom I had despatched a messenger, came, lamenting that the surgeon had died the preceding week, and that the arm could not be set.

‘You had better take your servant to Hard,’ said he; ‘there is a very clever surgeon there.’

‘What!—where is Hard?’ asked I impatiently.

‘A small village about two miles off.’

‘But how is it,’ said I, ‘that the surgeon and artisans live in a village instead of in the town?’

‘The mayor of Hard is a whimsical fellow; he manages everything there, and wishes to make the village into a large town. He is a millionaire, but very miserly. I know him well, but have nothing to do with him; for, between ourselves, he is an odd sort of character.’

‘Is there an inn at Hard?’

‘Certainly; and a better one than this. The mayor established a bath there many years ago, and it is much frequented; but the doctor at Hard is an ignoramus—a charlatan. The mayor took him there: he is an amiable man, but interferes in everything.’

I resolved to send my carriage and servant to Hard; and the next morning, having bound the broken parts of the carriage together with a rope, I placed Kruz inside, preferring, as it was a fine morning, to walk to Hard.

II.

THE VILLAGE OF HARD.

About a mile from the town the road suddenly became better. On both sides were rows of fruit-trees, the fields were rich with abundant crops, and there was scarcely a weed to be seen. The village lay before me. Instead of the houses being crowded together, as is usual in that part of the country, they were scattered about, each under shady trees, and surrounded by a garden. The church stood upon a hill in the centre of the village.

‘You live in a paradise,’ said I to an old peasant: ‘this is the most fruitful soil I have seen in this country.’

‘Thank God, our crops never fail,’ answered he.

‘How is it,’ said I, ‘that your village is so scattered about?’

‘It was burned down fifteen years ago, and the government obliged us to rebuild it as you see. There is nothing *very* disadvantageous in it. I have a long way to walk to church every Sunday; some have a greater distance. This is certainly unpleasant for old people and children, particularly in bad weather. But it was a

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frightful fire : only five farms, which happily lay at a little distance, were spared.'

'How did the fire originate?'

'I do not know. Some say the mayor did it on purpose ; but I do not quite believe that.'

'That would have been very shameful in the mayor.'

'Yes, indeed. He is a very strange man—that every one knows : he has played *me* tricks enough. He was first our schoolmaster ; and then the government ordered that he should be mayor, and we were obliged to have him so.'

'But he must be rich?'

'Yes ; a mighty rich man. He never spends a kreuzer, and lives more simply than a common day-labourer. His head is not quite right ; and when his silly fits are upon him, he throws money away on all sides : he will soon be ruined. He has no pleasure except in tyrannising over us with his money.'

As the old man said this he turned off into a footpath which led through the meadows. The landscape was so pleasing, that I sat down on a stone under a nut-tree, in order to rest and to enjoy the scenery. 'How happy might the people of this village be,' thought I ; 'but the government sends a man here who plays the king, and then all happiness is gone.' Just then an old woman came up the hill, and I stopped her, and inquired if there were an inn in the village, and where it was.

'In the street to the left of the church, sir. I am the landlady.'

'I am glad of it. Can you accommodate my carriage and servants for a few days?'

'My inn is not suited for gentlemen ; you must go to the great hotel. A broken carriage arrived there about half an hour ago ; perhaps it is yours.'

'I am sorry that you cannot lodge me. Where is the other hotel?'

'Do you see the little white house with the green window-shutters on the hill ? That is the mayor's house, and the hotel is next to it.'

'Does the inn belong to the mayor?'

'No, and yes. Everything belongs, and still does not belong, to him. He had it built.'

'That is not advantageous to you.'

'Certainly not : the mayor does no good to any one. Since he came into the village my business has become very bad. God pardon him ; he has much to answer for at the last day. But I have enough to live on without depending on him.'

Whilst she was speaking I heard violent disputing in a peasant's house near. The old woman nodded her head, and said half aloud : 'Ah, so, so ; it serves Gretchen right !' Saying this she pointed to a path by which I might reach the hotel, and then left me. Just then a portly-looking personage, dressed in the blouse of a peasant,

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but clean and neat, came out of the house, followed by a weeping old woman and a young boy. The two latter took leave of the man; and as the boy shook hands with him, he said: 'You are quite right, Mr Mayor; I have warned my mother of it often enough.'

'Yes, yes,' answered the mayor, who appeared to be a man about forty years of age; 'but this once I will be indulgent.' The old woman assured him that he should in future be satisfied with her. The village despot turned and walked away.

He went along the same path which the old woman had told me led to the hotel. This induced me to leave my seat and follow him, for I much wished to be acquainted with a man of whom I had in the last two days heard so much. But then, again, I had heard nothing but complaints of him; and had even witnessed his harsh conduct towards others, and I hesitated to follow him. He walked very quickly, and I did not overtake him.

III.

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Presently I saw some peasants stop to speak to this strange man, and just as they left him I approached. He greeted me with politeness, and we talked of the weather and the crops. He answered all I asked in such well-chosen language, and at the same time so modestly, that I saw directly that he was a man of cultivated mind. He said that the soil was not better than that of the surrounding country, but that it was better tilled. I expressed my astonishment at that.

'Every owner dwells here in the middle of his own possessions,' said he, 'and therefore can easily inspect his labourers.'

'But,' said I, 'these beautiful meadows?'

'You have not perhaps noticed,' answered he, 'that all the meadows lie together, and that they are well watered. We have also good marl in the neighbourhood. In other places, as well as this, these things are to be had more or less; but people are often idle or ignorant. Nature is a good mother to all; but men do not always give themselves the trouble to understand her, but prefer following their own conceits.'

This remark was too philosophical for a village mayor or school-master. I stood still, and looked at his coarse gray frock and round black straw hat. There was something distinguished, I might almost say noble, in his face.

He looked at me for a moment with a searching look, and then said: 'Are you Mr Rödern?'

'I am!' exclaimed I, surprised, and looking at him more closely.

He took my hand, and laughingly said: 'You were formerly a slender young man—the delight of all the belles.'

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I tried to draw away my hand, for I thought that one of his strange fits, of which so many had spoken, was come over him ; but he held it fast, and continued : ‘What a stout man you are grown ! What good genius led you to Hard ?’ and he embraced me, adding : ‘Welcome here !—Do you not know me ?’

I was now really perplexed, and yet it struck me I had seen him before ; suddenly I remembered who it was. ‘Engelbert !’ I exclaimed.

He answered in the affirmative, and the sound of his voice recalled to my mind my college life. I embraced him with emotion, forgetting all the evil I had heard of him.

He called to a little boy who was working in the next field, and said : ‘Run to my wife, and tell her I have found an old friend, who will breakfast with me. Let her set the table under the lime-tree, with wine, fresh butter, white bread, and raspberry vinegar.’

I now related to him my history since I left college ; I told him what had brought me to Hard ; and we conversed long upon many of our college companions. ‘And you,’ said I, ‘what is your history ?’

‘And I,’ answered Engelbert smiling—‘look at me. You see what I am—a countryman, and the mayor of the village in which I live.’

‘How very remarkable !’ said I. ‘How is it that you hide your noble talents in this unknown corner of the earth ? Was it your free choice ?’

‘My free choice.’

‘Have you been long here ?’

‘Nineteen happy years.’

‘Tell me all—everything,’ said I impatiently.

‘Another time. I see my wife under the lime-tree. You will see my family all together. Come and breakfast with us.’

We followed the path up the hill, and presently came to the lime-tree, under whose shadow sat an amiable-looking young woman, about thirty years of age, very slender, with pretty features, and clad quite simply. A child, scarcely six months old, lay upon her knee ; another child sat at her feet, receiving some flowers from a red-cheeked, golden-haired boy of about four years of age. Two elder boys—the one seven, the other ten—were standing behind their mother, each with a book in his hand : they were dressed in coarse stuff, and were barefooted. The rest of the party wore linen dresses.

The mayor introduced me to his wife, over whose face spread, at my salutation, a beautiful blush ; he then knelt down before her, and very humbly and playfully asked her forgiveness for being so late at breakfast, pointing to me as his excuse. I soon became friendly with this charming family. The children seated themselves on the grass, round a wooden basin filled with fresh milk, which they ate with black bread. They placed before me white bread,

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fresh delicious butter, water, raspberry vinegar, and a flask of old Burgundy.

‘See,’ said Engelbert; ‘I have not forgotten your old dislike to milk.’

All this appeared to me like a dream. The truly picturesque group before me—the unexpected meeting with Engelbert—the finding him living like a peasant among peasants—a man who, at the university, had been distinguished for his talents and for his knowledge—all this seemed too strange for reality. He was certainly odd in some things when at college, but his companions thought him only whimsical, like many other youths. Who could have imagined that he, whose talents qualified him for the most glorious, the most shining career, would have ended by being a village mayor and schoolmaster!

His Augusta (for so he called his wife) and his children loved him with inexpressible affection; and he fully returned their love. How could this man be so selfish, so unjust, so hard-hearted, as he had been represented to me? They said in the town that he was a millionaire. I doubted this; for I knew that his parents had been, during his early life, in only moderate circumstances; and the clothing and food of himself and his family were remarkably plain. I wished to examine this strange character more closely.

After breakfast we walked up the hill.

‘I am sorry I have not sufficient room to lodge you under my straw roof,’ said he; ‘but in the hotel you will find everything convenient. I have established a bath there, which is much frequented; but as the bathing season does not commence until next month, you can have the best rooms in the hotel.’

IV.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

The wheelwright had already taken my carriage into his hands, and promised that it should be ready in ten or twelve days; but the mayor requested him to lay aside all other work until this was finished. The surgeon had set Kruz’s arm; but it still remained much swollen, and there was no hope of removing him for another week. This involuntary delay was very welcome to me; for really Engelbert and his lovely family so pleased me, that I considered myself fully compensated for the accident which led me thither. I became more and more interested about this strange man, and was daily more convinced that few men were so happy as he. His house resembled that of any other peasant’s, except that it stood in the midst of a well-kept vegetable and flower garden: within the house there was the greatest cleanliness and simplicity. Not only

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Engelbert, but even his wife and children, slept upon couches of leaves and moss: the linen was coarse, but dazzlingly white, and always clean: they used at meals either wooden plates, or else those made of the commonest earthenware: their usual drink was water, milk, or weak beer. I went in one day at dinner-time. My friend received me with smiles, and I joined in their repast. The food was good. We had first a nutritious soup, then delicate vegetables, baked beef, black bread, and small-beer. This was all; but it seemed to me that I had never enjoyed a dinner more. The amiable mother sitting opposite to me, surrounded by her five red-cheeked children, Engelbert joking merrily with them, the droll prattle and the beaming eyes of the little ones, the peace and content which reigned over all, made it seem to me a dinner in paradise.

The best apartment was used as justice-room and study. Here my friend, seated in his easy-chair, summarily dispensed justice, and settled disputes among his neighbours. This room contained the only luxuries which the family possessed. A writing-table stood at the window, there was a small but choice collection of books, maps both of the earth and of the heavens, an electrifying-machine, an air-pump, a galvanic and a magnetic apparatus, and various philosophical and geometrical instruments. The study might also be called the drawing-room of the establishment; for here stood madame's piano, and in an empty mineral cabinet lay her best apparel.

'This is charming,' said I; 'but this room will soon be too small for all your family, dear Engelbert. You must enlarge it.'

'Not for ten years,' he answered. 'The temple of our happiness is small, but the happiness therein is great. We have more than we want.'

'And are you really so very happy thus, Engelbert?'

'Look here,' said he, pointing to his wife and children: 'see what blooming faces! A noble soul animates these little creatures. Here is my kingdom—my all! Mine is a life of reality, and not of appearance, like that led by those in magnificent cities. I have enough for my bodily wants, and a sphere of action for my mind. I certainly live separated from European refinements; but see there,' added he, pointing to his books, 'I have the best, the immortal ones of mankind around me! Nature, the wonderful works of God, the promises of eternity, all belong to me. What more can I desire?'

I pressed his hand, and knew not how to answer him. I might have called him a dreamer, but I felt he was right in all he said. The further I became acquainted with him, the more I admired his unceasing industry. His business as mayor occupied much of his time; but beside this, he cultivated the meadows and fields round his house, although only so far as was necessary for his household wants; he read and wrote two or three hours every day, and instructed his two eldest children. These already knew a great deal, as they

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were well taught. They were acquainted with the scientific names and the properties of the trees, shrubs, herbs, and vegetables within their reach; they understood the geology of the mountains around them; they played with the philosophical instruments in the house, and had some knowledge of the stars and planets; even the little boy of seven years old told me that the sun was a more beautiful world than this; and though he could not yet understand the mountains of the moon, he enjoyed looking at them through the telescope. Augusta managed her household affairs, of which she was uncontrolled mistress, in the same spirit as her husband performed his business. She attended not only to the smallest trifle in the kitchen, but also to the fowls, the flax, the hemp, and the corn, and the various animals which belong to a farm.

‘But,’ asked I again, ‘what brought you to this place? You should have devoted your noble talents to the service of your country, instead of being only a village mayor in a foreign land.’

Early on the morning of the following Sunday, which he had promised to devote to me, he joined me in the garden of the hotel. My breakfast (a cup of strong coffee) was placed in a vine-covered arbour, from which was an extended and beautiful view of the surrounding country. Engelbert ordered milk and black bread to be brought there for him. ‘I will now tell you,’ said he, ‘what fate drove me hither. Augusta and the children will call us, and when they are ready, we will all take a walk; then we will go to church: the curé and other good friends dine with us; and in the afternoon the young people of the village give a concert. There is a ball in the evening, and you must dance with us. Now, hearken with reverence.

V.

THE SUPERFLUITIES OF LIFE.

‘I left the university half a year after you did. My guardian had ordered me to remain there another year; but I put thirty louis-d’ors in my pocket, and set forth on my travels. I journeyed through Germany and Switzerland, from the Alps to Paris; then through France to Provence, whence I went by sea to Naples, then to Rome, and home by Vienna. I brought back two louis-d’ors in my pocket. I travelled generally on foot, taking only bread and water, now and then wine, and sleeping in barns and stables.

‘I returned from my journey just as my friends were going to advertise me in the newspapers. My guardian was very angry; but I found that a visit to foreign countries did me more good than a year’s attendance at the professors’ lectures. I was examined, and obtained great credit for my knowledge; and I was placed, at first without salary, in a government office, in order to initiate me in

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business. I applied the next year for a place as justiciary; but received for answer that my capability was not doubted, but, being only three-and-twenty, I was too young. Very well, thought I, that fault will mend every day. The next year I applied for another situation. The president of the government answered: "You have some fortune; why do you not dress better? Why do you wear such coarse stuff—you cannot appear anywhere thus?" "The state, your Excellency," answered I, "requires honest service from me, and not fine clothes." The president was offended, and after giving me a slight bow, left me.

'There was at that time a quarrel between our court and a neighbouring one concerning the right of possession of some abbey lands. The law appeared to give the right to our opponents; but I had accidentally found in the land-office some deeds relating to the affair, and which would decide it in our favour. I wrote a defence of our claims, had it printed, together with these deeds, dedicated it to the king, and sent it to the minister. This paper brought me great honour. I received the order of Merit—namely, a yard of ribbon to hang at my button-hole; and, as I afterwards learned, the government intended to do great things for me. Unfortunately, I knew there was nothing to be got by the ribbon, and I sent it back, assuring the minister that I had not written from vanity or interestedness, but from love of justice. I could not have worn the ribbon without blushing. This was interpreted to my hurt by every one, but especially by the court. The president told me I was a fool, and quite out of favour: I must not now expect a situation. Just at this time happened the death of my guardian, who had hanged himself on my account, for I was now declared of age. He had spent not only his own property, but mine also. I was sorry for him. Had he told me what he had done, I should have pardoned him. All that belonged to him was sold, and nothing was left of my inheritance except eight thousand gulden' [not quite seven hundred pounds]. 'His little daughter was placed in the orphan asylum. I pitied her much. "That poor child has much more need of help than I," thought I; "for I am old, and can earn my bread." I placed my eight thousand gulden in safe hands for her use, desiring that the interest should be appropriated to her education, and that it should all be given to her whenever she should marry. I was determined that she should not remain in the asylum if I could prevent it.

'Now came the question—What shall I do myself? The state did not require my services. I had wished for advancement and employment—not so much to gain money, as to have a sphere of action. I wished to be *useful*; so much so, that I would have taken a place without salary, if people would have allowed me to live and dress after my own fashion. But I had been laughed at for this; so I shook the dust from my feet, and left my native country, hoping to be better appreciated elsewhere. I had property

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enough with me to be able to live a year in idleness—namely, above forty louis-d'ors. When I was a boy, and went to school, I read in a book a treatise entitled "The Superfluities of Life." It was a very ingenious exposition of St Paul's words: "Having food and raiment, let us therewith be content." This made an extraordinary impression upon me. I had often wondered at the many superfluities which mankind make necessary to themselves, and for which they are content to become slaves. The fewer wants and wishes men have, the fewer cares and fears, the fewer vexations. He is the freest man who depends the least upon circumstances, conveniences, and customs. The treatise ended with these words: "Regard only what is substantial, and leave to fools the burdensome pleasure of attending to appearances."

'I began as a schoolboy to follow this advice. I performed my duties, but denied myself all praise. I slept at night upon two chairs near my bed. I took neither tea nor coffee, neither beer nor wine—my drink was only water. I did not use the tenth part of my pocket-money for myself, but bought with it books and maps for the poorer scholars. I rejoiced when the time came for me to go to the university, for then I should be my own master. I lived simply. People thought that I was poor; but I had money in abundance—enough to help others. Those who were richer than I were loaded with debt. This simple mode of life displeased many in my native city. My friends wanted me to live better, but I was content with the cheapest food. My dress was clean, and in the fashion, but very coarse. This was called unbecoming. I did my duty to all, but I paid no court to my superiors. I wished to be *myself* worthy of honour, and not to obtain it through fine clothes, flattery, and outward show. I did not smoke; I never played at cards; and therefore every one thought me strange. I always acted in accordance with my opinions; was content with little; helped others with my superabundance; was always happy; and never ill. I wanted nothing but a sphere of action. This I had not, because I was not like other people. Miserable those who expect their happiness from others!

VI.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

'I roamed about Germany for nearly three months, but did not succeed in finding any employment: everywhere there was a "but." How foolish people are, thought I, to think ill of a man merely because he desires nothing but the opportunity of making his knowledge useful to others! I thought I should be doing the world and science a great service, if I went to London and offered to go on a voyage of discovery to Senegal; and if the English refused my offer,

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I resolved to go at my own expense. With this determination I bent my course to the north-west.

‘One evening I arrived very tired at the inn of a little town, and while I ate my frugal supper, I amused myself by reading the newspaper. There I found an advertisement for a schoolmaster in a distant village. The salary was fifty gulden a year’ [about four pounds English money], ‘a house and firing free, and the produce of three acres of land. This was just the situation for me. Schoolmaster!—what a weighty calling! Might I not be the means of reformation to a whole village—the saviour of thousands? Might I not open the way to their improvement in husbandry, in morality, and in religion? And the pay—it was certainly small, but enough for me. Could virtue ever be rewarded by money? The salaries given by the state are in proportion to the knowledge required. A village schoolmaster requires but little knowledge, and has but little work; therefore the pay is small: but a court chamberlain, a court fool, a public singer or dancer, has need of much talent; therefore either of these is paid more than all the schoolmasters in the country put together.

‘I applied for the situation; my certificates were examined; and I was believed to be a boisterous, runaway student. This I let pass. There was nothing said against my knowledge of arithmetic and singing; nevertheless, difficulties arose; and I could not blame the gentleman whose duty it was to choose a schoolmaster, for I knew quite well that it was not usual for a man who spoke six or seven languages to apply for so inferior a situation. I believe I should not have been chosen had any other candidate appeared than an old deaf tailor, who was of course rejected.

“Listen,” said the president of the school commission to me; “the place shall be yours if, after a year’s trial, we are satisfied with your conduct.” I then received the paper appointing me schoolmaster provisionally, and also a letter of introduction to Mr Pflock, the curé of Hard, who was ordered to introduce me in the village.

‘I was as happy as a king—if kings ever are happy—and I hastened to Hard. I found my abode a dilapidated hut, and dirty as a stable; every window half pasted up with paper, and my sitting-room very dark, and without a stove in it. The only stove was in the schoolroom, in which apartment sixty-five children assembled daily. The garden was full of rubbish, and the three acres of land were overgrown with weeds. The curé received me with an austere face; gave me some wholesome precepts; and introduced me on the following Sunday afternoon to his congregation, with many admonitions to the school children. This curé was a zealous and orthodox man, who thundered every Sunday with a powerful voice against all unbelievers. On week days and in common life, he troubled himself but little about the welfare of his flock, and was content if his kitchen were well attended to, and if he were invited to all marriage

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and baptismal feasts. The villagers were poor, and almost savage ; there was no lack of quarrelling, fighting, and lawsuits ; every peasant was deep in debt ; the soil was hardly cultivated ; and the cattle very miserably managed. The mayor was the richest person in the village, for he was also the landlord of the only inn ; and he who did not drink enough of beer was sure to be punished in some way or another. The external appearance of the village, the rows of miserable huts, the interiors of which were dirty and disgusting, the coarse manners of the peasants and their wives, the rudeness of the children, and their ragged dirty clothing—all told me that this was such a calling as I had desired ; that here I had the opportunity of doing good ; and I danced in my little room for joy till the whole house shook.

‘The school funds were, as may be supposed, very low, and I set about repairing the schoolhouse at my own cost. I had the windows mended, the rooms whitewashed, the floors cleaned, and the tables, benches, and doors well scoured. I bought linen for my bed, and had a mattress made of moss. I dug my garden, divided it into beds, planted vegetables, and sowed my three acres with corn. I kept a goat, which gave milk enough for my wants, and which grazed on the common during the day, and at night was lodged in the stable. I was soon quite comfortable in my new abode. Even the curé’s house was not so clean as mine. The people all wondered at my being so neat, and yet so poor ; and I wondered at their dirtiness and ignorance.

VII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE REFORMATION.

‘As soon as I had settled myself comfortably in my now pretty abode, I turned my attention to the school children. These were more like a herd of swine than like rational creatures. I began by accustoming them to shake hands with me when they entered the schoolroom ; and whoever came unwashed, was sent to the brook ; for I insisted upon their feet, as well as their hands and face, being clean, and also upon their hair being combed. They laughed at me ; but I begged the curé to stand by me, and I asked him to preach a sermon on the advantages of cleanliness. “That does not belong to religion, Mr Schoolmaster,” said he ; “go and attend to your business.” However, by dint of perseverance, I succeeded in my efforts.

‘The clothing was next to be attended to. The children were dressed in ragged garments : this I could not change, but I was determined that they should be clean ; and I promised a reward to those whose clothes were the cleanest at the end of the week. I

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distributed needles, pins, pocket-knives, scissors, and other trifles, which I bought wholesale at the yearly fair in the neighbouring town, and each received some reward for being tidy and clean. The curé and mayor, and in fact all the villagers, laughed at me; but I resolutely prosecuted my plans. We must first civilise the habits of men before we can succeed in educating them. With the help of these rewards I succeeded; and before a year passed, the children were cleaner than their parents. Then the elder people began to be ashamed, for their children's neatness was a reproach to them. When I went through the village, the young ones would leave their games in order to greet me. All loved me. They feared my censure, liked my gifts to them, and, above all, were pleased with the stories I related for their amusement.

'All the village talked of my generosity; and certainly I had spent much more than my fifty gulden during my first year at Hard. Two of the poorest little children were clothed at my expense; and all this was thought by the people to be done by unnatural means. A schoolmaster in the country was generally the poorest amongst many poor: no man with any property would have become a schoolmaster.

'My predecessors had received presents and money from the parents: I gave more away than all the parents put together. They knew not what to make of me. They said that I was a thief, who had come to live here upon stolen money. Meanwhile the curé gave the president the highest certificate of me, annexing some remarks on my presents to the scholars; but as to give is not forbidden in the ten commandments, nothing was said, and I was at last elected schoolmaster for life.

VIII.

PROGRESS OF THE REFORMATION.

'Now that I was settled in office, my work became lighter to me. I divided my pupils into classes, and made the elder ones teachers to the younger; and thus all improved quickly. I bought yarn and knitting-needles for the little girls, taught them to knit, and gave them whatever they made for themselves. The parents were pleased with us; and I paid a poor woman in the village half my salary for instructing the girls in all kinds of female work. Before another year had passed, rags had disappeared from the schoolroom; though in some of the children the love of dirtiness, inherited from their parents, seemed unconquerable.

'Meanwhile the young men rapidly improved. I read aloud to them, and related stories; and an hour spent in this way was the reward for all who had been diligent. It is incredible with what

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curiosity they all pressed round me when, on a Sunday afternoon, I appointed them to meet me at my house, in the wood, or in the meadows : all quitted their games ; and even those who had long ago left school, repaired thither. I gave them a moral enveloped in a story ; and while they thought they were simply amusing themselves, I undermined their prejudices, wakened their moral feelings, and increased their knowledge of the world.

“The singing lessons did not cause less enjoyment. There were many of my pupils who had good voices. The singing-master in the next town assisted me, and they speedily improved. But I could do nothing with regard to the singing at church, for all the elders of the congregation delighted in singing as loud as possible. I begged the curé to tell his flock that it would be much more agreeable if they did not roar at church.

“What does that mean?” said he. “I allow every one to cry to God as loud as he likes : lukewarm singing makes lukewarm religion.”

“He told the peasants and their wives of my *unchristian* request, and they sang louder than ever. I now felt that I must be more circumspect, for I saw plainly that I was not liked ; and that the washing, sewing, knitting, and singing were looked upon as pernicious innovations ; and that the curé and mayor fostered the dislike of the people—the former because I was not sufficiently submissive to his will ; and the latter because I never spent a groschen at his inn, and because I amused the young men on a Sunday, instead of letting them drink at his alehouse. Perhaps I should have been even more disliked, had not the youths, maidens, and children shewn great affection for me ; these hindered many from injuring me, and from them I received warning when anything was designed against me.

“A rumour was now spread by the women of Hard, which everywhere found credence, and which caused me to be feared by all. They said that I was a sorcerer, or something of that kind. When a cow gave blue milk, or when anything was stolen or lost, people came to me, and begged me to tell them, by means of the cards, who or what had caused these events. They attributed the good condition of my three acres to supernatural means, though they saw me weeding and digging the land. I saw that the old people were not to be disabused of this idea : my only hope rested in the children, who had begun to value the trouble I had taken with them. About five years after I came to Hard, the curé, who had always opposed me in everything, came to me one morning, and, after flattering me, offered me his cook in marriage. I refused, perhaps too indignantly ; and he, in revenge, wrote to the president, accusing me of practices of the worst kind. I defended myself, and with such success, that the curé’s conduct was inquired into, and he was found guilty of the very crimes he had imputed to me. He was dismissed, and another

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curé, of the name of Bode, took his place. He was quite a different man to his predecessor; pious, gentle, and charitable. He supported me in all my efforts, and tried to improve his flock; but his sermons were not liked. The people said he was not of the true religion; for he did not preach incomprehensibilities, as the curé Pflock had done. They praised the latter, lamented his loss, and said that there would never be such another man in Hard.

IX.

THE COLONY.

‘Just at this time a certain Baron Zebra arrived at Hard. He had just come into possession of a large and beautiful wood, consisting of beech, oak, and birch trees, which lay in the parish of Hard, and which he wished to sell, because he lived at a great distance. The government refused to buy it, because no wood was required in that neighbourhood, and there was no navigable river near by which timber could be conveyed to a distance. The baron offered it to the people of Hard, as the wood lay very conveniently for them; but they were very poor, and had wood enough; besides, if by any chance their stock failed, they made no scruple of stealing it from the baron. They therefore refused to buy it, unless he would lower the price from nine to five thousand gulden.

‘The baron wished for advice on the subject; and the curé recommended him to speak to me, as I understood the affairs of the village better than any one else. He came to me; and it suddenly occurred to me to buy it myself. My plan was ready directly. The baron said he would take six thousand gulden for it, if I could procure purchasers. I explained to him that I wished to buy the wood upon speculation, and that I would pay him half the sum down, if he would allow the other half to remain, for which I would pay interest. He looked round my school-room, and then stared at me with surprise: he, however, agreed to my proposition, and the terms of purchase were legally drawn up. I took the eight thousand gulden from the bank, the interest of which the orphan daughter of my guardian had hitherto received, paid for her education out of my income, and gave the baron the sum agreed upon.

‘The people talked loudly enough now. No one doubted my being in possession of unheard-of riches; but the old people laughed at my speculation. I let them laugh. I procured the necessary implements, built a large kiln, had the wood cut down, and every piece converted into ashes. I had meditated great designs.

‘My best friend in Hard was a young and poor peasant named Lebrecht, whom I had often assisted in the management of his children, and I handed over my school to him. He was confirmed

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in the situation by the school commission ; and I, only reserving to myself the privilege of relating stories as formerly, left the school-house, and built myself a hut in the wood, in order to be near my workmen. They also built huts there ; and we lived very much like American backwoodsmen. The peasants shook their heads at my foolish undertaking. One acre after another of wood was changed into ashes ; and in a twelvemonth some hundred acres were laid bare. The potash thus procured found a ready sale, and was sent far and wide. From the produce of half the forest I gained enough to pay the remainder of the purchase-money ; and besides possessing the land, I had now a large capital in my hands.

‘I built a small house upon my land, with stabling and barns, bought cattle, laid the ground out in fields and meadows, and carried on farming as well as my potash manufactory. I discovered not far from my house a mineral spring ; and as there were no baths near Hard, I built an inn, and published in all the newspapers the medicinal properties of the waters, the beauty of the neighbourhood, and the accommodation for visitors. Many people came ; and in a year or two I was obliged to add a wing to the hotel.

‘I gave the management of the baths to an honest and diligent family. My capital increased rapidly. I divided three hundred acres into several parts, and built dwellings ; for I had wood and limestone in abundance ; and as soon as a house was ready, I placed a farmer therein. I chose those who were skilful in their business, and made the leases as advantageous to my tenants as possible. I became, in fact, the lawgiver to my colonists. These found so much advantage in settling on my land, that they would not willingly disobey me ; and my unyielding severity towards certain faults soon banished them from my empire, for all feared my displeasure. Look there, dear Rödern ; all those buildings behind us on the hill, fourteen in number, are the extent of my colony.

X.

ELEVATION OF RANK.

‘Among the strangers who yearly visited the baths were many of high rank, with whom I became acquainted. Had I been dressed as they were, my knowledge would not have attracted any attention ; but in my peasant’s frock, I appeared to them a very clever and admirable man. I was supposed to be enormously rich ; and after the death of the old village mayor, was named his successor. In fact my elevation of rank gave me as much joy as being chosen governor or minister of state would have done in former days. Now I had attained my purpose, and my wishes were accomplished. I knew the ingratitude of the inhabitants of Hard. What else could

be expected from such idle, mean-spirited, ignorant people? I must have made them human, before I could expect noble feelings from them.

'I carried on my design, assisted by the curé Bode and the school-master Lebrecht. I continued my conversations with the youths of the village. I knew, from eight years' experience, all the sources of evil in the place, and I tried to stay them. One of the most important was the love of going to law. I made myself their attorney. I examined all the claims of the peasants, put an end to their quarrels by means of friendly advice, and from that time all the law-loving peasants came to me as judge. I was now so placed as to adjust all matters, and to frustrate all the endeavours of the country lawyers to produce quarrels. This was an unspeakably great advantage to the village. But, in the midst of all this, something happened of which I had often thought but had never yet experienced—something which for some time turned my brain, and put all plans of reformation out of my head.

'I was going one day with a load of potash to Berg, a market-town about six miles distant, and where my agent lived. I had laid a sack of beans on the top of the load, and just as I entered Berg, it fell off. A boy who was passing saw the sack lying in the road, told me of my loss, and I took it upon my back, in order to carry it to the wagon. Just at this moment a pretty town-clad maiden passed me, and as I looked at her, a strange feeling came over me. My hat had fallen off, and having the sack on my back, I could not stoop to pick it up. She saw my dilemma, and kindly taking it up, gave it me. Whether I thanked her or not, I do not even now know, but I followed my wagon into the town as if in a dream: I could not forget her smile.

'I had a little bedroom at my agent's house always ready for me, for I was often obliged to remain all night at Berg. This day, however, I had finished my business early, and had intended to return home; but I could not resist remaining at Berg, in the hope of seeing the maiden again. I could not quit the window, and stood gazing into the street, until I was called to dinner. To my surprise, on joining the family at table, I found the maiden there. I sat in the place of honour, as usual, and she was opposite me. I could not eat. I saw only her black eyes instead of my food. "Who is your visitor?" said I to my friend after she was gone. "It is a poor girl that my sister, the curé's wife, has educated," replied my agent's wife. "My brother-in-law is just dead, and as my sister is going to leave the vicarage, she sent this girl to me for a short time." This answer pleased me much; but no part of it more than the word *poor*. "Then I may hope," thought I. I was not poor, nor very ugly, and only two-and-thirty years old; but I was a potash manufacturer, and she an elegant city maiden. My spirit was troubled.

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‘Soon after, in passing by the kitchen, I saw the maiden busy at the fire. Her kitchen apron made her more lovely than ever. My courage returned. In the evening I heard the sound of music as I sat in my own room : it was she playing on a miserable pianoforte. I entered the room whence the sounds came : she was alone, and her face became crimson when she saw me. I begged leave to tune the piano for her ; and after I had done this, she played to me. Never had music so delighted me. She shewed great taste and capability, and I felt as if in heaven. She was surprised that I knew anything of music, and that my language was not that of a common countryman. “Are all the peasants in your neighbourhood as well educated as yourself, sir?” asked she smilingly ; at which I smiled in return. I proposed a walk, and she consented. She looked more beautiful now ; for the air changed the paleness and sorrowful expression of her features into cheerfulness, and almost merriment. We sat together at supper, and afterwards spent an hour pleasantly at the piano.

‘I could not close my eyes that night. I remained the next day at Berg. I felt confused and embarrassed : my heart ached : and the third day, when I returned to Hard, I was really ill.

XI.

THE SANCTIFICATION OF THE WORK.

‘All my business was now at a stand ; at least my zeal was gone, for I thought of nothing but adorning my house. I bought an excellent piano, and made many additions to my furniture. The next week, when I went with my potash to Berg, I dressed myself more carefully ; and when I saw the church spire of the town, my heart beat violently. My agent and his wife received me kindly, as usual, and the maiden greeted me as an old acquaintance : from her blushes, I thought she was glad to see me. The piano was opened, and I whispered to her that I had bought an excellent one, and should like much to hear her play upon it. I dared not say more. We walked together, and talked on every subject but one. I passed another sleepless night, staid the next day, and when I bade her adieu, she said : “Shall we see you again next week?” I promised to visit Berg the following Thursday, and left, reproaching myself that I had not had courage to say more. I wandered through my colony at Hard ; I considered all I had done ; but nothing pleased me. I could not contentedly say that all I had done was good : there was something wanting—the consecration of my work by beauty and love.

‘I went to Berg as I had promised, and the kindness of my reception gave me courage. During our walk, I told her how long

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the time had appeared since my last visit, and how much I had longed to see her again. She answered innocently that she was always glad to see me; that she was lonely there; and found no sympathy from those around her. I drew her arm within mine, and there was a long silence, for I had overstepped the boundaries of custom. She withdrew her arm; and I said tremblingly: "How can people be unsympathising towards *you*?" I could say no more: we returned to the house; and I invited my agent and his family to pass a day at Hard. "Mademoiselle Augusta must also go with us," said he; "she goes back next week to my sister-in-law." He shewed me the letter, in which the day for her return was fixed. My happiness was gone.

In the evening, as I sat by her at the piano, I said: "Do you really leave us?" Her hands fell from the keys as she answered in the affirmative. I was gloomy and miserable; and when I bade her good-night, I kissed her hand, and the tears came into my eyes. I remained at Berg till Saturday, when the whole family accompanied me back to Hard. When the beautiful girl sprang from the coach, and trod my land, then a change came over me, and I felt that my work was sanctified by beauty and love. The strength and energy of man can do much in the world. Woman sanctifies all his efforts by love. She wakes in him the sense of the beautiful, and crowns him with the victor's wreath of domestic happiness.

XII.

THE GREAT DAY OF REJOICING.

"My guests took up their abode in the new hotel, and I gave orders that they should be made as comfortable as possible. The agent's wife made many comments on my house, and wanted to know why I did not live more luxuriously. "I could do so as well as others," said I, not without a little vanity; "but I do not want luxuries to make me happy. I will do without them, in order to have enough to give to those who are in want." My agent shook his head, and said: "You are a wonderful man!" The maiden looked at me with sympathising eyes, and was the only one who defended me. "Who wants luxuries where perfect neatness reigns?" said she. "Does the possession of mahogany tables, china cups, or silver spoons add one mite to our happiness?" I led my defender to the piano; I shewed her various valuable little trifles; and at last conducted her into my garden. She looked round with delight, and exclaimed: "How beautiful it is here!" "And will you leave all this?" said I. "Do you think it will be as beautiful when you are gone?" She was silent. "Stay here," continued I; "you are loved here more than you will be anywhere else." Tears filled her

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eyes : she looked at me. "Stay," repeated I ; "for without you I cannot be happy." She saw my agitation, and answered : "I would willingly remain here. Here is true happiness !" "Share it then with me," cried I. "You are an orphan, and there is no one to oppose your giving your hand and heart to me." "Truly I have no parents ; I am very poor ; but what I have promised I will fulfil. I will take no important step without the consent of my kind foster-mother, and also of one man whom I honour above all on the earth." "Who is that man?" asked I anxiously. "The noblest in the world. My father died miserably, and had, by his indiscretion, made this man unhappy. I was forsaken by all, but this young man took pity on me. He chose me a guardian, and spent the little he had upon my education. I honour him as a father. He kept his residence secret from me, but my guardian knew where he was. I wrote two letters to thank him for all he had done, but I have received no answer. I will do nothing without his consent." "What is his name? I will seek him, even if he be in America." "Engelbert!" she replied. I lost my speech ; but at last I stammered : "Are you Augusta Lenz?" "Yes," she replied with much surprise. I took her hand, led her to my desk, and shewed her her two letters. "How did you obtain these letters?" she asked. "I am Engelbert, and your father was my guardian," I replied. She sank on her knees at my feet, kissed my hand, and would not let me raise her up. "Let me lie here," said she ; "I have often wished to thank my benefactor." "Will you leave me?" said I. "Nobody but you has a right to control me," she replied. "What you command is my will." "And if I command nothing—if I were not Engelbert, and if Engelbert opposed us, would you leave me?" She turned her face to mine. It was the happiest moment of my life, for we were now betrothed.

"The agent and his wife were astonished when they heard all this. "There is more than one Engelbert in the world," said they : "we should never have dreamed of this." "If I had heard your name at Berg," said Augusta, "I should have discovered you long ago ; but you were only called 'Mayor' there."

"I took her through my colony, I related the history of my life, explained to her all my intentions, and confided to her all my thoughts. I declared she should not again leave Hard ; and the curé Bode published the bans in the church next day. Augusta wrote to the curé's widow who had brought her up ; and I added a few lines to her letter, saying that the sum should be paid as usual till her death. Augusta remained at the hotel. There was much to be done in my house, and she arranged everything according to her own taste. The following Sunday she entered my room, dressed in peasant's clothing. She had laid aside her city elegancies, and appeared in the costume of a country maiden. A fortnight after, the curé joined our hands at the altar.

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XIII.

A FORTUNATE MISFORTUNE.

‘Augusta now relieved me of my household cares, and I devoted my time to the business of the village. We had been married about two years, when one night, arising from carelessness in a house, the whole village fell a prey to the flames. All help was vain. The peasants stood looking on, stupefied and unable to move, while people from the neighbouring villages hastened to our aid.

‘Only a few buildings remained. It was a great misfortune. The government hardly helped us at all; but still I hoped that good would arise out of this evil. I wrote to the government respecting the rebuilding of the village, and represented the possibility of avoiding such misfortunes in future by obliging each landowner to build his house in the centre of his property. This could easily be done; and it was decided that the owners should exchange their land one with another, till that of each lay compact.

‘The government sent commissioners to examine the case, and my proposition met with their approbation. But these exchanges were not made without trouble; and after all was arranged, wood for building was wanting. There was none to be had for many miles; and now every one grumbled at not having bought the baron’s wood ten years ago. I let what wood remained be cut down, and sold it at a very low price. I did not require ready money, but allowed two years’ credit. I advanced a certain sum upon every house; the government did the same; and I collected subscriptions from the bathing visitors for the poorest of the peasants.

‘In a twelvemonth the village was rebuilt, the houses apart from each other as you see: the bakehouses were separated from the dwellings; and close to every house is a well. I had a canal dug, and turned the waters of the various brooks therein, and thereby watered the waste lands and meadows, and thus increased the pasturage. The gardens and fields were well manured and attended to; for the owners were always on the spot, and did not need going here and there to look after their labourers. All were obliged to be economical, and the village inn was but little frequented. I forbade the landlord of my hotel to let the peasants have either wine or beer. The widow of the mayor, who still kept the old alehouse, was more angry with me than ever; but I attained my end. Had she followed my advice, she might have done well in the world; for my hotel was generally so full that many guests had to seek rooms elsewhere; and I would have assisted her, had she not continued violent in her wrath against me.

‘Now, certainly, a great number of the inhabitants are in debt to me, but still they have paid off many of their old debts to each

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other. Our village is now the most flourishing in the whole country. We have no more lawsuits. Many of my former pupils are now fathers and mothers, and order and neatness reign in every house. I assemble all the peasants yearly ; and those who have kept their houses, stables, clothes, &c. in the greatest order, and who have been most diligent in their husbandry, and most correct in their conduct, I release from the interest of the money I lent them. The first three peasants who could pay their debt to me I excused entirely.'

XIV.

SUNDAY IN HARD.

Augusta interrupted us just here. She was blooming as a rose, her baby lay on her arm, another little one held her hand, and the elder ones followed her. The church bells sounded through the valley ; we went together to the service of God ; the gentle soft singing of the congregation was uncommonly pleasing to me, and the emotion which it caused was increased by the silver-haired curé who prayed at the altar, and afterwards, with a true knowledge of mankind, preached on the relation of this life to that hereafter.

After service was over, the people collected under the lime-trees. The mayor spoke kindly to all, and, standing upon a bench, read and explained some government decrees, and obviated the objections which some raised to them. He then laid his hand upon me, and said : 'An old and dear friend of my youth is come to visit me ; and as I wish to give him pleasure, and to shew him those young people who have particularly distinguished themselves by their good conduct, I invite them to a dance and supper at my house this evening.' He then read a long list of names from a sheet of paper.

A general smile appeared on the faces of the villagers as they went away. The curé, a kind, good-tempered, lively man, the schoolmaster Lebrecht, and his wife, and the physician, accompanied us to the hotel, where dinner was prepared for us. I enjoyed myself amongst these excellent people ; and I can never forget this dinner, nor the concert which followed it. Twenty-four men, women, and children sang the choruses of Haydn, Handel, and Grann with as much taste and correctness as I had ever heard at any concert in the city. Engelbert, Augusta, and their elder boys joined the singers. The bath-house garden was the concert-room ; and no spot could have been better chosen, for the distant wall of rocks sent back a magic sound, and the evening sun shed its golden rays over all. I was touched, and my tears flowed.

'And one man has done all this !' thought I ; 'and this man, surrounded by a world of his own creation, stands there as humble and unassuming as the peasants around him.' I could not resist,

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when the concert was over, pressing him to my bosom, and exclaiming : ' Thou art one of the greatest on the earth, even in thy labourer's frock ! ' I now accompanied the party to the bath-house, and danced with Augusta, and afterwards with many of the Hard maidens. Augusta had been the dancing-mistress to the whole village ; and the good curé walked amongst the company like a father amongst his children. We sat down to supper as chance directed : a young peasant-girl was my neighbour, and interested me more than many a city belle with her conversation.

As soon as Kruz was recovered, and my carriage repaired, I left Hard. Engelbert would not let me pay at the hotel ; he said I had been living in his house ; and I consented at last to be his debtor. With what feelings I left Hard, I must leave to your imagination. I can never forget the impression made upon me by my visit to that happy village.

THE STORY OF FRITZ.

FRITZ KÖRNER was the son of a tailor at Brunswick, and his father, who was tolerably well to do in the world, proposed bringing Fritz up to his own business. But when the boy was about eight years of age, Körner, whose first wife was dead, took it into his head to marry another ; and from the time the second Mrs Körner was placed at the head of the establishment, poor Fritz's comfort was at an end. She hated him ; and, as she soon had a son of her own, she was jealous of him. Opportunities were not wanting to shew her spite, and though the father wished to protect him, he could not ; so, when he saw that the child's life would be rendered miserable, and his disposition be spoiled by injustice and severity, and by the contests and dissensions of which he was the subject and the witness, he resolved to send him from home, and let him learn his trade elsewhere.

He happened to have a distant relation in the same line of business at Bremen ; and to this person he committed the child, with an injunction to treat him well, and make a good tailor of him. But Fritz had no aptitude for tailorship ; nor, indeed, to speak the truth, did he appear to have an aptitude for anything—at least for anything that was useful, or likely to be advantageous to himself. Not that he was altogether stupid, but that, either from indolence, or from not having found his vocation, his energies never seemed awakened ; and he made no progress in his business, and very little in his learning.

The man with whom he was placed at Bremen was a violent and

unreflecting person, who, without seeking to ascertain the cause of the boy's deficiencies, had recourse to the scourge; and when he found flogging did nothing towards the development of Fritz's genius, he tried starving; and that not answering any better, he pronounced him a hopeless and incorrigible little blackguard, and reduced him to the capacity of errand-boy—an office much more to Fritz's fancy, and one, indeed, with which he would have been well contented, could it have lasted; but he knew too well that this declension was only a preliminary to his final dismissal, and that, in short, the only thing his master waited for was to find some one travelling to Brunswick on whom he could rely to conduct him safely to his father. All he wanted, he said, was to get rid of him, and wash his hands of the responsibility.

Affairs were in this position, when one day Fritz was sent to the other end of the city to fetch some cloth, which, being immediately wanted, he was urged to bring with all possible speed. He performed half his errand without delay; but on his way back, he happened to fall in with a troop of cuirassiers, whose brilliant attire, fine horses, and martial air, not to mention the attraction of the music by which they were accompanied, were all too much for Fritz's discretion; and, forgetful of the charge he had received, and the expectant tailors at home, he fell into the rear of the soldiers, and followed them in a direction exactly opposite to the one he should have taken. But, alas! at the corner of a street, when he least thought of it, who should he run against but his master! Fritz, whose eyes and ears were wholly engrossed by the brilliant cortège before him, was not at first aware that he had run foul of his enemy, till a sharp tug at one of his ears awakened his mind to the fact; but no sooner had he raised his eyes to the face of his dreaded master, than, seized with terror, he broke away, and taking to his heels, ran blindly forward, without considering whither he was going, till he reached the quay. But here his career was impeded.

Some vessels were just putting to sea, and there was such a course of people, and such a barricade of carts and wagons, that the road was almost blocked up. Concluding that his master was close at his heels, and that if he slackened his pace he should inevitably be overtaken, Fritz looked about for an expedient; and saw none but to leap into the nearest vessel and conceal himself, till he thought his pursuer had passed. What he was to do afterwards remained for future consideration. In he leaped, therefore, amongst several other persons, whom, had he paused to think, he might, from the similarity of their movements, have supposed to be also eluding the pursuit of a ferocious tailor. But Fritz thought not of them, he thought only of himself; and down he dived into the first hole he saw, and concealed himself behind a barrel.

When the poor boy had lain there for about half an hour, he heard a great hubbub over his head, which led him to believe that his

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master had discovered his retreat, and was insisting on his being hunted up—a suspicion in which he was confirmed by frequently distinguishing, amidst the din, a voice that ever and anon cried ‘Fritz!’ He therefore only lay the closer; and whenever any one approached the place of his concealment, he scarcely ventured to breathe, lest he should be discovered. Presently, however, there was a new feature in the dilemma: the vessel began to move, and Fritz to suspect that, if he staid where he was, he should be in for a voyage. This was more than he had reckoned upon, and he was just preparing to emerge, when his courage was quelled by the sound of ‘Fritz! Fritz!’ which appeared to issue from the mouths of half-a-dozen people at once; so he slunk back in his hole, and suffered himself to be carried to sea.

The motion of the vessel, together with the darkness which surrounded him, and his previous fatigue and agitation, presently sent him to sleep; and thus for some hours he lay, oblivious of all his troubles. But at length an inward monitor awoke him—not his conscience, but his appetite. He found himself ravenous, but how to set about satisfying his hunger he could not tell. He listened; he heard the ropes and the spars straining, the water splashing against the sides of the vessel, and a heavy foot pacing the deck over his head, but no voice calling ‘Fritz.’

He began to hope his master had given up the search, and quitted the vessel; so, urged by his stomach, he resolved to creep out, and see if he could lay his hands on something eatable. He found it more difficult to get out of his hole than he had done to get into it; however, he contrived to reach the deck, where he discovered it was night. There was a person pacing it from end to end, another at the helm, and two or three more in different directions; but their eyes being all directed seawards, Fritz had no difficulty in eluding their observation; so he crawled on to where he saw a light glimmering from a cabin below, where he found the means of allaying his hunger, after which he threw himself into an empty berth, and fell asleep.

‘Fritz! Fritz!’

‘Here I am, sir,’ cried Fritz, starting from his pillow, and jumping clean out of the berth into the middle of the floor, on hearing himself called, before he had time to recollect where he was.

‘Here I am, sir!’ echoed a man who was passing the door at the moment, and popped in his head to see from whom the announcement proceeded. ‘And pray, who are you, now you *are* here?’

Fritz rubbed his eyes, and stared about him with such a bewildered air, that he looked very much as if he did not know who he was himself.

‘Who are you?’ said the man, seizing the boy by the arm; ‘and what brought you here?’

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'I came aboard myself, sir,' replied Fritz.

'What!' said the man. 'I suppose, if the truth was known, you are some young thief escaped from justice?'

'I am not a thief, sir,' answered Fritz; 'I only ran away from my master, who was going to beat me;' and on being further interrogated, he related his history; whereupon the man to whom he was speaking, who happened to be the steward, took him to the captain, and communicated the whole affair. 'We can't get rid of the young rogue now,' said the captain; 'so we must fain take him with us to the West Indies; but we'll keep a close eye upon him, and when we return, we'll bring him back to his master. In the meantime, make him work out his passage.' So Fritz was sent before the mast, and made to swab the decks, help his namesake the steward, and put his hand to everything; in short, he had no sinecure. Still, bad as it was, he liked it better than a sedentary profession; and he would have been tolerably contented, had it not been for the apprehension of being restored to his master. However, like many anticipated evils, his fears on this score were never realised. The period in question was a season of war; and when they had been about a week at sea, Fritz was called out of his berth one morning to help to clear the decks for a fight; they were chased by an English ship.

A sharp battle ensued; and for two hours Fritz heard the balls whistling round his head, as he ran about the deck at the command of the gunner, at whose orders, on that occasion, he was placed; at the end of which period the *Jungfrau* struck her colours to the *Chanticleer*, and Fritz presently found himself transferred to the deck of the English ship. Here he was only looked upon as one of the crew of the prize, and consequently attracted no notice whatever amongst his captors; whilst the captain and such of the crew of the *Jungfrau* as survived were too much occupied with their own misfortune to trouble themselves about him.

When the ship reached Hull, to which port she was destined, either from being overlooked, or from being thought of too little importance to detain, Fritz was suffered to step ashore, and walk away whithersoever he pleased. He strolled into the town, and for some time was amused enough in looking about him; but when he grew hungry and tired, and recollected that he had not a farthing in his pocket to purchase food or lodging, and that, moreover, he could not speak a word of English, the forlornness and desolation of his situation struck him with dismay, and sitting down on the step of a door, he began sobbing and crying in a manner that attracted the eyes of the passers-by, some of whom inquired what he was crying for. But Fritz, aware that he could not make himself understood, only cried on with redoubled vigour, and made them no answer. As night approached, his case grew worse, and he rose from the step to look about for some sort of shelter. As he wandered through

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the streets, a party of officers passed on horseback, one of whom happened to drop his whip. Fritz stepped forward, picked it up, and handed it to him. A good turn is never lost: the poor half-starved boy was thanked and kindly spoken to by the officer (Colonel Webster), who, finding from his language that he was a German, and a seemingly forlorn stranger, ordered his servant to conduct him to the barracks; and 'Kempster,' said he, 'shall find out his history for us.'

Kempster, who was the master of the band, being a German, had little difficulty in extracting the whole of Fritz's adventures; and feeling a natural interest in his little compatriot, he offered to teach him music, and, with Colonel Webster's permission, attach him to the band. This was willingly granted. Fritz was committed to the care of Kempster, and soon appeared on parade in a little uniform, with a triangle in his hand. This was his first instrument; but he was soon qualified to handle more difficult ones; for though he could not learn tailoring, he learned music fast enough—so fast, that a few years afterwards, when his friend Kempster died, he was raised to the dignity of master of the band.

It might have been supposed that Fritz had now reached his ultimatum; he thought so himself, and, perfectly contented with his lot, never looked beyond it. But Fortune, who seemed to have taken him into her own peculiar charge, had not done with him yet.

In the course of service, the regiment to which Fritz was attached was sent to Gibraltar; and there it fell to his lot one day to relieve two ladies from the attack of a ferocious dog. One was the wife, and the other the daughter, of a rich Spanish merchant; and Fritz, who was now a handsome young fellow, could not help fancying that, whilst the old lady expressed her gratitude for the service with great volubility, the eyes of the younger expressed hers in a much more eloquent and emphatic language; in short, gratitude made her feel an affection for our hero, who, however, was too modest, and too deeply aware of the inferiority of his condition, to avow an attachment in return.

Matters had stood thus for some time, when the English forces having attacked and taken Minorca, one of the German regiments that had garrisoned that island volunteered into the British service, and was removed to Gibraltar; but, to the great inconvenience of all parties, there was scarcely a man in it who could speak a word of English. In this dilemma the services of Fritz were put in requisition; and he was found so useful as an interpreter, that it was thought advisable to give him a commission, and attach him to the German regiment.

Here, then, was our hero a commissioned officer in his majesty's service, and entitled to take his place in the society his mistress frequented on an equal footing. He had thus the advantage of speaking to her frequently, and it was not long before they had

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avowed to each other their mutual passion. But, alas ! she was rich, and Fritz had nothing but his pay ; and the father would not hear of the alliance. In this dilemma they might perhaps have proposed an elopement ; but Fritz, besides being above doing anything clandestinely, could not think of leaving his post—all which shewed his good sense. At this juncture his regiment was relieved, and summoned to England, by which the lovers were separated.

Strange adventures still followed our hero. Shortly after his arrival in England, the exiled Duke of Brunswick was appointed to the command of a British regiment, and in looking about for an aide-de-camp, who should he fix upon but Fritz ! A field-officer, and the aide-de-camp of the Duke of Brunswick, Fritz was now in a position to make proposals for the young lady to whom he was attached. A favourable answer was returned ; and soon after, the lady, accompanied by her friends, arrived in England, and gave her hand to the happy Fritz. It might have been reasonably supposed that Fortune by this time, tired of shewing one side of her face, would have inclined to give Fritz a peep at the other ; but no such thing. The course of events having decreed that the great question was to be decided on the plains of Belgium, Fritz accompanied the Duke of Brunswick thither ; and when that gallant potentate fell on the field of Waterloo, Fritz found himself in command of his regiment ; a situation in which he acquitted himself so honourably, that, on the restoration of the legitimate rulers of Brunswick, he was appointed the commander-in-chief of their forces—a post which he continued to occupy for many years, with infinite credit to himself and advantage to his sovereign.

Such were the extraordinary adventures of the once poor little Fritz Körner—a singular combination of fortunate circumstances, with the ability to take advantage of them. Many years ago, when we learned the particulars which we have narrated, Fritz was still alive, retired from active life, and enjoying the reward of his good conduct.

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IN the town of Cleves, an English gentleman was residing with a Prussian family during the time of the fair, which we shall pass over, having nothing remarkable to distinguish it from other annual meetings where people assemble to stare at, cheat each other, and divert themselves, and to spend the year's savings in buying those bargains

* From Pratt's *Gleanings*—a work now rarely seen.

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which would have been probably better bought at home. One day after dinner, as the dessert was just brought on the table, the travelling German musicians, who commonly ply the houses at these times, presented themselves, and were suffered to play; and just as they were making their bows for the money they received for their harmony, a bird-catcher, who had rendered himself famous for educating and calling forth the talents of the feathered race, made his appearance, and was well received by the party, which was numerous and benevolent.

The musicians, who had heard of this bird-catcher's fame, asked permission to stay; and the master of the house, who had a great share of good nature, indulged their curiosity—a curiosity, indeed, in which every one participated; for all that we have heard or seen of learned pigs, asses, dogs, and horses, was said to be extinguished in the wonderful wisdom which blazed in the genius of this bird-catcher's canary.

The canary was produced, and the owner harangued him in the following manner, placing him upon his forefinger: 'Bijou, jewel, you are now in the presence of persons of great sagacity and honour; take heed you do not deceive the expectations they have conceived of you from the world's report. You have got laurels; beware, then, of erring. In a word, deport yourself like the bijou—the jewel—of the canary-birds, as you certainly are.'

All this time the bird seemed to listen, and indeed placed himself in the true attitude of attention, by sloping his head to the ear of the man, and then distinctly nodding twice when his master left off speaking; and if ever nods were intelligible and promissory, these were two of them.

'That's good,' said the master, pulling off his hat to the bird. 'Now, then, let us see if you are a canary of honour. Give us a tune.' The canary sang.

'Pshaw! that's too harsh; 'tis the note of a raven, with a hoarseness upon him: something pathetic.' The canary whistled as if his little throat was changed to a lute.

'Faster,' says the man—'slower—very well—what a plague is this foot about and this little head? No wonder you are out, Mr Bijou, when you forget your time. That's a jewel—bravo! bravo! my little man!'

All that he was ordered or reminded of did he do to admiration. His head and foot beat time—humoured the variations both of tone and movement; and 'the sound was a just echo of the sense,' according to the strictest laws of poetical, and (as it *ought* to be) of musical composition.

'Bravo! bravo!' re-echoed from all parts of the dining-room. The musicians declared the canary was a greater master of music than any of their band.

'And do you not shew your sense of this civility, sir?' cried the

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bird-catcher with an angry air. The canary bowed most respectfully, to the great delight of the company.

His next achievement was going through the martial exercise with a straw gun, after which, 'My poor Bijou,' says the owner, 'thou hast had hard work, and must be a little weary: a few performances more, and thou shalt repose. Shew the ladies how to make a courtesy.' The bird here crossed his taper legs, and sank and rose with an ease and grace that would have put half our subscription assembly belles to the blush.

'That will do, my bird! And now a bow, head and foot corresponding.' Here the striplings for ten miles round London might have blushed also.

'Let us finish with a hornpipe, my brave little fellow. That's it: keep it up, keep it up.'

The activity, glee, spirit, and accuracy with which this last order was obeyed, wound up the applause (in which all the musicians joined, as well with their instruments as with their clappings) to the highest pitch of admiration. Bijou himself seemed to feel the sacred thirst of fame, and shook his little plumes, and carolled an *Io pæan*, that sounded like the conscious notes of victory.

'Thou hast done all my biddings bravely,' said the master, caressing his feathered servant: 'now, then, take a nap, while I take thy place.'

Hereupon the canary went into a counterfeit slumber, so like the effect of the poppied god, first shutting one eye, then the other, then nodding, then dropping so much on one side, that the hands of several of the company were stretched out to save him from falling; and just as those hands approached his feathers, suddenly recovering and dropping as much on the other. At length sleep seemed to fix him in a steady posture; whereupon the owner took him from his finger, and laid him flat on the table, where the man assured us he would remain in a good sound sleep while he himself had the honour to do his best to fill up the interval. Accordingly, after drinking a glass of wine, in the progress of taking which he was interrupted by the canary-bird springing suddenly up to assert his right to a share, really putting his little bill into the glass, and then laying himself down to sleep again, the owner called him a saucy fellow, and began to shew off his own independent powers of entertaining. The *fort* of these lay chiefly in balancing with a tobacco-pipe, while he smoked with another; and several of the positions were so difficult to be preserved, yet maintained with such dexterity, that the general attention was fixed upon him.

While the little bird was thus exhibiting, a huge black cat, which had been no doubt on the watch from some unobserved corner, sprang upon the table, seized the poor canary in its mouth, and rushed out of the window in despite of all opposition. Though the dining-room was emptied in an instant, it was a vain pursuit; the

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life of the bird was gone, and its mangled body was brought in by the unfortunate owner in such dismay, accompanied by such looks and language as must have awakened pity in a misanthrope. He spread himself half-length over the table, and mourned his canary-bird with the most undissembled sorrow.

‘Well may I grieve for thee, my poor little thing!—well may I grieve! More than four years hast thou fed from my hand, drunk from my lip, and slept in my bosom! I owe to thee my support, my health, my strength, and my happiness! Without thee, what will become of me? Thou it was that didst insure my welcome in the best companies! It was thy genius only made me welcome! Thy death is a just punishment for my vanity: had I relied on thy happy powers, all had been well, and thou hadst been perched on my finger, or lulled on my breast, at this moment! But trusting to my own talents, and glorifying myself in them, a judgment has fallen upon me, and thou art dead and mangled on this table! Accursed be the hour I entered this house! and more accursed the detestable monster that killed thee! Accursed be myself, for I contributed! I ought not to have taken away my eyes when thine were closed in frolic! Oh, Bijou! my dearest, only Bijou! would I were dead also!’

As near as the spirit of his disordered mind can be transfused, such was the language and sentiment of the forlorn bird-catcher, whose despairing motion and frantic air no words can paint. He took from his pocket a little green bag of faded velvet, and drawing from out of it some wool and cotton, that were the wrapping of whistles, bird-calls, and other instruments of his trade, all of which he threw on the table, ‘as in scorn,’ and making a couch, placed the mutilated limbs and ravaged feathers of his canary upon it, and renewed his lamentations. These were now much softened, as is ever the case when the rage of grief yields to its tenderness—when it is too much overpowered by the effect to advert to the cause.

It is needless to observe that every one of the company sympathised with him; but none more so than the band of musicians, who, being engaged in a profession that naturally keeps the sensibilities more or less in exercise, felt the distress of the poor bird-man with peculiar force. It was really a banquet to see these people gathering themselves into a knot, and, after whispering, wiping their eyes, and blowing their noses, depute one from amongst them to be the medium of conveying into the pocket of the bird-man the very contribution they had just before received for their own efforts.

Having wrapped up their contribution, they contrived to put it into the poor man’s pocket. As soon as he became aware of what they had done, he took from his pocket the little parcel they had rolled up, and brought with it, by an unlucky accident, another little bag, at the sight of which he was extremely agitated, for it

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contained the canary-seed, the food of the 'dear lost companion of his heart.'

There is no giving language to the effect of this trifling circumstance upon the poor fellow; he threw down the contribution-money that he brought from his pocket along with it, not with an ungrateful, but a desperate hand. He opened the bag, which was fastened with red tape, and taking out some of the seed, put it to the very bill of the lifeless bird, exclaiming: 'No, poor Bijou!—no; thou canst not peck any more out of this hand that has been thy feeding-place so many years—thou canst not remember how happy we both were when I bought this bag full for thee! Had it been filled with gold, thou hadst deserved it!'

'It shall be filled—and with gold,' said the master of the house, 'if I could afford it.'

The good man rose from his seat, which had been long uneasy to him, and gently taking the bag, put into it some silver, saying, as he handed it to his nearest neighbour: 'Who will refuse to follow my example? It is not a subscription for mere charity; it is a tribute to one of the rarest things in the whole world; namely, to real feeling, in this sophistical, pretending, parading age. If ever the passion of love and gratitude was in the heart of man, it is in the heart of that unhappy fellow; and whether the object that calls out such feelings be bird, beast, fish, or man, it is alike virtue, and—ought to be rewarded.'





ANECDOTES OF ANTS.

TNSIGNIFICANT as the ant may seem, there is no other insect, the honey-bee excepted, whose character and economy have excited so much curiosity and research. Nor does this arise from any benefit which it confers, or serious ravage which it commits, at least in this country, for, generally speaking, its effects are unimportant. It is the ceaseless activity of the little creature, its industry, its care for its young, and, above all, its social economy, which have so long attracted attention, and made one of the tiniest insects the permanent emblem of some of the highest virtues. The sluggard has been sent to the ant to consider her ways, the prodigal to imitate her thrift; the young are told that she gathereth her meat in summer, and the unruly and turbulent have a powerful monitor in the harmony of her busy communities. It is to the more remarkable of these traits that we intend at present to direct attention.

GENERAL CHARACTER AND ECONOMY.

The form of the ant, or emmet, must be so familiar to every one, that anything like a description seems quite unnecessary. Entomologists arrange it under the order *Hymenoptera*;^{*} that is, insects

^{*} In systems of natural history, ants form the seventh family of Hymenopterous insects, under the title *Formicidæ*, from the Latin word *formica*, an ant. The genera and species are not well defined, in consequence of the little attention which has yet been paid to this department of animated nature.

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having membranous wings, in which the nervures are small and scarcely conspicuous. This may startle those who are accustomed to consider ants as wingless creatures that burrow in little hills and under stones; but the discrepancy will disappear when it is stated that, like some other social insects, ants are of three sexes—males, females, and neuters—and that it is only the perfect sexes which are furnished with wings. The males and females form but a very small portion of established communities, and abound only for a short while before the swarming season in summer. At that time they go forth into the air, for the purposes of reproduction—the males dying in a few days, and the females falling to the ground, where they either return to the original nest, or are surrounded by stray neuters, and become the foundresses of new communities. They then throw off their wings as useless appendages, and become queens and mothers, in which state they never leave the nest, but are tended and fed by the neuters or workers. It is for this reason that the population of an ant-hill is so generally wingless, it being the neuters which form more than nine-tenths of the number, and on which the labours and economy of the community entirely depend. They not only construct the nest, but most carefully tend the young grubs; supplying them with food,



1. Male; 2. Female; 3. Neuter.

moving them on fine days to the outer surface of the nest, to give them heat, carrying them back again on the approach of night or bad weather, and defending them when attacked by enemies. The sexes are of different sizes, the females being largest, the neuters next, and then the males, which are sometimes of very tiny proportions. Some of the neuters have longer bodies and larger heads than the others; and, as will be afterwards seen, these have peculiar functions assigned them in the labours of the community. Most of the species are stingless, but all of them bite fiercely with their mandibles, and have the property of ejecting a very acrid secretion, which inflames and irritates the skin like the sting of a nettle.

There are many species of ants, distinguished by their size and colour, but chiefly by their habits—some burrowing in the ground, others piling up little mounds or hillocks; some hewing out their cells and passages in decayed timber, others constructing a nest of great neatness among the boughs and branches of the trees on which they feed. They are omnivorous in their habits—devouring almost any kind of vegetable or animal substance that lies within their reach; but are particularly fond of fruits, gums, and saccharine matter, and not less of flesh, as may be seen by placing some small animal in their nests, when, after a few days, its skeleton will be

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found as thoroughly cleaned as it could have been by the most skilful anatomist. The providence of the ants has been long proverbial ; they are believed to store up provision of grain in summer for their use during winter. The idea originated in southern countries, and was taken up in Europe from the Proverbs of Solomon, and from classic writers. But when northern naturalists began to observe accurately the habits of the species that came under their notice, they found no evidence of such a practice, and hence they rashly concluded that the idea was altogether erroneous, and the result of inaccurate observation. It is now, however, beyond doubt that in India and other tropical countries many species of ants do store grain and other seeds in large quantities ; and the recent accurate observations of Mr J. T. Moggridge have established the existence of several species of harvesting ants in the south of Europe, near Mentone. It thus appears that the storing of provisions is a characteristic of many ants in southern countries, although it is not so in northern Europe, where ants become dormant or torpid, and do not require food.

The eggs produced by the queen-mother are at first so small that they are hardly discernible to the naked eye ; but when viewed through a microscope, they appear smooth, polished, and glossy. These minute granules are objects of great solicitude to the workers, which remove them, as soon as laid, to proper receptacles, and there nurse and tend them, moistening them with a peculiar liquid, and turning them by degrees, till they assume the larva form. In the larva and pupa state,* they are nursed with still greater care. In cold weather, they are carried to the lowest retreats of the habitation, to secure them from the cold ; and in fine weather, they are exposed to the genial influences of the sun. If an ant-hill be molested, the first care of the workers is to protect the young ; and they may be seen running about in a state of distraction, each carrying a young one, frequently as big as itself. After remaining for some weeks as pupæ, the young burst the surrounding integument. They are at first nearly white, but in two or three days become of the usual colour. The old ones, it is said, generally assist the young animal in freeing itself from confinement, by tearing with their mandibles the covering in which it is wrapped, as without such aid the young would frequently be unable to set itself at liberty. The pupæ are of a yellowish white, and look like grains of corn, and this was thought to have given rise to the mistake—so deemed at one time—of the early observers who attributed to the ant the habit of storing up grain. Similarly, the habit of the insect of nibbling the envelope to set free the young, was held to account for the belief that ants bite off the growing end of the grain to prevent it from

* The terms *larva* and *pupa* are employed by naturalists to designate the intermediate states of existence in the insect, on its passage from the egg to its becoming a perfect animal, endowed with all the powers of its race—the former being commonly known under the appellation of Grub or Caterpillar, the latter of Chrysalis or Aurelia.

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sprouting. But this does not require explanation; for Mr Moggridge has proved that they do nip off the rootlets of seeds that sprout in the nest. Ants swarm once or twice a summer, when the young ones build new habitations for themselves, and live together in the same social and orderly manner as their progenitors.

These communities, as already stated, consist of males, females, and neuters. The females are the queen-mothers; but whether there is only one queen, as among bees, or several, is still a matter of doubt. Some naturalists affirm there is only one fertile female, and this may be the case in comparatively young swarms; but in old-established colonies, it is more than likely that there always exist a number of females of various ages. Be this as it may, the queens have not the same omnipotent sway as among bees: ant-hives are strictly republics, in which every member performs with honest cordiality the duty assigned him. The males are found in the nests only previous to swarming in summer, and are then equally if not more numerous than the neuters. It is the latter which are the true republican workers: on them depend the erection of the habitation and its constant repair, the nursing and rearing of the young, the defence of the hive, and the collection of food. If nature has assigned to them the greater share of labour, she has also bequeathed a longer lease of enjoyment; for, after the winged males and females have left the hive in summer, a few days of aerial dalliance limit their existence. According to Gould, the ant remains in the larva state nearly a twelvemonth, in the state of pupa about six weeks, and as a perfect insect sixteen months. The time, however, they remain as larvæ and pupæ is no doubt considerably influenced by variations of temperature and other causes. Thus, by exposure to sufficient warmth, the common white butterfly may be disclosed from its chrysalis in June, or it may be retarded till August by merely keeping it in a dark and colder situation. The lengthened period of perfect existence here spoken of refers strictly to the workers; the lives of the parent sexes are of very different duration.

Previous to the swarming season, the nests become crowded with young brood; the whole community is in a state of agitation—the winged males and females running and bustling among the wingless neuters. The wings of the former, which are exceedingly thin and fragile, soon attain their full size; and on the first favourable opportunity they take their departure from the parent hive. They do not seem to swarm simultaneously, but continue to make their egress by degrees, and as sunny weather presents itself. Once in the open air, the males do not return, like the drones or males of the honey-bee; and thus ants are not called upon to act the part of parricides and fratricides, like bees, which invariably destroy their males in autumn. Though rarely or ever seen in the nests, at the swarming season winged ants sometimes appear in incredible numbers. ‘In

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September 1814,' says Dr Bromley, 'being on the deck of the hulk to the *Clorinde* (then in the river Medway), my attention was drawn to the water by the first-lieutenant observing there was something black floating down with the tide. On looking with a glass, I discovered they were insects. The boat was sent, and brought a bucketful of them on board. They proved to be a large species of ant, and extended from the upper part of Salt-pan Reach out towards the Great Nore, a distance of five or six miles. The column appeared to be in breadth eight or ten feet, and in height about six inches, which, I suppose, must have been from their resting one upon another.' Purchas seems to have witnessed a similar phenomenon on shore. 'Other sorts of ants,' says he, 'there are many, of which some become winged, and fill the air with swarms, which sometimes happens in England. On Bartholomew 1613, I was in the island of Foulness, on our Essex shore, where were such clouds of these flying pismires that we could nowhere flee from them but they filled our clothes; yea, the floors of some houses where they fell were in a manner covered with a black carpet of creeping ants, which they say drown themselves about that time of the year in the sea.' Many such clouds or swarms are noticed by other writers; and, allowing for a little exaggeration, it is quite impossible to conceive from whence they could have originated. Were all the ants of a district—males, females, and neuters—to be suddenly invested with wings, they could scarcely constitute such numbers; and one is almost tempted to the opinion, that at certain seasons all the sexes do in reality assume the winged form.

Thus much for the general characteristics of the family; we shall now advert to the habits of our native species, borrowing our information chiefly from Gould, the younger Huber, and Latreille.

NATIVE SPECIES.

Our native ants are usually distinguished by their colours and habits.* Thus, we have red, brown, and black ants; turf-ants, hill-ants, and wood-ants—each species differing somewhat in size, colour, mode of obtaining food, and kind of habitation. The nest of the turf-ant, which is one of the most common of our native species, is at once simple and ingenious. Sometimes it is formed under a flat stone, and consists simply of hollow cells and communicating galleries, all of which are excavated with great neatness, care being taken to remove the loose material to a distance from the nest. At other times it takes advantage of a tuft of grass, and piles around and amid the stems a considerable mound, the interior of which serves for a habitation—the stems giving it strength and coherence. The turf-ant also delights in old earthen fences and

* There are said to be as many as thirty-two species of ants inhabiting this country, but they are not all generally distributed.

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hedge-banks which have a southern exposure. In these they excavate chamber upon chamber, and gallery after gallery: it is in such situations that we have found the most numerous colonies.

Other species, as the ash-coloured, brown, and yellow ants, construct little conical mounds, generally known as 'ant-hills;' and this indeed is the most frequent kind of structure. These mounds are composed of pellets of moist earth found on the spot, and piled together with great architectural ingenuity, so as to form arched galleries, domes, pillars, and partitions, the whole being under one roof of compacted particles of earth and chips of grass and straw. 'To form,' says M. Huber, 'a correct judgment of the interior arrangement or distribution of an ant-hill, it is necessary to select such as have not been accidentally spoiled, or whose form has not been too much altered by local circumstances; a slight attention will then suffice to shew that the habitations of the different species are not all constructed after the same system. Thus, the hillock raised by the ash-coloured ants will always present thick walls, fabricated with coarse earth, well-marked stories, and large chambers, with vaulted ceilings, resting upon a solid base. We never observe roads or galleries, properly so called, but large passages of an oval form, and all around considerable cavities and extensive embankments of earth. We further notice that the little architects observe a certain proportion between the large arched ceilings and the pillars that are to support them.'

The brown ant, one of the smallest of our native species, is particularly remarkable for the extreme finish of its work. 'It forms its nest of stories four or five lines in height; the partitions are not more than half a line in thickness; and the substance of which they are composed is so finely grained, that the inner walls present one smooth unbroken surface. These stories are not horizontal; they follow the slope of the ant-hill, and lie one upon another to the ground-floor, which communicates with the subterranean lodges. They are not always, however, arranged with the same regularity, for these ants do not follow an invariable plan; it appears, on the contrary, that nature has allowed them a certain latitude in this respect, and that they can, according to circumstances, modify them to their wish; but however fantastical their habitations may appear, we always observe they have been formed by concentric stories. On examining each story separately, we observe a number of cavities or halls, lodges of narrower dimensions, and long galleries, which serve for general communication. The arched ceilings covering the most spacious places are supported either by little columns, slender walls, or by regular buttresses. We also notice chambers that have but one entrance, communicating with the lower story, and large open spaces, serving as a kind of cross-road, in which all the streets terminate.

'Such is the manner in which the habitations of these ants are

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constructed. Upon opening them, we commonly find the apartments, as well as the large open spaces, filled with adult ants ; and always observed their pupæ collected in the apartments more or less near the surface. This, however, seems regulated by the hour of the day and the temperature ; for in this respect these ants are endowed with great sensibility, and know the degree of heat best adapted for their young. The ant-hill contains sometimes more than twenty stories in its upper portion, and at least as many under the surface of the ground. By this arrangement, the ants are enabled, with the greatest facility, to regulate the heat. When a too burning sun overheats their upper apartments, they withdraw their little ones to the bottom of the ant-hill. The ground-floor becoming, in its turn, uninhabitable during the rainy season, the ants of this species transport what most interests them to the higher stories ; and it is there we find them more usually assembled, with their eggs and pupæ, when the subterranean apartments are submerged.'

In the laborious duty of rearing a habitation, all the workers take part ; and as these nests are liable to be destroyed by rain, by the accidental tread of cattle, and also require to be enlarged as the colony increases, the labour of building can never be said to be at an end. At this species of work they toil by night as well as by day, take advantage of a gentle shower or dewy morning, when the earth is slightly moistened, and are only interrupted by cold weather or heavy rains. Their cells have none of that geometrical regularity so much admired in the combs of the honey-bee ; but this is rendered unnecessary by the circumstance, that, unlike the larva of the bee, which is confined to a single cell, the young of the ant is carried hither and thither as its wants may require. Having no symmetrical structure to erect, they do not act in concert like the bee, but are occasionally found working at cross-purposes. Such an occurrence does not, however, much embarrass them ; for a worker, on discovering his mistake, immediately undoes what he has erected, and follows instinctively that portion of the plan which was more advanced than his own. On this point, M. Huber's artificial formicaries enabled him to make the following interesting observations : 'A wall had been erected, with the view of sustaining a vaulted ceiling, still incomplete, that had been projected towards the wall of the opposite chamber. The workman who began constructing it had given it too little elevation to meet the opposite partition, upon which it was to rest. Had it been continued on the original plan, it must infallibly have met the wall at about one half of its height ; and this it was necessary to avoid. This state of things very forcibly claimed my attention ; when one of the ants arriving at the place, and visiting the works, appeared to be struck by the difficulty which presented itself ; but this it as soon obviated, by taking down the ceiling, and raising the wall upon which it

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reposed. It then, in my presence, constructed a new ceiling with the fragments of the former one.

‘When the ants commence any undertaking, one would suppose that they worked after some preconceived idea, which, indeed, would seem verified by the execution. Thus, should any ant discover upon the nest two stalks of plants which lie crossways, a disposition favourable to the construction of a lodge, or some little beams that may be useful in forming its angles and sides, it examines the several parts with attention; then distributes, with much sagacity and address, parcels of earth in the spaces, and along the stems, taking from every quarter materials adapted to its object, sometimes not caring to destroy the work that others had commenced; so much are its motions regulated by the idea it has conceived, and upon which it acts, with little attention to all else around it. It goes and returns, until the plan is sufficiently understood by its companions.’

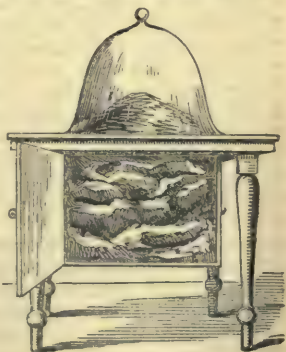
The wood-ant, or pismire, constructs a habitation somewhat similar in shape, but differing very widely in its materials, from that of the hill-building species. This nest is usually about the size of a large mole-heap, of a conical form, and composed exteriorly of small twigs, chips of bark and leaves, pieces of straw, grass, and such-like material. The whole is gradually tapered to the summit, so that the rain is carried off as from the roof of a well-thatched cottage. This thatching or coping forms, however, but a small portion of the nest, for all the galleries and cells are either scooped out of the soil beneath, or built in the usual manner with earth and clay by the little architects. The pismire differs in its economy from the other species already noticed, inasmuch as a section of the workers are continually on the outside, enlarging and patching the framework, and do not seek to shun the sun and wind by retreating to the interior. They are also bolder in their manner, and will tug and tumble away with straws and twigs in our presence, turning round with erected head and open jaws if teased with the finger. Their habitation is thus interestingly described by the authority formerly quoted: ‘To have an idea how the straw or stubble roof is formed, let us take a view of the ant-hill at its origin, when it is simply a cavity in the earth. Some of its future inhabitants are seen wandering about in search of materials fit for the exterior work, with which, though rather irregularly, they cover up the entrance; whilst others are employed in mixing the earth, thrown up in hollowing the interior, with fragments of wood and leaves, which are every moment brought in by their fellow-assistants; and this gives a certain consistence to the edifice, which increases in size daily. Our little architects leave here and there cavities, where they intend constructing the galleries which are to lead to the exterior, and as they remove in the morning the barriers placed at the entrance of their nest the preceding evening, the passages are

kept open during the time of its construction. I soon observed the roof to become convex ; but we should be greatly deceived did we consider it solid. This roof is destined to include many apartments or stories. Having observed the motions of these little builders through a pane of glass, adjusted against one of their habitations, I am thence enabled to speak with some degree of certainty upon the manner in which they are constructed. I ascertained that it is by excavating, or mining the under portion of their edifice, that they form their spacious halls, low, indeed, and of heavy construction, yet sufficiently convenient for the use to which they are appropriated—that of receiving, at certain hours of the day, the larvæ and pupæ.

‘These halls have a free communication by galleries, made in the same manner. If the materials of which the ant-hill is composed were only interlaced, they would fall into a confused heap every time the ants attempted to bring them into regular order. This, however, is obviated by their tempering the earth with rain-water, which, afterwards hardened in the sun, so completely and effectually binds together the several substances, as to permit the removal of certain fragments from the ant-hill, without any injury to the rest ; it, moreover, strongly opposes the introduction of the rain. I never found, even after long and violent rains, the interior of the nest wetted to more than a quarter of an inch from the surface, provided it had not been previously out of repair, or deserted by its inhabitants.

‘The ants are extremely well sheltered in their chambers, the largest of which is placed nearly in the centre of the building ; it is much loftier than the rest, and traversed only by the beams that support the ceiling : it is in this spot that all the galleries terminate, and this forms, for the most part, their usual residence.’ As to the underground portion, it consists of a range of horizontal apartments, excavated in the usual manner.

Another peculiar feature in the wood-ants is their night operations. These proceedings are detailed by M. Huber, who, transferring a complete nest to one of his glass-cases, had ample opportunities of watching all their movements. Not constructing a covert-way or concealed passage to the interior of their nests, but leaving all the avenues open for ready egress and ingress, it is necessary that, during night, when their labour ceases, these avenues should be closed up, not only for protection from enemies, but for shelter from



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cold. This operation they perform with all the skill and caution of a trusty warder : no cottager ever shut his windows and barred his door more effectually. 'I remarked,' says our historian, 'that their habitations changed in appearance hourly, and that the diameter of those spacious avenues, where so many ants could freely pass each other during the day, was, as night approached, gradually lessened. The aperture at length totally disappeared, the dome was closed on all sides, and the ants retired to the bottom of their nest.

'In further noticing the apertures of these ant-hills, I fully ascertained the nature of the labour of its inhabitants, of which I could not before even guess the purport; for the surface of the nest presented such a constant scene of agitation, and so many insects were occupied in carrying materials in every direction, that the movement offered no other image than that of confusion.

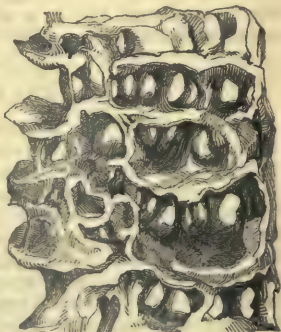
'I saw then clearly that they were engaged in stopping up passages; and for this purpose they at first brought forward little pieces of wood, which they deposited near the entrance of those avenues they wished to close; they placed them in the stubble; they then went to seek other twigs and fragments of wood, which they disposed above the first, but in a different direction, and appeared to choose pieces of less size in proportion as the work advanced. They at length brought in a number of dried leaves, and other materials of an enlarged form, with which they covered the roof—an exact miniature of the art of our builders, when they form the covering of any building! Nature, indeed, seems everywhere to have anticipated the inventions of which we boast, and this is doubtless one of the most simple.

'Our little insects, now in safety in their nest, retire gradually to the interior before the last passages are closed; one or two only remain without, or concealed behind the doors on guard, while the rest either take their repose, or engage in different occupations in the most perfect security. I was impatient to know what took place in the morning upon these ant-hills, and therefore visited them at an early hour. I found them in the same state in which I had left them in the preceding evening. A few ants were wandering about on the surface of the nest, some others issued from time to time from under the margin of their little roofs formed at the entrance of the galleries: others afterwards came forth, who began removing the wooden bars that blockaded the entrance, in which they readily succeeded. This labour occupied them several hours. The passages were at length free, and the materials with which they had been closed scattered here and there over the ant-hill. Every day, morning and evening, during the fine weather, I was a witness to similar proceedings. On days of rain, the doors of all the ant-hills remained closed. When the sky was cloudy in the morning, or rain was indicated, the ants, which seemed to be aware of it, opened but in part their several avenues, and immediately closed them when the rain

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commenced.' Could the most enlightened reason, which ascribes such procedure to mere animal instinct, have done more?

There are some European species, such as the jet-ant, which neither excavate burrows nor build hills, but which hew out chambers and galleries in the trunks of decayed trees. For this purpose, their hard mandibles are well adapted, and though the work must be necessarily very tedious, yet their indomitable perseverance and daily increasing numbers soon prepare a suite of apartments of astonishing magnitude. We once discovered such a nest in a prostrate trunk, of which the bark and a few papery floors and partitions were the only portions left—the whole interior having been hewn away by those busy carpenters; and, what was curious, scarcely a handful of fragments could have been gathered in the vicinity. Whether the portions nibbled away may serve as food, be carried to a distance by the ants, anxious to avoid detection, or be borne off by the wind, is yet unknown. The carpenter-ants are perhaps the shyest and most secret of the family; always conducting their operations in the interior of trees, as if desirous of being screened from observation.



Such is the economy of the more remarkable of our native species in the construction and management of their habitations. In other respects, as the rearing of their larvæ, their food, hibernation, &c. they present less difference. None of them bite with great severity; though they are sufficiently troublesome to any one who may thoughtlessly seat himself for half an hour on the little grassy hillock which holds their colony. It is only the wood-ant that is possessed of a veritable sting. They are not destructive in any appreciable degree to the products of the farmer or gardener; their only injury, indeed, is to lawns and pastures, in which their nests are numerous; where, besides destroying the turf, cattle have a special aversion to browse in their vicinity.

The small red house-ant is perhaps the only species in this country directly antagonistic to man's interests. As there have been numerous complaints about them lately in the daily papers, it would appear as if they were on the increase, and therefore a few words concerning them may not be uninteresting. In some parts of London, they are very troublesome, making sad depredations in the larders; so much so, indeed, that in some instances houses have been vacated on account of the difficulty experienced, and the constant care required, in preventing the ravages of this little pest. It is the

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smallest of the ants found in Great Britain, not more than half the size of the common garden-ant, and has most probably been introduced from abroad in luggage, merchandise, or some other manner, and may be looked upon as one of the evils attendant upon the free intercommunication of nations and the exchange of commodities. In houses where they abound, the dishes containing meat, fruit, and other eatables have to be isolated by means of water, as is practised abroad, to prevent these attacks. What they lack in size they make up in numbers, and it is almost incredible the depredations they commit in a comparatively short space of time.

FOREIGN SPECIES.

The species of ants inhabiting foreign countries differ chiefly from those of Europe in their habits and economy—colour and size being as variable among the latter as among the former. Those of tropical regions never hibernate; theirs is a life of uninterrupted activity—building, feasting, storing. They generally appear in vast numbers, and commit incredible havoc on the surrounding vegetation; nor are some species less formidable to man from the severity of their stings. Dampier, speaking of the natural productions of the Spanish settlements in South America, mentions several species which infested that country: ‘The great black ant stings, or bites, almost as bad as a scorpion; and next to this, the small yellow ant’s bite is most painful, for their sting is like a spark of fire. They are so thick among the boughs in some places that the traveller is covered with them before he is aware. They construct their nests between the limbs of great trees, some of these nests being as large as a hogshead. This is their winter habitation, for in the wet season they all repair to these their cities, where they preserve their eggs and larvæ. In the dry season, when they leave their nests, they swarm all over the forests, for they never trouble the savannahs. Great paths, three or four inches broad, made by them, may be seen in the woods. They go out light, but bring home heavy loads on their backs, all of the same substance, and nearly of the same size. I never observed anything besides pieces of green leaves, so big that I could scarcely see the insect for his burden; yet they would march stoutly; and so many were pressing forward, that it was a very pretty sight, for the path looked perfectly green with them.’

The sugar-ant, which took its name from the ravages that its swarms at one time committed on the sugar-cane, first made its appearance in the West Indies about the middle of last century. This pest was chiefly confined to the island of Grenada, in one district of which, according to an account in the *Philosophical Transactions*, it continued for several years, laying waste every sugar-plantation for a radius of twelve miles, and threatening eventually to overrun the whole island. Every attempt made by the

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planters to put a stop to these destructive insects proved ineffectual ; and such was the general consternation at their ravages, that a reward of twenty thousand pounds was offered by the government to the individual who should discover an effectual remedy for the evil. So liberal an offer induced many to try their utmost to destroy the ants ; and though all succeeded partially, yet none gained the prize—since the destruction of a few myriads availed little, their place being immediately supplied by others. Ranges of burning charcoal proved very destructive, as they blindly pressed forward in their march, and were roasted to death ; but their numbers were so excessive, that they soon extinguished it, and the rear of the swarms passed scathless over the obstruction. The roads were literally covered with them for miles together ; so that the print of a horse's foot, in passing through them, was covered in an instant by the surrounding multitudes. The inhabitants of the island were ultimately relieved from this calamity by the great hurricane of 1780, which, though it tore up their plantations by the roots, and swept many of their houses to ruin, yet so exposed the ants' nests, that the swarms perished in the deluge of rain which succeeded. The sugar-ant makes its nest at the root of the sugar-cane, thereby preventing the proper circulation of the sap, and rendering the plant sickly and useless. It is also destructive to the lime, lemon, orange, and other species of vegetation. It is of a middle size, and of a dark-red colour, and is one of the most prolific of the race.

In Cape Colony and in the South of Africa generally, ants are perhaps more numerous, both as regards individuals and species, than they are in any other part of the world. There they are found varying in size, from the red *nigar*, scarcely visible to the naked eye, to the *black ant*, measuring nearly an inch in length. Their habitations are as various as their species. The smaller tribes excavate the ground, removing the particles of soil, and piling them up as a rampart round the entrance, to keep off the water. The large black ants content themselves with enlarging such cavities as they find ready formed under flat stones, thus providing themselves with an impenetrable roof. A smaller species of the same colour constructs its nest on the top of a bush, enclosing such portions of the branches as come within the sphere of the external covering, which is as thin as paper, yet proof against the heaviest rain.

In Hawksworth's account of Cook's first voyage, there is a description of several species found in New South Wales, the habits of which are very peculiar. We transcribe this account, with some slight abridgment : 'Some are green as a leaf, and live upon trees, where they build their nests of various sizes, between that of a man's head and his fist. These nests are of a very curious structure ; they are formed by bending down several of the leaves, each of which is as broad as a man's hand, and gluing the points of them together, so as to form a sort of purse. The viscous matter used for this

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purpose seemed to be of their own secretion, though it is not improbable that it was a gummy matter collected from the bark and leaves of the trees they inhabit. Their method of first bending down the leaves, we had no opportunity of observing; but we saw thousands uniting all their strength to hold them in this position, while other busy multitudes were employed within in applying this gluten that was to prevent their returning back. To satisfy ourselves that the leaves were bent and held down by the efforts of these diminutive artificers, we disturbed them in their work; and as soon as they were driven from their station, the leaves on which they were employed sprang up with a force much greater than we could have thought these insects able to conquer by any combination of their strength. But though we gratified our curiosity at their expense, the injury did not go unrevengeed, for thousands immediately threw themselves upon us, and gave us intolerable pain with their stings, especially those which took possession of our necks and hair, from whence they were not easily driven. Their sting was scarcely less painful than that of the bee; but except it was repeated, the pain did not last more than a minute.

‘Another sort are quite black, and their operations and manner of life are not less extraordinary. Their habitations are the inside of the branches of a tree, which they contrive to excavate by working out the pith almost to the extremity of the slenderest twig; the tree at the same time flourishing as if it had no such inmate. When we first found the tree, we gathered some of the branches, and were scarcely less astonished than we should have been to find that we had profaned a consecrated grove, where every tree, upon being wounded, gave signs of life, for we were instantly covered with legions of these animals, swarming from every bough, and inflicting their stings with incessant violence.’ One cannot read this account without recalling to mind the *ant-tree* of Guiana, described by Sir Robert Schomburgk, and questioning whether the tree here referred to is not naturally hollow, for it is impossible that any solid-wooded plant could have survived under such extensive excavation. The trunk and branches of the ant-tree are hollow, like those of the cecropia, or trumpet-tree, and provided at intervals with partitions, which answer to the position of the leaves on the outside. These hollows are inhabited by a light brownish ant (hence the name), about two or three tenths of an inch long, which inflicts the most painful bites. In biting, these creatures emit a whitish fluid, and the wound swells and itches for several days; when captured, they attack and kill each other like scorpions. Sir Robert’s description and that of Cook’s naturalists are indeed so similar, that we cannot help believing that both refer to the same tree and ant, though found in very distant localities.

A third kind were found by Cook’s party nested in the root of a plant which grows on the bark of trees in the manner of mistletoe,

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and which the insect had perforated for that use. The root is commonly as large as a turnip, and sometimes much larger; when cut, it was found intersected by innumerable winding passages, all filled by these animals; by which, however, the vegetation of the plant did not appear to have suffered any injury. They never cut one of these roots that was not inhabited, though some were not larger than a hazel-nut. The animals themselves are very small, not more than half as big as the common red ant in England. They were furnished with stings, but had scarcely force enough to produce any effect with them beyond that of an unpleasant titillation.

A very curious, and, so far as man is concerned, a very useful species, is found in Peru, where, at certain seasons, its swarms destroy vast numbers of reptiles and troublesome insects. It is noticed in Dr Poeppig's Travels under the native name of *guagna-miagiûe*, which signifies, 'makes the eyes to water;' from the circumstance of its bite having that effect on the individual who is unfortunate enough to excite the anger of a swarm. 'It is not known,' says the doctor, 'where this courageous insect lives, for it comes in endless swarms from the wilderness, where it again vanishes. It is generally seen only in the rainy season, and it can scarcely be guessed in what direction it will come; but it is not unwelcome, because it does no injury to the plantations, and destroys innumerable pernicious insects of other kinds, and even amphibious animals and small quadrupeds. The broad columns go forward, disregarding every obstacle; the millions march close together in a swarm, that takes hours in passing; while on both sides, the warriors, distinguished by their size and colour, move busily backward and forward, ready for defence, and likewise employed in looking for and attacking animals which are so unfortunate as to be unable to escape, either by force or by rapid flight. If they approach a house, the owner readily opens every part, and goes out of their way; for all noxious vermin that may have taken up their abode in the roof of palm-leaves, the insects and larvæ, which do much more damage than one is aware of, are all destroyed, or compelled to seek safety in flight. The most secret recesses of the hut do not escape their search, and the animal that waits for their arrival is infallibly lost. They even, as the natives affirm, overpower large snakes, for the warriors quickly form a circle round the reptile while basking in the sun, which, on perceiving its enemies, endeavours to escape, but in vain, for a number of the enemy have fixed themselves upon it, and, while the tortured animal endeavours to relieve itself by a single turn, the number of its foes is increased by a hundredfold. Thousands of the smaller ants from the main column hasten up, and, in spite of the writhings of the snake, wound it in innumerable places, and in a few hours nothing remains of it but a clean skeleton.' This is apparently the same ant which Mr Darwin met

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in countless swarms at Bahia, and before which he saw spiders, cockroaches, and other insects, and some lizards rushing in the greatest agitation.

The species of ants found in warm countries are indeed so numerous that volumes might be compiled relative to their character and habits, which in most instances are marked by the finest displays of instinctive sagacity. Here, however, we must close our list, conveying some idea of their numbers and distribution by the following extract from the same interesting narrative: 'After some observation, I was confounded at the great number of the species of the ant; for there is no part of the level country of Maynas where they are so numerous as in the Lower Andes; and even the north of Brazil, though filled with them, is a paradise in this respect when compared with the mountains of Cuchero. From the size of an inch to half a line in length, of all colours between yellow and black, infinitely differing in their activity, places of abode, and manners, the ants of this country alone would engage the attention of the most enthusiastic entomologist for years together. Merely in the huts, we distinguish, without any difficulty, seven different species as the most troublesome inmates—animals that are seldom met in the forest, far from the abodes of man, but, on the contrary, indefatigably pursue and accompany him in his works, like certain equally mischievous plants which suddenly appear in a newly planted field in the midst of the wilderness, and hinder the cultivation, though they had never been seen there before. How many species there may be in the forest, is a question which any one who has visited a tropical country will not be bold enough to answer. If I state here, that, after a very careful enumeration, six-and-twenty species of ants are found in the woods about Pampayaco, I will by no means affirm that the estimate is complete. Every group of plants has particular species, and many trees are even the exclusive abode of a kind that does not occur anywhere else.' Other travellers fully corroborate this statement; and when we remember that only a small district of South America is here referred to, and that North America, Africa, Asia, and Europe are respectively peopled with widely different genera and species, we cannot fail to admit that ants are amongst the most numerous forms of existence on the globe.

INSTANCES OF ANT SAGACITY.

With poets and moralists, the ant has long been a standard emblem of foresight, industry, and perseverance. Though this reputed foresight, as far as our European species are concerned, has been shewn to be entirely a fiction, yet there is much in the general economy of the insect that might be imitated with advantage. Nothing can exceed the harmony of their social union, the cordial

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willingness with which they seemingly engage in their labour, the increasing care and fatigue they undergo for their young. It need not in the least affect our admiration whether these actions be the result of unreasoning instinct or of indubitable sagacity. Both proceed from the same great source; the mechanism is the same in either case, and the laws by which it is governed are decreed by the same authority. It is true that the organisation of insects differs widely from that of the higher animals, and it would be erring against all sound philosophy to ascribe the same operations to organs so very dissimilar; yet what we call instinct, is as essentially dependent upon organisation as are the highest efforts of reason. We know little of the cause of either; we are yet the imperfect observers of their results. Leaving, therefore, a subject upon which there is much difference and uncertainty, we shall transcribe some of those instances which have been related as evidences of sagacity, courage, industry, and the like, on the part of ants and ant communities.

Of their ingenuity in removing obstacles, the following anecdote is a very appropriate illustration: A gentleman of Cambridge one day observed an ant dragging along what, with respect to the creature's strength, might be denominated a log of timber. Others were severally employed, each in its own way. Presently the ant in question came to an ascent, where the weight of the wood seemed for a while to overpower him: he did not remain long perplexed with it; for three or four others, observing his dilemma, came behind and pushed it up. As soon, however, as he had got it on level ground, they left it to his care, and went to their own work. The piece he was drawing happened to be considerably thicker at one end than the other; this soon threw him into a fresh difficulty: he unluckily dragged it between two bits of wood. After several fruitless efforts, finding it would not go through, he adopted the only mode that even a man in similar circumstances would have taken: he came behind it, pulled it back again, and turned it on its edge; when, running again to the other end, it passed through without the least difficulty.

Dr J. R. Johnson relates an equally entertaining anecdote of the strength as well as address occasionally displayed by ants. At the entrance of a nest of red ants, he placed a large house-fly; several ants came out from time to time to examine it. To his surprise, a solitary ant attempted the removal of so large a body: it caught hold of one of the wings forcibly by its pincers, and exerted all its strength to drag it along. This it did with apparent ease, where the ground was not uneven; but on meeting any obstruction, and finding the dragging system useless, it quitted its post for the opposite station, and overcame the resistance by pushing. In this way it removed the fly to a considerable distance. A difficulty at length presented itself which seemed insuperable; the ant, however, did not relax in its exertions. After attempting to *drag* it for some time,

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it endeavoured to *push* it forward, going alternately to the several parts of the body. All these efforts were useless : at last it seized the fly in its mouth, and by a sudden jerk lifted it from the ground, and thus overcame the impediment.

More ingenious still is their mode of forming bridges and rafts of their own bodies, for the purpose of enabling the community to pass over water from one object to another. Ants are not in any degree swimmers, and unless by some contrivance of this kind, the smallest pool would form an impassable barrier. Madame Merian, in speaking of the large-headed ants of Surinam, affirms that if they wish to emigrate, they will construct a living bridge in this manner : One individual first fixes itself to a piece of wood by means of its jaws, and remains stationary ; with this a second connects itself ; a third takes hold of the second, and a fourth the third, and so on, till a long connected chain is formed, and fastened at one extremity, which floats exposed to the wind or current, till the other end is wafted over, so as to fix itself to the opposite side of the stream, when the rest of the colony pass over it as over a bridge. Azara also tells us, that in the South-American plains, which are exposed to inundations, conical hills of earth may be observed, about three feet high, and very near to each other, which are inhabited by a little black ant. When an inundation takes place, the ants leave the submerged nest, and collect themselves into a circular cluster, about a foot in diameter, and four fingers deep. Thus they remain floating upon the water until it subsides. One of the sides of the cluster which they form is attached to some sprig of grass or shrub ; and when the waters have retired, they return to their habitation. When they wish to pass from one plank to another, they may often be seen formed into a bridge, of two palms' length, and of the breadth of a finger, which has no other support than that of its two extremities. One would suppose that their own weight would sink them ; but it is certain that the masses remain floating during the inundation, which lasts some days.

Some Indian species, according to an anecdote related by Colonel Sykes, exhibit feats of dexterity which one can scarcely ascribe to mere instinctive sagacity. He was accustomed to have his dessert placed on a sideboard near a wall, and left all night, the legs of the sideboard being immersed in water ; notwithstanding which precaution, the sideboard was found in the morning covered with ants, and the sweets were plundered most severely. On seeking the mode in which the intrusion was effected, he found that they got one after another into the water, till a floating living bridge was stretched across it, and then the legs were readily mounted. This mode of access was effectually stopped by a rim of turpentine round each of the legs just above where they entered the water ; but the evil was not cured ; for, on the following morning, the ants were on the table, and the good things plundered as before. He found that the ants

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had crawled up the wall in great numbers, and crowded to the part level with the edge of the sideboard, which was not more than an inch from the wall, and so stretched across and obtained a footing, thus running the risk of a fall, which many of them received. The sideboard was now moved quite away from the wall, and for a while the sweets remained untouched; but soon the usual visitants were again observed, and for several days it appeared impossible to account for the intrusion; when at last, as the colonel was standing near the table, he observed a solitary ant climbing quietly up the wall of the room: when it had mounted to rather more than a foot above the level of the sideboard, it took a spring, and came down among the sweets. This seemed altogether so extraordinary a proceeding, that he thought it must be the effect of chance; but very soon he saw many other ants make their appearance and mount the wall like their forerunner, until they reached a certain elevation above the sideboard, when they one and all, without exception, leaped from the wall *seriatim*, and alighted safely among the sweets. Thus their continued appearance was accounted for.

A gentleman who has given some attention to ants, relates that, soon after establishing an artificial formicary, he found that numbers of the inmates died. These were all collected together in one place, and the bodies piled one upon another. After remaining so for three or four days, one morning he discovered that they had been all removed. They had been carried up the inside of the glass in which they were placed, then down the outside across a small wooden platform, and deposited in the water by which their little dwelling was surrounded. From that time, as soon as one died, it was carried off by one of its companions, and got rid of in the same manner. We might almost argue from this circumstance that, in the first place, finding the bodies offensive, they removed them as far off as possible; and, secondly, that they must have had some memory or recollection, as no other bodies were accumulated in the same way, but disposed of at once as related.

Sagacious as ants generally are, we are not without instances of their folly and want of concert. The following amusing example is given by Dr Badham, who regards insects as endowed with no higher faculties than sensation and impulsive instinct: 'A wise and laborious ant was toiling up the bark of a chestnut-tree, and pulling after him an entire snail-shell, the size of a hazel-nut. He halted occasionally, as well he might, but he never lost hold of the shell, though the mere weight of it, one should have thought, would have pulled his mandibles out of joint. In a few minutes he had raised it upwards of three feet, and all was going on prosperously, when it so chanced that three or four idlers of the ant kind, and presently as many more, met him on his way. Our labourer had almost done his work; his hind-legs were already within the hole into which it was his plain purpose to introduce the shell, when the new-comers (which,

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as we have seen, are always ready to help one another) proceeded to do just the reverse! They got upon the shell, they entered it, they persisted in sticking to it: he could not carry it; and then the shell swerved to one side or the other, according to the disposal of his friends within, which had not even the sense to trim the boat; still, by great exertion, he held fast, and might perhaps have accomplished his task, when two more strangers thought proper to contribute their weight, and brought on the catastrophe. The weary but persevering insect was obliged to "let go," and the shell, freighted with three "insides" and half-a-dozen "outs," fell to the ground! They left the conveyance in apparent alarm, and scampered off in all directions, while he remained for some time fixed to the spot of his discomfiture. The shell being subsequently examined, was found exactly to fit the hole in the direction in which the ant was dragging it, and in no other.'

If watched closely, several may often be seen to be tugging at the same bit of stick or stone in opposite directions; or when one has almost succeeded in dragging to the surface a little pebble which it has loosened in one of the galleries, another seizing hold of it, will drag it back again. Also, in excavating their passages, it is not uncommon to find an ant block itself in with the débris it has removed from the front; it then has to set to work to dig itself out again.

MODES OF COMMUNICATION.

It would seem that in these exercises of ingenuity they have some mode of communicating their intentions to one another, otherwise it is difficult to perceive how they could act so harmoniously as they generally do. Many animals express their wishes by sounds, which, though unintelligible to us, are perfectly understood by their own kind; some communicate partly by gesture and partly by sound; and others simply by gesture or by contact. The latter appears to be that employed by ants—the antennæ and mandibles being the organs chiefly employed to excite one another to concert in conduct; sometimes persuasively, at others perforce. M. Huber relates a very amusing instance in which gentle persuasion was succeeded by more forcible measures. The legs of one of his artificial formicaries were plunged into pans of water, to prevent the escape of the ants; this proved a source of great enjoyment to these little beings, as they are fond of water, which they lap after the manner of the dog. One day, when he observed many of them tipling very merrily, he was so cruel as to disturb them, which sent most of the ants in a fright to the nest, but some, more thirsty than the rest, continued their potations. Upon this, one of those that had retreated returns to inform his thoughtless companions of their danger; one he pushes with his jaws; another he strikes first upon the belly, and then upon the breast, and so obliges three of them to leave off their

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carousing, and march homeward ; but the fourth, more resolute to drink it out, is not to be discomfited, and pays not the least regard to the kind blows with which his compeer, solicitous for his safety, repeatedly belabours him. At length, determined to have his way, he seizes him by one of his hind-legs, and gives him a violent pull : upon this, leaving his liquor, the loiterer turns round, and opening his threatening jaws with every appearance of anger, goes very coolly to drinking again ; but his monitor, without further ceremony, rushing before him, seizes him by his jaws, and at last drags him off in triumph to the fornicary.

The intercommunication of these little insects, however, is not confined merely to giving notice of the approach of danger ; it is commensurate with their whole economy of building, rearing the young, obtaining food, and uniting in force against a common enemy. If you scatter the ruins of an ant's nest in your apartment, you will be furnished with another proof of their language. The ants will take a thousand different paths, each going by itself, to increase the chance of discovery ; they will meet and cross each other in all directions, and perhaps will wander long before they can find a spot convenient for their reunion. No sooner does any one discover a little chink in the floor, through which it can pass below, than it returns to its companions, and, by means of certain motions of its antennæ, makes some of them comprehend what route they are to pursue to find it, sometimes even accompanying them to the spot ; these in their turn become the guides of others, till all know which way to direct their steps.

It is also well known that they give information to each other when a store of provision or any tid-bit has been discovered. Of this the following is a remarkable instance, related by Dr Franklin : ' Believing that these little creatures had some means of communicating their thoughts or desires to one another, he tried several experiments with them, all of which tended to confirm his opinion ; but one seemed more conclusive than the rest. He put a little earthen pot, containing some treacle, into a closet, into which a number of ants collected, and devoured the treacle very quickly. But on observing this, he shook them out, and tied the pot with a thin string to a nail which he had fastened into the ceiling, so that it hung down by the string. A single ant by chance remained in the pot. This ant ate till it was satisfied ; but when it wanted to get off, it could not for some time find a way out. It ran about the bottom of the pot, but in vain. At last it found, after many attempts, the way to the ceiling, by going along the string. After it was come there, it ran to the wall, and from thence to the ground. It had scarcely been away half an hour, when a great swarm of ants came out, got up to the ceiling, and crept along the string into the pot, and began to eat again. This they continued till the treacle was all eaten ; in the meantime, one swarm running

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down the string, and the other up.' In such instances, the ants may have been led by the scent or trace of treacle likely to have been left by the solitary prisoner. Bradley relates a case which seems to favour this opinion: 'A nest of ants in a nobleman's garden discovered a closet, many yards within the house, in which conserves were kept, which they constantly attended till the nest was destroyed. Some, in their rambles, must have first discovered this dépôt of sweets, and informed the rest of it. It is remarkable that they always went to it by the same track, scarcely varying an inch from it, though they had to pass through two apartments; nor could the sweeping and cleaning of the rooms discomfit them, or cause them to pursue a different route.'—Here the insects perseveringly followed the same track, a fact which leads one to suspect that they leave some scent or trace perceptible to one another.

This idea is in part supported by the fact, that roadways are found diverging from their nests, which they invariably adhere to, so that they are in a short time beaten smooth by their incessant marchings. From these roads, they carefully remove chips and leaves, and even nibble off blades of grass which may happen to spring across. In this feature they remind one of hares, beavers, sheep, and other higher quadrupeds, which instinctively follow a beaten track, even when their safety would lie in departing from it. Nor are these roads formed merely by the tread of these creatures; they are often hollowed out and smoothed by the greatest labour. One of the first things which strike a traveller on entering a tropical forest is these well-beaten paths, branching off in every direction, and on which armies of never-failing foragers are seen, some going forth, and others returning, burdened with pieces of leaves often larger than their own bodies.

The ingenuity and sagacity displayed in all their actions, whether single or combined, are indeed so surprising, that the Mohammedans have even assigned them a place in their heaven. On the relation of Thevenot (as mentioned by Kirby and Spence), one of the animals in Paradise is Solomon's ant, which, when all the creatures, in obedience to him, brought him presents, dragged before him a locust, and was therefore preferred before all others, because it had brought a creature so much bigger than itself. The tradition is exceedingly appropriate, as illustrating the contrast between the tiny insect and the feats which it can accomplish. Size for size of agency, the Pyramids are insignificant compared with the ant-hills of Africa; and the ant presenting a locust, is as if a child would drag an elephant.

THEIR SPORTS AND ATTACHMENTS.

We have described ants as ceaselessly active—labouring in constructing their nests, and toiling for the young, which they nurse long after they have arrived at maturity; but it must not be imagined

that their life is one wholly of toil, and no amusement. On a fine sunny day, they may often be seen basking outside their hills in dreamy listlessness; at other times, they frisk about in wanton enjoyment. 'You may frequently perceive,' says Gould, 'an ant run to and fro with a fellow-labourer in his forceps, of the same species and colony. It appeared first in the light of provisions; but I was soon undeceived by observing that, after being carried for some time, it was let go in a friendly manner, and received no personal injury. This amusement, or whatever title you please to give it, is often repeated, particularly amongst the hill-ants, which are very fond of this sportive exercise.' A nest of ants which Bonnet found in the head of a teasel, when enjoying the full sun, which seems the acme of formic felicity, amused themselves with carrying each other on their backs, the rider holding with his mandibles the neck of his horse, and embracing it closely with his legs. But the most circumstantial account of their sports is given by Huber. 'I approached one day,' says he, 'one of their formicaries' [he is speaking of the brown ant], 'exposed to the sun, and sheltered from the north. The ants were heaped together in great numbers, and seemed to enjoy the temperature which they experienced at the surface of the nest. None of them were working: this multitude of accumulated insects exhibited the appearance of a boiling fluid, upon which at first the eye could scarce fix itself without difficulty. But when I set myself to follow each ant separately, I saw them approach each other, moving their antennæ with astonishing rapidity: with their fore-feet they patted lightly the cheeks of other ants: after these first gestures, which resembled caresses, they reared upon their hind-legs by pairs, they wrestled together, they seized one another by a mandible, by a leg or antennæ, they then let go their hold to renew the attack; they fixed themselves to each other's trunk or abdomen, they embraced, they turned each other over, or lifted each other up by turns: they soon quitted the ants they had seized, and endeavoured to catch others. I have seen some which engaged in these exercises with such eagerness as to pursue successively several workers; and the combat did not terminate till the least animated, having thrown his antagonist, accomplished his escape by concealing himself in some gallery.'

The idea of amusement carries along with it a sense of affection and attachment. It has been said that no man is hopelessly bad who can laugh; the proposition may be further generalised by affirming that no creature capable of indulging in harmless sport can be wanting in love towards others of its kind. We may therefore expect among ants not only expressions of affection, but acts of generosity, if we may be allowed thus far to humanise their conduct. 'Whether ants,' says Mr Kirby, 'with man and some of the larger animals, experience anything like attachment to individuals, is not easily ascertained; but that they feel the full force of the sentiment

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which we term patriotism, or the love of the community to which they belong, is evident from the whole series of their proceedings, which all tend to promote the general good. Distress or difficulty falling upon any member of their society generally excites their sympathy, and they do their utmost to relieve it. M. Latreille once cut off the antennæ of an ant; and its companions, evidently pitying its sufferings, anointed the wounded part with a drop of transparent fluid from their mouth; and whoever attends to what is going forward in the neighbourhood of one of their nests, will be pleased to observe the readiness with which they seem disposed to assist each other in difficulties. When a burden is too heavy for one, another will soon come to ease it of part of the weight; and if one is threatened with an attack, all hasten to the spot to join in repelling it.

‘The satisfaction they express at meeting after absence is very striking, and gives some degree of individuality to their attachment. M. Huber witnessed the gesticulations of some ants, originally belonging to the same nest, that, having been entirely separated from each other four months, were afterwards brought together. Though this was equal to one-fourth of their existence as perfect insects, they immediately recognised each other, saluted mutually with their antennæ, and united once more to form one family.’

This rule, however, does not always hold good. On several occasions, on introducing into a formicary of turf-ants an individual or two from the original nest, after a few weeks had elapsed, the new-comers were invariably attacked and hunted about most unmercifully, and one was killed whilst the process was being watched.

They are also ever intent to promote each other's welfare, and ready to share with their absent companions any good thing they may meet with. Those that go abroad feed those which remain in the nest; and if they discover any stock of favourite food, they inform the whole community, as we have seen above, and teach them the way to it. Huber, for a particular reason, having produced heat, by means of a flambeau, in a certain part of an artificial formicary, the ants which happened to be in that quarter, after enjoying it for a time, hastened to convey the welcome intelligence to their compatriots, which they even carried suspended upon their jaws (their usual mode of transporting each other) to the spot, till hundreds might be seen thus laden with their friends. ‘These observations,’ he continues, ‘and many others, which I shall not now mention, by shewing what interest the ants take in the welfare of their companions, bring to mind those ideal republics in which all wealth should be general, public interest serving as a rule of conduct for the citizens. It belonged only to Nature to realise this chimera, and it is only among insects, exempt from our passions, that she thought she could establish this order of things.’

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THEIR WARS AND SLAVERY.

But if they warmly love, so can they fiercely hate : their hatred generally terminating in the death of either combatant. The members of different communities often fall out and attack each other, tearing off legs and antennæ with their powerful jaws, and ejecting their poison, which seems to be as painful to their own kind as to other animals. A combat between two hostile communities is thus graphically described by the same authority : ' Figure to yourself two of these cities equal in size and population, and situated about a hundred paces from each other ; observe their countless numbers, equal to the population of two mighty empires. The whole space which separates them, for the breadth of twenty-four inches, appears alive with prodigious crowds of their inhabitants. The armies meet midway between their respective habitations, and there join battle. Thousands of champions, mounted on more elevated spots, engage in single combat, and seize each other with their powerful jaws ; a still greater number are engaged on both sides in taking prisoners, which make vain efforts to escape, conscious of the cruel fate which awaits them when arrived at the hostile formicary. The spot where the battle most rages is about two or three square feet in dimensions ; a penetrating odour exhales on all sides ; numbers of ants are here lying dead, covered with venom ; others, composing groups and chains, are hooked together by their legs or jaws, and drag each other alternately in contrary directions. These groups are formed gradually. At first, a pair of combatants seize each other, and, rearing upon their hind-legs, mutually spirt their acid, then closing, they fall and wrestle in the dust. Again recovering their feet, each endeavours to drag off his antagonist. If their strength be equal, they remain immovable, till the arrival of a third gives one the advantage. Both, however, are often succoured at the same time, and the battle still continues undecided ; others take part on each side, till chains are formed of six, eight, or sometimes ten, all hooked together, and struggling pertinaciously for the mastery. The equilibrium remains unbroken, till a number of champions from the same nest arriving at once, compel them to let go their hold, and the single combats recommence. At the approach of night, each party gradually retreats to its own city ; but before the following dawn, the combat is renewed with redoubled fury, and occupies a greater extent of ground. These daily fights continue till, violent rains separating the combatants, they forget their quarrel, and peace is restored.'

After such combats, the slain are generally devoured, just as the strong often devour the sickly and dying of their own community. As to their taking captives for the purpose of enslaving them, we greatly doubt ; indeed, from what we ourselves have witnessed, the

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captives are merely dragged away like any other insect of which they intend to make a meal. To the subject of ant-slavery, M. Huber devotes a considerable portion of his treatise, agreeing with us that adult ants are never made slaves of, but that the slaves are the produce of larvæ which have been pilfered from other nests. As he is the only author who has made this subject his special care, we are not in a position to contravert his statements; though we have reason to believe that, when the ants of one nest carry off the larvæ of another, it is not for the object of securing a stock of slaves, but merely for the present gratification of that instinct which teaches them to bear unconquerable love to their young. That in this manner mixed communities of ants arise, there can be no doubt; but whether the black ants, for example, found in the nests of the Amazons, act as the slaves of the latter—building, nursing, and foraging for them—rests entirely upon Huber's assertion. We are inclined to regard such mixed communities as accidental; he considers them as the result of design on the part of one class to enslave another. 'The ash-coloured and mining ants,' says he, 'are to be considered, then, as the negroes of the Amazons: it is from among them the latter procure slaves; they kidnap them at an age when their instinct is not developed; and these insects, on being brought up by the Amazons, divide with them the fruit of their industry. Can we sufficiently admire the prudence and wisdom these insects display in the establishment of such an institution! We here trace neither servitude nor oppression; nor do the ants themselves, taken from perhaps twenty different dwellings, entertain the slightest suspicion of their being in a foreign nest: they live under the same roof in brotherly and sisterly union, and if they regard the Amazons, it is but to shew them greater attention. Nature, profound in her combinations, seems fully aware that old ants would never live sociably with those of another species; but that young ants may, especially if they have been accustomed in early life to see and receive from them some attention. She seems also aware that no aversion is excited in the breasts of those which witness their birth. It is in this way she has instituted mixed or compound ant-hills; it is on this account the Amazons in their expeditions never carry off adult ants, only larvæ and pupæ; for the same reason they never seek the destruction of their enemies, their only aim being to steal from them their little ones.' If this be true, the most practised slave-dealer could not do more: it is instinct as acute as human intelligence.

Equally wonderful with their slave-making propensities is the statement, that they make milk-kine, as it were, of the aphides—those little insects which deposit the honey-dew on the leaves of trees in summer and autumn. Ants are, it is true, excessively fond of sweets, and the honey-dew on the thorn, beech, and other trees is greedily sought after. But for the assertion that they guard, or

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enclose, or tend the aphides as kine, we have never been able to find the slightest foundation. If a leaf be covered with plenty of honey-dew, an ant will regale itself without the least notice of the passing aphides; it will even walk over them in search of the delicious morsel. If, on the other hand, the honey-dew be scanty, and a stray aphid come in the way of an ant, the latter will touch it with its antennæ; and the former, on being disturbed, generally drops some of its liquid. This, however, it does as readily when touched with a piece of twig; so that when it drops its sweets on being palpèd by the ant, it is merely following a natural habit. Huber, on the contrary, is of opinion that the aphides understand the wishes of the ants, dropping their fluid, in fact, as a cow yields the contents of her udder to the milkmaid. More than this: he maintains that they guard and enclose them on certain plants; that they collect them as their domestic animals in their nests; and that they even cherish their eggs as they would their own larvæ. All this is so incredible, so human-like in conduct, that we believe Huber's enthusiasm has led him to give a wrong interpretation to a very common phenomenon. Here, however, are some of his singular statements: 'The ants know full well the value of these little animals, which, it would appear, had been created for them; they constitute their sole wealth, an ant-hill being more or less rich as it is more or less provided with aphides; they are, in fact, their cattle, their cows, their goats, &c. Who could have imagined that the ants were a pastoral tribe! But a question here presents itself of some interest. Do the pucerons (aphides), which I have constantly found in nests of this species, come of their own free-will to reside there, or are they brought thither by the ants? The latter appears to me most probable, for the ants are in the habit of carrying them continually from place to place, and are the individuals which receive all the advantages attending this relation. I am strongly inclined to believe that the yellow ants, and all those which are endowed with the same industry, go in search of these insects through the subterranean galleries they have formed between the roots; that they find them scattered among the grass, and bring them to the nest. I cannot conceive, if this be not the case, why there should be so many of these insects in ant-hills, for they are not equally common elsewhere. I have seldom discovered them under the grass but they were surrounded by yellow ants, which arrive at their haunts by subterranean passages, and which probably convey them to their nest in the autumn. They often seized upon them in my presence, and withdrew with them by some obscure path, which proves that these insects are at their complete disposal.

'Four or five species of ants keep pucerons in their abode, but less constantly, and in much smaller number, than the yellow ants, as they obtain a portion of their subsistence from those inhabiting

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trees. There are some which reach the branches, loaded with these insects, under a covered-way of earth, leading directly from their nest. Here the ants are as well furnished with food as if they kept the pucerons in their own dwelling; and as often as they wish to bring these insects to their nests, they can accomplish it without the knowledge of other ants, and without incurring any risk. The red, the brown, the turf ant, and another species, excessively small, are always, during autumn, winter, and spring, in the possession of pucerons. The pucerons, then, are the domestic animals of the ants; the latter collect these insects around them, as we collect those animals which administer to our wants near the habitation in which we reside. The animals which are subject to our control know the voice of man; the pucerons understand, as it should seem, the language of ants, and furnish them with their aliment unconstrained.' Nay, what is even more startling, it is affirmed that the ants construct paddocks for these insects, to which they convey them when the weather is favourable!

Such is a hasty picture of ant-life in all its phases of toil, industry, perseverance, sagacity, courage, love, hatred, harmony, and amusement.

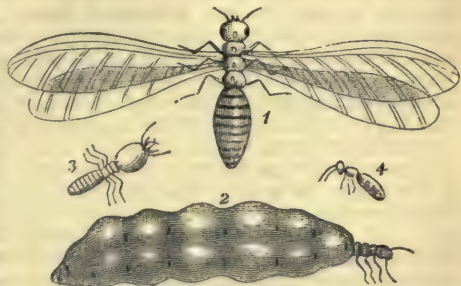
TERMITES, OR WHITE ANTS.

Though vulgarly known by the title of 'ants,' these insects belong to an entirely different family.* They are *neuropterous* insects; that is, have four wings, in which the nervures or veins are boldly marked, giving to them, when viewed under the microscope, the appearance of the most beautiful network. They have received their common appellation from the similarity which exists between their economy and that of the true ants, or *Formicidæ*; namely, their living in communities, constructing hills or turrets, carefully tending their young, and being composed of males, females, and neuters. We have various passing notices by travellers of these insects, but none so complete as that of Smeathman's, of which our account may be considered as an abridgment. The termites are found in both the Indies, in Africa, and in South America, where they do vast damage, in consequence of their eating and perforating wooden buildings, utensils, furniture, and indeed all kinds of household stuff, which are utterly destroyed by them if not timely prevented. Though thus partial to vegetable food, they are, like the ants, omnivorous; and are equally capable of inflicting with their jaws very painful wounds. With the exception of their head and pincers, the termites are soft, and covered with a thin delicate skin; and in this respect also they differ from ants, which have a tough and strong integument throughout.

* The *Termitidæ* constitute the third family of the *Neuroptera*, and only resemble the *Formicidæ* in their habit of living in societies. The species, which are very numerous, chiefly inhabit tropical countries, there being only one or two small tree species found in the south of Europe, under the name of wood-lice.

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The termite communities consist of three orders: first, the working neuters or young; secondly, the soldiers or full-grown neuters; and thirdly, the perfect males and females, which at certain seasons are furnished with wings. The workers are by far the most numerous; and, in their perfect state, are about a quarter of an inch in length. On them depend the labours of the community, the building, foraging, and nursing. The soldiers, or fighters, are few in comparison, perhaps as one to a hundred of the labourers; but they are many times larger, and armed with sharper and more formidable jaws. Their duties are confined chiefly to watching the approaches of the hill, and defending them against the approach of insect enemies. The perfect



1. King; 2. Queen; 3. Soldier; 4. Worker.

sexes are much larger than either, and are furnished with four large brown transparent wings, by which they are enabled, at the proper season, to engage in those aerial excursions necessary to the propagation of their kind. They are described as being about three-quarters of an inch in length, and bulky in proportion. Instead of active, industrious, and rapacious little animals, the perfect sexes are innocent, helpless, and dastardly. At the breeding season, their numbers are sometimes prodigious; but their enemies are still more numerous. They are devoured by birds, by reptiles, by the ant-eaters, and even by the inhabitants of many parts of Africa. None, perhaps, of the males survive their aerial life, and few comparatively of the females, which, on falling to the ground, are found by some of the labouring insects that are continually running about, and thus made queens and mothers of new communities. Before laying her eggs, which amount to some hundred thousands, the queen-mother becomes enormously distended, and is sometimes found to measure three or four inches in length, the abdomen being then of an oblong irregular form. In times of scarcity, the Hottentots feast upon these eggs, which they call Rice, on account of their resemblance to that grain. They usually wash them, and cook them with a small quantity of water, declaring that they are savoury and nourishing. 'If the people,' says Mr Backhouse in his Travels, 'find out a place where the nests are numerous, they soon become fat upon the eggs,

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even when previously much reduced by hunger. Sometimes they will get half a bushel out of a single nest.'

There are many known species of termite, differing from each other as widely as the ants do, both in their natures and habits. Some build irregular conical hills of eight, ten, or twelve feet in height; others erect a sort of cylindrical turret with a pointed roof; and many live on trees, in the clefts of which they construct habitations as large as a hogshead. One of the best known species is the war-like termite (*Termes bellicosus*), found all over Africa, whose economy may be taken as a type of that of the whole family. The hills of this species are composed of an exterior and an interior part. The exterior cover is a large clay shell, shaped like a dome, of strength and magnitude sufficient to enclose and protect the interior building from the injuries of the weather, and to defend its numerous inhabitants from the attacks of natural or accidental enemies. These hills make their first appearance in the form of conical turrets about a foot high. In a short time the insects erect at a little distance other turrets, and go on increasing their number and widening their bases, till their underworks are entirely covered with these turrets, which the animals always raise highest in the middle of the hill; and, by filling up the intervals between each, they collect them at last into one great dome. (See engraving at the head of the present article.)

The royal chamber, as Mr Smeathman calls it, is always situated as near the centre of the building as possible, and is generally on a level with the common surface of the ground. It is nearly in the shape of half an egg, or an obtuse oval, within, and may be supposed to represent a long oven. In the infant state of the colony, it is not above an inch in length; but in time it becomes increased to six or eight inches, or more, being always in proportion to the size of the queen, which, increasing in bulk as in age, at length requires a chamber of such dimensions.

As the entrances into this royal chamber admit no animals larger than the labourers or soldiers, of course the king and queen can never possibly get out. This chamber is surrounded by an innumerable quantity of others, of different sizes, figures, and dimensions; all of them arched either in a circular or an elliptical form. These chambers either open into each other, or have communicating passages, which, being always clear, are evidently intended for the convenience of the soldiers and attendants, of whom great numbers are necessary. The latter apartments are joined by the magazines and nurseries.

The magazines are chambers of clay, and are at all times well stored with provisions, which, to the naked eye, seem to consist of the raspings of wood and plants; but, when examined by the microscope, they are found to consist chiefly of the gums or inspissated juices of plants, thrown together in small irregular masses. The nurseries are always intermixed with the magazines, and are buildings

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totally different from the rest of the apartment. These are composed entirely of wooden materials, which seem to be cemented with gums. They are invariably occupied by the eggs, and the young, which first appear in the shape of labourers. These buildings are exceedingly compact, and are divided into a number of small irregular-shaped chambers, not one of which is half an inch wide. They are placed all round, and as near as possible to the royal apartments. When a nest is in an infant state, the nurseries are close to the royal apartment. But as in process of time the body of the queen enlarges, it becomes necessary, for her accommodation, to augment the dimensions of her chamber. She then likewise lays a greater number of eggs, and requires more attendants; of course it is necessary that both the number and dimensions of the adjacent apartments should be augmented. For this purpose, the small first-built nurseries are taken to pieces, rebuilt a little further off, and made a size larger, and their number at the same time is increased. Thus the animals are continually employed in pulling down, repairing, or rebuilding their apartments; and these operations they perform with wonderful sagacity, regularity, and foresight.

In and around these habitations, the workers and soldiers are continually bustling; but, what is remarkable, they seldom expose themselves to the open air, but travel under-ground, or within such trees or substances as they destroy. It is this habit which renders them so destructive in any inhabited district, as they eat their way into every post, pillar, and rafter, leaving nothing but a frail film outside, which in time breaks down under the slightest pressure. They are not less expeditious in destroying the shelves, wainscoting, and other fixtures of a house, than the house itself. They are ever piercing and boring in all directions, and sometimes go out of the broadside of one post into that of another joining to it; but they prefer, and always destroy, the softer substances first, and are particularly fond of pine and fir boards, which they excavate, and carry away with wonderful dispatch and cunning. When they attack trees and branches in the open air, they sometimes vary their manner of doing it. If a stake in a hedge has not taken root and vegetated, it becomes their business to destroy it; if it has a good sound bark round it, they will enter at the bottom, and eat all but the bark, which will remain, and exhibit the appearance of a solid post; but if they cannot trust the bark, they cover the whole stick with their mortar, to give it stability. Under this covering they work, leaving no more of the stick and bark than is barely sufficient to support it, and frequently not the smallest particle; so that, upon a very slight tap with your walking-stick, the whole stake, though it looked sound and strong, will crumble into a thousand fragments.

Unlike the ants, they do not wage war upon each other; but they are frequently, if found above ground, engaged in combats with these insects. Though possessing very powerful mandibles, they are not

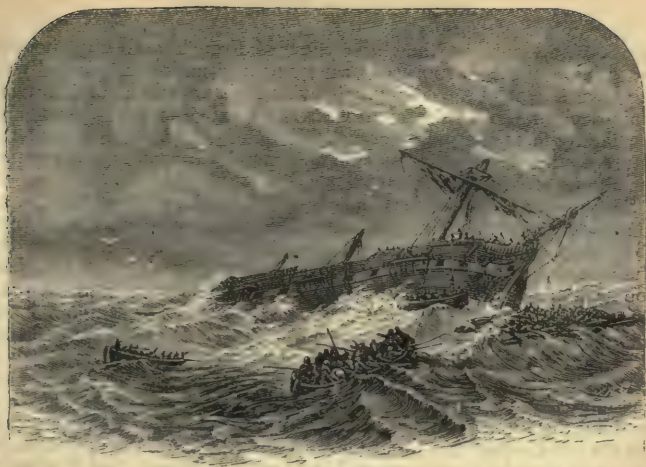
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a match for the ants, which soon pierce their soft bodies, and carry them off as venison to their hills. The great annoyance which they give to travellers is undoubtedly exaggerated. If their habitations are attacked, they will certainly rush out, and defend them by biting everything that comes in their way; but they act purely on the defensive, and avoid the open day as much as possible. Their bite is sufficient to draw blood, but it has none of the irritating qualities of the ant's bite, as the termites do not secrete any poisonous liquid.

CONCLUSION.

We have thus given, as fully as the limits of our sheet will permit, a sketch of the ant and termite families; and brief as the sketch necessarily is, it may assist in giving more correct notions of these insects than are generally entertained. The reader will not now confound the one family with the other; he will not ascribe to the ants of northern Europe, at least, the foresight of laying up stores for winter, nor the sagacity of nibbling off the points of the fancied grain to prevent it from sprouting; and he will not be over-credulous of stories told of their wisdom—a wisdom which, according to such stories, is equal to domesticating other insects for their use, or enslaving them for their pleasure.

As to the utility of ants and termites in the scheme of creation, their vast numbers and wide distribution are ample evidences, though of an indirect kind. They act as scavengers, in clearing away much waste vegetable and animal matter; and furnish in return abundance of food to other creatures. The ant-eater, a small quadruped of Southern Africa, derives its food solely from this source; many birds, as the woodpecker, devour them with avidity; and that curious insect, the ant-lion, has derived its name from the manner in which it lies in wait for its prey. That ants, in their turn, are highly destructive of other insects, is shewn by the ingenious device of the Swiss, who clear fruit-trees of caterpillars and vermin by emptying a bag of ants on the branches, and retaining them there, encircling the trunk with a ring of wet clay, so as to prevent their escape to the ground. That they are not in any degree prejudicial to the products of human industry, has already been stated. Their larvæ are sometimes gathered as favourite food for caged birds; and formic acid, at one time used in medicine, is a product formerly obtainable from them, but now produced by the chemist in various ways. The termites, however, are not so harmless, and may be considered as one of those obstacles in the way of the human race which nature has left for their ingenuity and industry to remove. But whatever the advantages or disadvantages which may arise to the comfort of man from these insect families, it has not lessened the interest with which he has ever regarded the activity, regularity, industry, and harmony of their tiny communities.



SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

THE colony of Senegal, on the western coast of Africa, was captured from the French by the English in the year 1809, but was ceded to its former masters at the peace of 1815. As soon after this event as the state of affairs would admit, the French government fitted out an expedition, consisting of the newly appointed governor, M. Schmaltz, and other functionaries, civil and military, to take possession of and colonise the restored settlement. The squadron fitted out on this occasion consisted of four vessels—the *Medusa*, a frigate of forty-four guns, the *Loire* store-ship, the *Argus* brig, and the *Echo* corvette—the whole carrying upwards of six hundred individuals, of whom two hundred and fifty were soldiers. On board the *Medusa*, the chief vessel in the squadron, commanded by Captain Lachaumareys, were the governor and other principal functionaries, along with a considerable number of the soldiers, and a number of women and children; the entire number of individuals on board being four hundred.

Among this large body on board the *Medusa*, was a family to whom we shall have to advert more particularly in the sequel. It consisted of M. Picard, his wife, two grown-up daughters by a previous marriage, both accomplished young women, and several younger children, with a girl their cousin—the whole nine in number, the youngest of whom was an infant at the breast. M. Picard was by profession an attorney; he had been resident in Senegal previous

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to 1809, and now, on the resumption of French authority, he was returning, for the purpose of occupying a situation connected with the government of the colony. Provided with a small cabin on the main-deck of the *Medusa*, and with some valuable goods on board, the family formed a happy group, full of bright anticipations of the future, and having every reason to expect a prosperous voyage to the shores of Africa.

Setting out from the port of Rochefort, in the west of France, all the vessels of the expedition were under sail on the 17th of June 1816, and remained for several days together; at length, from the changeableness of the wind, they were separated, each pursuing its course alone, and the *Echo* only keeping in sight of the *Medusa*, as if to guide it on its route. Some fine weather which ensued served to confirm hopes of happiness in the Picards, and on the 28th of June they felt interested in contemplating the lofty peak of Teneriffe, which rose on the horizon. The satisfaction which the passengers now generally felt and expressed, was doomed to be of no long duration. Captain Lachaumareys was apparently so unfit for the trust reposed in him, not only from his ignorance of seamanship and general management, but as regards temper and humanity, that it is impossible to understand how he should have obtained the command of the vessel. One day, when the frigate was going before a fine breeze at the rate of nine knots an hour, a sailor-boy fell overboard. Several persons were at the moment standing on the poop, witnessing the gambols of seals, but no effective measures were taken to save the poor boy's life. For some time the unfortunate lad kept hold of a rope which he had caught in his fall, but the vessel was making such way, that he soon lost his hold. A sailor now seized him by the arm, but for the same reason he was forced to let go. To communicate this accident to the *Echo*, a gun was ordered to be fired, but not a single piece was found charged; it required also a long time to lower the sails, when the more simple method would have been to put the helm about. It was at last thought of letting down a six-oared boat; into which, in the confusion and hurry, only three men entered. Every effort was unavailing; the boat returned, after rowing a short distance, without having even found the cork buoy which had been thrown overboard when the accident was first announced. The same want of foresight, promptitude, and regularity on the part of the captain and lieutenants, afterwards led to greater disasters.

On the 1st of July the *Medusa* entered the tropics, the seamen on the occasion performing the ceremonies which ordinarily take place in crossing the equinoctial line. In the midst of this fatal merriment the vessel was surrounded by dangers, of which those in command were insensible. For some days the captain had abandoned the entire guidance of the frigate to a person named Richfort, who pretended to a great knowledge of this part of the

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Atlantic. In vain the passengers remonstrated on this imprudent confidence in a stranger ; the commander obstinately persisted in allowing him to steer the vessel in whatever direction he thought proper. Richfort appears to have been a fool as well as an impostor, for, while risking the lives of others, he also risked his own ; and in the face of multiplying dangers, he continued his perilous course. In thus abandoning the ship to Richfort's direction, the captain transgressed the written instructions, which enjoined him to steer due west for sixty-six miles after making Cape Blanco, in order to clear the sand-bank of Arguin ; instead of which, after proceeding about half that distance, the vessel's head was set to the southward. During the night which followed, the *Echo* hung out lanterns to warn her consort of her danger ; but they were unavailing ; the *Medusa* was kept on her course, and in the morning the *Echo* was out of sight.

On the morning of this memorable day, July 2, the sea assumed a sandy colour, and the more reflective passengers and naval officers became seriously alarmed ; strong representations of the danger the frigate was in were again made to the captain, but with no better success than formerly. Such was his infatuation, that the vessel was at the time actually standing directly for the low sandy shore which it was his duty to avoid. At noon, the officer of the watch asserted that the vessel was getting near the edge of the bank ; but no change was permitted in her course. This obstinacy caused a mournful presentiment among the passengers. A species of stupor, approaching to despair, overspread all their spirits. M. Picard, seated in the midst of his family, gave all up for lost ; yet he durst not remonstrate ; for already one of the officers had been put under arrest for daring to condemn the fallacy of Richfort's proceedings. In the meanwhile, the wind, blowing with violence, impelled the vessel nearer the danger which menaced it. Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, the lead shewed that the frigate was in eighteen fathoms water. This startling intelligence for the first time roused the captain. He gave orders to change the ship's course, by coming closer to the wind. It was too late. The lead was again cast, and shewed only six fathoms. The captain, now thoroughly terrified, gave orders to haul the wind as close as possible. It was useless. The frigate had touched the sandy bottom, and almost immediately struck with a strong concussion. This disastrous event took place at a quarter past three o'clock afternoon, in $19^{\circ} 30'$ N. lat., and $19^{\circ} 45'$ W. long. The vessel now lay at the mercy of the winds and waves, in less than four fathoms, and this was during high-water ; when the tide ebbed, the depth would become less.

When the concussion of striking was felt through the vessel, terror and consternation were immediately depicted on every countenance. The crew stood motionless ; the passengers gave themselves up to despair. In the midst of this general panic, cries of vengeance were

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heard against the principal author of the misfortune, the greater number wishing to throw him overboard ; but some, more generously disposed, endeavoured to calm the excitement, and pointed out how much more fitting it would be to adopt means of safety, than spend time in vengeful and useless criminations. To ease the pressure on the ship, the sails were hastily lowered, the topgallant-mast and topmast taken down, and some other means tried to get her off the bank. They were all, however, only half-measures ; they did little good ; and when night came on, the efforts were suspended.

At dawn of day, July 3, new attempts were made to move the vessel. Anchors were carried, with vast trouble, in boats to a distance, and being dropped into the sea, cables from them were pulled at the capstan ; but the anchors presented no sufficient resistance, and the effort proved fruitless. Masts, yards, and booms were now thrown overboard, and a number of casks of water emptied ; still the frigate continued fixed. Many wished the cannon also to be tossed overboard ; but this the captain refused to do, on the plea that they belonged to the king ! There was a large stock of provision in barrels, which the frigate was carrying to Senegal ; and these barrels, the governor, with equal pertinacity, would not allow to be thrown overboard, on the ground that the colony was in want of provisions.

What was now to be done ? All was clamour and confusion ; in the midst of which the poor Picards shrunk into their little cabin, consumed with grief and apprehensions of a miserable death on the wreck. The superior officers felt the necessity for providing means of escape, in case all attempts to get off the ship should prove unavailing. A council was called. The lives of four hundred persons were to be saved ; and there were only six boats, into which it would have been impossible to stow so many. In this dilemma M. Schmaltz, the governor, proposed to save a large portion of the passengers on a raft, of which he exhibited a plan. The raft was to be capable of carrying two hundred men, with provisions for all. The boats were to tow the raft, to which their crews were to come at meal-times for their rations. The whole crew were to land in a body on the sandy shore of the desert, and, provided with arms and ammunition, which were to be taken from the vessel, were to form a caravan, and proceed to the town of St Louis in Senegal. All this, as events afterwards proved, was practicable ; for the land, though not visible from the frigate, was only about forty-five miles distant ; yet the plan, in the manner proposed, was not carried into execution.

Next day, the 4th, there was a glimpse of hope. At the hour of high-water, the frigate, being considerably lightened, was found nearly afloat ; and it is believed that if the guns had now been thrown overboard, the *Medusa* would have been saved. Even a tow-line would have brought her round ; but it was not thought

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of. When the tide ebbed, the unfortunate vessel again sank firmly into the sand, and the hope of getting her off was abandoned.

A raft was now begun to be constructed by means of masts, spars, planks, and cordage, which were thrown into the sea for the purpose: the whole being lashed together, formed a kind of platform, of about a foot and a half in thickness, buoyed up by empty barrels placed beneath the corners. Its length was sixty-five feet; its breadth above twenty. Each end terminated in a point; and these ends were very fragile. The only safe part was in the centre; but even that was sometimes under water.

Night came on while the raft was constructing, and the work ceased till next day. It was a night productive of dire anticipations. The sky became cloudy, the wind blew strong, and came from the sea, causing a great swell of the waves. The vessel now began to heel with violence, and it was every moment expected to see her planks start. This catastrophe at length to a certain extent ensued. The lower timbers bulged; the keel broke in two; the rudder was also unshipped, but still holding to the stern by the chains, it was dashed by the waves against the vessel. From this cause the captain's cabin was beaten in, and the water entered in an alarming manner. In this emergency the captain could preserve neither order nor discipline; and indeed his incompetency and inhumanity rendered disobedience a duty. The general feeling throughout the ship was, every man for himself—a scramble for life. Towards midnight a large part of the crew and more active passengers were preparing to leave the vessel secretly in the boats. This selfish and perfidious conduct was, however, checked by the soldiers, who firmly declared they would fire upon whosoever attempted to quit the frigate clandestinely. The threats of these brave men alarmed the governor, who had already formed a scheme for himself. He therefore judged it proper to assemble a council, at which he endeavoured to allay the general distrust. He solemnly swore that, according to the plan which would be adopted, the boats would not abandon the raft, but would tow it to the shore of the desert, where all would travel in a body to Senegal. It was agreed that the embarkation should take place at six o'clock in the morning.

The treacherous promises of the governor, supported by Captain Lachaumareys, served to allay the apprehensions of the more timid passengers, including the unfortunate Picards. A number began to secure their more valuable articles about their persons, while part of the crew and soldiers broke into the cabins and storerooms, appropriating the articles which struck their fancy, and drinking the wine and spirits, till they fell exhausted and insensible. Amidst an uproar of singing, shouting, groans, and imprecations, day broke, and all prepared to depart. A list had been made out, assigning each his proper place in the boats and raft; but this arrangement was now disregarded, and every one pursued the plan he deemed

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best for his own preservation. Few were inclined to go upon the raft, which heaved uneasily on the turbid waves. To compel obedience, an officer, armed with two pistols, stood by the bulwarks, and with furious language threatened to fire on whoever would not go upon it; and thus a miscellaneous crowd of persons were forced to place themselves on this floating tomb. To accommodate so large a number, and keep the raft from sinking, several barrels of provisions which had been placed on it the day before were thrown into the sea. The only provisions left for the support of the large number on it consisted of a bag of twenty-five pounds of soaked biscuit, which, having been tossed from the vessel, fell into the sea, and was with difficulty recovered. There were also several casks of wine and of water. On the raft there were no charts, sails, oars, nor compass, everything proper being forgotten in the confusion. In all, there were upon the raft one hundred and fifty persons, twenty-nine of whom were sailors; there was one woman, and all the remainder were soldiers. These latter were not allowed to take their muskets; but they retained their swords; besides which the officers saved their fowling-pieces and pistols.

The command of the raft had been assigned to M. Coudin, midshipman. This was not the least of the cruelties perpetrated by Lachaumareys. Coudin had received a severe bruise on his leg before the expedition had sailed from Rochefort, and he was now suffering so severely, that he was incapable of moving. Determined, however, not to flinch from a post which had been assigned to him on the ground of his being the senior midshipman in the vessel, he refused to allow one of his companions to take his place, and accordingly proceeded to the raft. The exertion, however, was almost too much for him: the pain of his wound, aggravated by the heaving of the raft, and the salt water which dashed upon him, rendered him nearly insensible. Information of his condition being communicated to the captain, a promise was made that he should be relieved, and taken into one of the boats; but this, like all other promises, was not fulfilled. The unfortunate Coudin was left on the raft.

The boats were in the meanwhile receiving their lading. The barge, which was commanded by a lieutenant, took the governor, with his wife, daughters, and friends, making in all thirty-five persons; it also received several trunks, and a stock of choice provisions and liquors. The captain's boat received twenty-eight persons, most of whom were sailors, good rowers. The shallop took forty-two passengers; the long-boat, eighty-three; the pinnace, thirty; and the yawl (commanded by M. Espiau, ensign of the frigate), the smallest of all the boats, fifteen. Such was the final arrangement; but before it was effected, there was much struggling and fighting, some gaining a place only by threatening the lives of the commanders. The boats were to all appearance filled, and

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putting to sea, without any one casting a thought on the poor Picards, who, less able to enforce attention than others, were about to be abandoned on the wreck. A place had been promised them in the pinnace ; but that boat had put off, and its commander would not return to take the helpless family. Roused by the horrors of his situation, M. Picard lifted a musket from the deck, and hailing the yawl, which was near at hand, declared that he would shoot every one on board, if they would not carry himself and family to the pinnace. The sailors, murmuring, assented, and by this means the Picards reached the pinnace, on which they were, with affected politeness, taken on board.

When all had left the vessel who would go, there remained seventeen persons, some of whom were intoxicated, and incapable of providing for their safety.

For some time after quitting the wreck, five of the boats united in a line, towing the raft behind them by a rope ; and as the wind was fortunately favourable, there can be no reasonable doubt that, had they continued to pull, the whole fleet would have reached the shore in from thirty to forty hours. To the everlasting disgrace of the French navy, the commanders of the boats changed altogether the plan to which they had engaged themselves to adhere, and, one and all dropping the tow-line, left their brethren on the raft to their fate. The immediate cause of this most dishonest and inhuman procedure was an appeal made to them by M. Espiau in the yawl. This gentleman, the only officer who seemed to pity the unfortunates on the *Medusa*, was the last to quit the wreck, and, in compassion for those left behind, had taken more on board than his boat could well contain. Hastening after the boats in advance, he earnestly besought their commanders to relieve him of part of his crew ; but all refused to assist him. In the desperation to which they were put, some of the crew in the yawl proposed swimming after the boats, and, if possible, working on the compassion of their commanders. One sailor put this proposal in practice. Plunging into the sea, he swam towards one of the leading and least-burdened boats ; but on reaching, and endeavouring to climb into it, the officer in command pushed him back, and drawing his sword, threatened to cut off his hands if he did not let go. The poor wretch being thus compelled to desist from the attempt, next tried the pinnace ; but here he met with no better success. Some of the party on board entreated the officer, M. Lapérère, to receive him ; but he refused the request, and the man was left to his fate. M. Lapérère, it appears, got rid of the unhappy applicant for admission not only by refusing to take him in, but by hastening away from him. To put the boat beyond his reach, he caused the tug-line to be dropped, and so made off with all speed from the spot. The commanders of the other boats imitated this execrable example. Wishing to get beyond the reach of the unfortunate being who was

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floundering amidst the waves, and of the yawl from which he had precipitated himself, all dropped the towing-rope, and each boat made off precipitately from the dismal scene.

The raft was thus abandoned by all who had sworn to assist in towing it to land. A hundred and fifty fellow-creatures were unscrupulously left in the midst of the ocean—to perish. We question if the whole annals of shipwreck present a case of greater iniquity than this; it must for ever stand unparalleled for heartless inhumanity. At first, when the unfortunate individuals on the raft saw the boats break loose from the line they had been pursuing, they imagined that the towing-rope had snapped, and they raised their voices to make their companions aware of the fact. ‘The rope is broken—the rope is broken!’ burst from them with increasing intensity of agony. To their surprise, no attention was paid to their cries, and for a moment they imagined that some new tactics advantageous to all were to be practised. Englishmen in such circumstances would most likely have awaited the result in silence. The French, with characteristic vivacity, raised the national flag on the raft, and united in the cry of *Vive le Roi*; trusting, perhaps, to awaken a sympathising feeling in the bosoms of their retreating companions, and so bring them back to a sense of humanity and duty. If such were their meaning, it signally failed. The commanders of the boats bombastically returned the cry; and Captain Lachaumareys, assuming a martial attitude, politely waved his hat in the air, as a parting testimony of regard. The wretched crew of the raft now too surely saw what was to be their doom. They perceived that, after being treacherously decoyed upon their floating prison, they were left with indifference to die of hunger, or to be drowned in the sea. Wild cries forthwith rent the air—cries of heart-rending despair—cries for justice and compassion—cries also of vengeance and contempt. All were alike unheeded. The boats hastened on their course.

From the narrative of Mademoiselle Picard, we learn that the cries on this melancholy occasion would have melted any but the most obdurate of hearts. ‘Alas! why do you leave us?—why do you leave us?’ was wafted to their ears. ‘I felt,’ says she, ‘my heart bursting with emotion. I believed that the waves would speedily overwhelm all these forlorn wretches, and I could not suppress the tears which burst from my eyes. My father, exasperated to excess, and bursting with indignation at seeing so much cowardice and inhumanity among the officers of the boats, began to express his regret for not having allowed himself to be placed on the raft along with the sufferers. “At least,” he observed, “we would have died with the brave, or we would have returned to the wreck of the *Medusa*, and been spared the disgrace of having saved ourselves with cowards.”’

Such is the account given by an eye-witness of this scene of

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disaster and disgrace. The history of the shipwreck now divides itself into three parts—the account of the boats and their crews, of the raft, and of the wreck of the *Medusa*. In the first place, we shall follow the account of

THE BOATS AND THEIR CREWS.

Among the six boats which left the *Medusa*, two only had a sufficient stock of provisions, and these made off with all dispatch from their companions in misfortune. It had been arranged that they all should make for the nearest land; but these two boats taking the lead, proceeded, by orders of the governor, in the direction of Senegal. This unforeseen change of course surprised and alarmed the crews of the other boats; for none of them had provisions for more than one or two days; and to encounter a voyage of longer duration, was altogether hopeless. Undecided, however, they continued to move on in the wake of the boats which were in advance. The provisions on board the pinnace consisted of a barrel of biscuit and a tierce of water; but the biscuit had been soaked in the sea, and was little better than salted paste. A small portion of this nauseous biscuit, with a glass of water, formed the daily portion of each on board. The other boats were in some degree better provided, for they had a little wine.

During the night of the 5th, the day on which the raft had been abandoned, the boats lay to; and on the morning of the 6th, they were again under way. The pinnace, according to the account of Mademoiselle Picard, which we shall principally follow, now began to leak fearfully, and the holes in it were stuffed with oakum, which an old sailor had had the precaution to provide. At noon the heat was intense; hot winds blew from the desert, and many thought their last moments were come. In the afternoon a distribution of a little water and biscuit was made; and hope revived of reaching Senegal on the morrow. As evening came on, the sky changed, and then a tempest of wind, thunder, and lightning, which threatened to overwhelm the boat. Again the leaks broke out, and there were stuffed into them old clothes, sleeves of shirts, shawls, anything that came to hand; and for six hours, every one momentarily anticipated death. Towards midnight the atmosphere tranquillised, and once more a gleam of hope passed through the minds of the forlorn crew.

In the morning of the 7th, the shores of the desert were again seen, and a number of the sailors murmuring, and wishing to land, the boat was directed towards the coast. On approaching the land, the hearts of the most courageous failed, on seeing the breakers which it would be necessary to pass through to the shore. Again the pinnace put to sea, and another day was spent under a burning sun, and in a state of intolerable thirst. The freshness of the night-wind revived the spirits of all on board; but all were becoming

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excessively weak for want of nourishment ; and on the morrow it was determined to attempt a landing. Early in the morning of the 8th, accordingly, after a scanty meal of a mouthful of biscuit and a few drops of water, the boats once more put in-shore, and being cheered with observing a group of persons from two of the boats already landed, they pushed towards a landing-place. It was a desperate struggle. The breakers overwhelmed the boat, and only after weltering in the waves, and being all thoroughly drenched, they got to dry land.

The crews of all the boats were here united, except those on board the governor's and captain's boats, both of which pursued their way to Senegal, which they reached next day, the 9th—that is, four days after quitting the wreck. As soon as they arrived, a council was held to concert measures necessary to be taken on the occasion. It will scarcely be credited that, notwithstanding this apparent activity, nothing was done for some days. At length a vessel, the *Argus*, was despatched in quest of the boats and of the raft, and what it achieved will appear in the sequel.

Returning, in the meanwhile, to the large party who had effected a landing from the boats—numbering about a hundred and seventy persons—we find them in a dismal plight, on the shore of a barren desert, without food or water, and many nearly naked. All, it appears, had got ashore without material injury, except one person, who had his legs broken, while landing, by a concussion from one of the boats. He was laid on the shore of the desert, and left to his fate, which would most likely be destruction by wild animals on the ensuing night. In this incident alone is seen an inhumanity for which there is no valid excuse.

Leaving the poor wretch on the sands, the party proceeded to consult on measures for proceeding to Senegal ; but that involved a march of several days, and great fatigues and dangers, not to be contemplated without dismay. As remaining on the spot, however, would have been worse than madness, all prepared to set out. What ensued will be best told in the unaffected words of Mademoiselle Picard :

‘ Shortly after landing, or about seven in the morning, a party was formed to penetrate into the interior, for the purpose of finding some fresh water. Some accordingly was found at a little distance from the sea, by digging among the sand. Every one instantly flocked round the little wells, which furnished enough to quench our thirst. This water was found to be delicious, although it had a sulphureous taste ; its colour was that of whey. As all our clothes were wet, and in tatters, and as we had nothing to change them, some generous officers offered theirs. My stepmother, my cousin, and my sister, were dressed in them ; for myself, I preferred keeping my own. We remained nearly an hour beside our beneficent fountain, then took the route for Senegal ; that is, a southerly direction, for we did not

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know exactly where that country lay. It was agreed that the females and children should walk before the caravan, as the general body was called, that they might not be left behind. The sailors voluntarily carried the youngest on their shoulders, and every one took the route along the coast. Notwithstanding it was nearly seven o'clock, the sand was quite burning, and we suffered severely, walking without shoes, having lost them whilst landing. As soon as we arrived on the shore, we went to walk on the wet sand, to cool us a little. Thus we travelled during the night, without encountering anything but shells, which wounded our feet.

Early on the morning of the 9th, we saw an antelope on a little hill; it instantly disappeared, before any of the party had time to shoot it. The desert seemed to our view one immense plain of sand, on which not a blade of verdure was seen. However, we still found water by digging in the sand. In the forenoon, two officers of marine complained that our family incommoded the progress of the general body. It is true the females and the children could not walk so quickly as the men. We walked as fast as it was possible for us; nevertheless, we often fell behind, which obliged them to halt till we came up. These officers, joined with other individuals, considered among themselves whether they would wait for us, or abandon us in the desert. I will be bold to say, however, that but few were of the latter opinion. My father being informed of what was plotting against us, stepped up to the chiefs of the conspiracy, and reproached them in the bitterest terms for their selfishness and cruelty. The dispute waxed warm. Those who were desirous of leaving us drew their swords, and my father put his hand upon a poniard, with which he had provided himself on quitting the frigate. At this scene we threw ourselves between them, conjuring him rather to remain in the desert with his family, than seek the assistance of those who were perhaps less humane than the Moors themselves. Several people took our part, particularly M. Bégnière, captain of infantry, who allayed the dispute by saying to his soldiers: "My friends, you are Frenchmen, and I have the honour to be your commander; let us never abandon an unfortunate family in the desert, so long as we are able to be of use to them." This brief but energetic speech caused those to blush who wished to quit us. All then joined with the old captain, saying they would not leave us, on condition that we would walk a little quicker. M. Bégnière and his soldiers replied, they did not wish to impose conditions on those to whom they were desirous of doing a favour; and the unfortunate family of Picard were again on the road with the whole caravan.

About noon, hunger was felt so powerfully among us, that it was agreed upon to go to the small hills of sand which were near the coast, to see if any herbs could be found fit for eating: nothing, however, was procured but poisonous plants, among which were various kinds of euphorbium. Convolvuli of a bright green carpeted

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the downs; but on tasting their leaves, we found them as bitter as gall. The party rested in this place, whilst several officers went farther into the interior. They returned in about an hour, loaded with wild purslain, which they distributed to each of us. Every one instantly devoured his bunch of herbage, without leaving the smallest branch; but as our hunger was far from being satisfied with this small allowance, the soldiers and sailors betook themselves to look for more. They soon brought a sufficient quantity, which was equally distributed, and devoured upon the spot, so delicious had hunger made that food to us. For myself, I declare I never ate anything with so much appetite in all my life. Water was also found in this place, but it was of a nauseous taste. After this truly frugal repast, we continued our route. The heat was insupportable in the last degree. The sands on which we trod were burning; nevertheless, several of us walked on these scorching coals without shoes; and the females had nothing but their hair for a cap. When we reached the seashore, we all ran and lay down among the surf. After remaining there some time, we took our route along the wet beach. On our journey we met with several large crabs, which were of considerable service to us. Every now and then we endeavoured to slake our thirst by sucking their crooked claws. About nine at night we halted between two pretty high sand-hills. After a short talk concerning our misfortunes, all seemed desirous of passing the night in this place, notwithstanding we heard on every side the roaring of leopards. Our situation had been thus perilous during the night; nevertheless, at break of day, we had the satisfaction of finding none missing.'

At sunrise next morning the party resumed its march, holding a little towards the east, in the hope of finding water. In this they were disappointed; but were gratified in observing that the country was less arid, and possessed a species of vegetation. Some of the travellers having pushed forward to make observations, 'returned and told us they had seen two Arab tents upon a slightly rising ground. We instantly directed our steps thither. We had to pass great downs of sand, very slippery, and arrived in a large plain, streaked here and there with verdure; but the turf was so hard and piercing, that we could scarcely walk over it without wounding our feet. Our presence in these frightful solitudes put to flight three or four Moorish shepherds, who herded a small flock of sheep and goats in an oasis. At last we arrived at the tents after which we were searching, and found in them three Mooresses and two little children, who did not seem in the least frightened by our visit. A negro servant, belonging to one of the officers, interpreted between us and the women, who, when they had heard of our misfortunes, offered us millet and water for payment. We bought a little of that grain at the rate of three francs a handful: the water was got for three francs a glass; it was very good, and none grudged the money

it cost. As a glass of water with a handful of millet was but a poor dinner for famished people, my father bought two kids, for which twenty piastres were charged. We immediately killed them, and the Moorish women boiled them for us in a large kettle.'

Resuming their march, the party fell in with several friendly Moors or Arabs, who conducted them to their encampment. 'We found a Moor in the camp who had previously known my father in Senegal, and who spoke a little French. We were all struck with astonishment at the unexpected meeting. My father recollected having employed long ago a young goldsmith at Senegal, and discovering the Moor Amet to be the same person, shook him by the hand. After that good fellow had been made acquainted with our shipwreck, and to what extremities our unfortunate family had been reduced, he could not refrain from tears. Amet was not satisfied with deploring our hard fate; he was desirous of proving that he was generous and humane, and instantly distributed among us a large quantity of milk and water, free of any charge. He also raised for our family a large tent of the skins of camels, cattle, and sheep; because his religion would not allow him to lodge under the same roof with Christians.'

Next day the band of wayfarers, assisted by asses which they had hired from the Moors, regained the sea-shore, still pursuing the route for Senegal; and they had the satisfaction of perceiving a ship out at sea, to which they made signals. 'The vessel having approached sufficiently near to the coast, the Moors who were with us threw themselves into the sea, and swam to it. In about half an hour we saw these friendly assistants returning, pushing before them three small barrels. Arrived on shore, one of them gave a letter to the leader of our party from the commander of the ship, which was the *Argus*, a vessel sent to seek after the raft, and to give us provisions. This letter announced a small barrel of biscuit, a tierce of wine, a half-tierce of brandy, and a cheese. O fortunate circumstance! We were very desirous of testifying our gratitude to the generous commander of the brig, but he instantly set out and left us. We staved the barrels which held our small stock of provisions, and made a distribution. Each of us had a biscuit, about a glass of wine, a half-glass of brandy, and a small morsel of cheese. Each drank his allowance of wine at one gulp: the brandy was not even despised by the ladies. I, however, preferred quantity to quality, and exchanged my ration of brandy for one of wine. To describe our joy whilst taking this repast is impossible. Exposed to the fierce rays of a vertical sun, exhausted by a long train of suffering, deprived for a long time of the use of any kind of spirituous liquors, when our portions of water, wine, and brandy mingled in our stomachs, we became like insane people. Life, which had lately been a great burden, now became precious to us. Foreheads, lowering and sulky, began to un wrinkle; enemies became most brotherly; the avaricious endeavoured to forget their selfishness and cupidity; the children

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smiled for the first time since our shipwreck ; in a word, every one seemed to revive from a state of melancholy and dejection.

‘About six in the evening, my father, finding himself extremely fatigued, wished to rest himself. We allowed the caravan to move on whilst my stepmother and myself remained near him, and the rest of the family followed with their asses. We all three soon fell asleep. When we awoke, we were astonished at not seeing our companions. The sun was sinking in the west. We saw several Moors approaching us, mounted on camels ; and my father reproached himself for having slept so long. Their appearance gave us great uneasiness, and we wished much to escape from them, but my stepmother and myself fell quite exhausted. The Moors, with long beards, having come quite close to us, one of them alighted, and addressed us in the following words : “Be comforted, ladies ; under the costume of an Arab, you see an Englishman who is desirous of serving you. Having heard at Senegal that Frenchmen were thrown ashore on these deserts, I thought my presence might be of some service to them, as I was acquainted with several of the princes of this arid country.” These noble words from the mouth of a man we had at first taken to be a Moor, instantly calmed our fears. Recovering from our fright, we rose and expressed to the philanthropic Englishman the gratitude we felt. Mr Carnet, the name of the generous Briton, told us that our caravan, which he had met, waited for us at about the distance of two leagues. He then gave us some biscuit, which we ate ; and we then set off together to join our companions. Mr Carnet wished us to mount his camels, but my stepmother and myself, being unable to persuade ourselves we could sit securely on their hairy haunches, continued to walk on the moist sand ; whilst my father, Mr Carnet, and the Moors who accompanied him, proceeded on the camels. We soon reached a little river, of which we wished to drink, but found it as bitter as the sea. Mr Carnet desired us to have patience, and we should find some at the place where our caravan waited. We forded that river knee-deep. At last, having walked about an hour, we rejoined our companions, who had found several wells of fresh water. It was resolved to pass the night in this place, which seemed less arid than any we saw near us. The soldiers being requested to go and seek wood to light a fire, for the purpose of frightening the ferocious beasts which were heard roaring around us, refused ; but Mr Carnet assured us that the Moors who were with him knew well how to keep all such intruders from our camp.’

The succeeding night passed over without any unpleasant event, and the party were again on the march along the shore at four in the morning. All were hungry, and Mr Carnet left them to procure some provisions. ‘At noon, the sun’s heat became so violent that even the Moors themselves endured it with difficulty. We then determined on finding some shade behind the high mounds of sand

which appeared in the interior ; but how were we to reach them ? The sands could not be hotter. We had been obliged to leave our asses on the shore, for they would neither advance nor recede. The greater part of us had neither shoes nor hats ; notwithstanding, we were obliged to go forward almost a long league to find a little shade. Whether from want of air, or the heat of the ground on which we seated ourselves, we were nearly suffocated. I thought my last moments were come. Already my eyes saw nothing but a dark cloud, when a person of the name of Borner, who was to have been a smith at Senegal, gave me a boot containing some muddy water, which he had had the precaution to keep. I seized the elastic vase, and hastened to swallow the liquid in large draughts. One of my companions, equally tormented with thirst, envious of the pleasure I seemed to feel, and which I felt effectually, drew the foot from the boot, and seized it in his turn ; but it availed him nothing. The water which remained was so disgusting that he could not drink it, and spilt it on the ground. Captain Bégnière, who was present, judging, by the water that fell, how loathsome that must have been which I had drunk, offered me some crumbs of biscuit, which he had kept most carefully in his pocket. I chewed that mixture of bread, dust, and tobacco ; but I could not swallow it, and gave it all masticated to one of my younger brothers, who had fallen from inanition.

‘We were on the point of quitting this furnace, when we saw our English friend approaching, who brought us provisions. At this sight I felt my strength revive, and ceased to desire death, which I had before called on to release me from my sufferings. Several Moors accompanied Mr Carnet, and every one was loaded. On their arrival, we had water, with rice and dried fish in abundance. Every one drank his allowance of water ; but had not ability to eat, although the rice was excellent. We were all anxious to return to the sea, that we might bathe ourselves, and the caravan put itself on the road to the breakers of Sahara. After an hour’s march of great suffering, we regained the shore, as well as our asses, which were lying in the water. We rushed among the waves, and, after a bath of half an hour, reposed ourselves upon the beach.’

There was still another day’s painful travelling before reaching the banks of the river Senegal, where boats were expected to be ready to convey the party to the town of St Louis, the place of their destination. ‘During the day we quickened our march ; and for the first time since our shipwreck, a smiling picture presented itself to our view. The trees, always green, with which that noble river is shaded, the humming-birds, the red-birds, the paroquets, the promerops, and others, which flitted among their long yielding branches, caused in us emotions difficult to express. We could not satiate our eyes with gazing on the beauties of this place, verdure being so enchanting to the sight, especially after having travelled through the

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desert. Before reaching the river, we had to descend a little hill covered with thorny bushes. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before the boats of the government arrived, and we all embarked. Biscuit and wine were found in each of them, and all were refreshed. After sailing for an hour down the stream, we came in sight of St Louis, a town miserable in appearance, but delightful to our vision after so much suffering. At six in the evening we arrived at the fort, where the late English governor and others, including our generous friend Mr Carnet, were met to receive us. My father presented us to the governor, who had alighted: he appeared to be sensibly affected with our misfortunes, the females and children chiefly exciting his commiseration; and the native inhabitants and Europeans tenderly shook the hands of the unfortunate people; the negro slaves even seemed to deplore our disastrous fate. Everything was done to relieve our necessities, and render us comfortable after our dangers and fatigues.'

We now turn to the account of the raft, and the unfortunates who had been treacherously deserted on it.

THE RAFT.

Ruthlessly abandoned in the midst of the ocean, and at the distance of five or six miles from the wreck of the *Medusa*, the crew of the raft, numbering altogether a hundred and fifty individuals, gave themselves up to all the horrors of despair. This feeling, however, was less manifested by the officers than by their companions, who were principally soldiers and sailors. M. Coudin, the nominal commander, was unfit, from illness, to issue orders or exert his influence, and the duty of attending to the general wants and safety appears to have been assumed by M. Corréard and M. Savigny, with one or two other officers. These gentlemen, by putting on a countenance of greater fortitude than they really possessed, endeavoured to soothe the general apprehensions, and held out hopes of succour, of which they had but a feeble expectation.

When tranquillity was restored, and attention could be given to the more immediate condition of affairs, the first idea that occurred to the officers in command was that of steering the raft by the aid of sails and compass. A search was now made for the chart, compass, and anchor, which, on quitting the wreck, were understood to have been placed on the raft; but they were nowhere to be found, and had never been embarked. In this emergency, M. Corréard recollected that he had seen one of the sailors with a small pocket-compass in his hands, and on inquiry, it was still fortunately in his possession. This was a piece of joyful intelligence. The compass was not larger than a crown-piece, and perhaps not very accurate; nevertheless, it would answer the purpose for which it was required, and was accordingly given to the chief in command.

Alas ! short-lived were the expectations which the possession of the compass had raised. From want of care, it dropped from the fingers of the commander, disappeared between the planks of the raft, and was irrecoverably lost. There was now no other guide across the deep than the rising and setting sun.

In the hurry of leaving the wreck, none had eaten anything, and in the course of the forenoon all began to feel severely the calls of hunger. A meal was now served, consisting of a little biscuit, mixed with three-quarters of a pint of wine. Bad as it was, it was the best meal distributed on the raft. The biscuit was all consumed, and there was nothing left but wine. After this repast, and while all were as yet able to form correct conclusions, it might be supposed that some definite plan would have been executed for navigating the raft, if not to the shore of the desert, at least back to the *Medusa*, where there were stores of many useful materials, and an abundance of provisions. Except the erecting of a very insufficient mast and sail, nothing of this kind appears to have been done. The raft lay a hulk on the water, at the mercy of every wave. A few of the better-disposed officers preserved a degree of order, and preached patience and hope ; and this is the utmost that can be said in their favour. Others employed themselves in canvassing with the common soldiers and sailors plans for taking revenge on those who had deserted them when they should reach the land.

With the shades of evening a better spirit prevailed. To the first feeling of despair, there now ensued a degree of resignation ; and religion, with its soothing influence, contributed to the general calm. At times a sanguine spirit would try to impart hopes of succour on the morrow. Perhaps the boats would land their crews on the island of Arguin, and return to carry away those on the raft ; perhaps they might return after reaching the desert ; perhaps they might give intelligence of their fate to one of the vessels of the squadron with which they might fall in. These attempts at comfort were only of momentary avail. Night set in, darkness enveloped the raft, the wind rose, and the agitated sea dashed its waves and spray over the cowering mass of sufferers. The uneasy motion of the raft, and the shifting of the spars, likewise added to the horrors of the scene. With feet entangled amidst the planks and cordage, many were thrown down, and deprived of the power of moving, by others falling above them. As the storm increased, numbers were obliged to lash themselves to the beams, to prevent the waves from washing them off. Cries of pain, of renewed despair, and of bitter lamentation, again rose on the blast. The faculties of many became temporarily impaired ; they fancied that vessels were approaching, and, by way of holding out a signal, they fired off pistols, and set fire to small heaps of gunpowder. Amongst the whole on board during that awful night, there were few who did not expect that the raft would perish in the storm before morning. But these

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anticipations were not realised. The morning at length broke, and found the raft still buffeted on the surface of the water. It was reserved for greater horrors.

As the second day dawned, the storm gradually ceased, and the ocean calmed. When there was sufficient light, the spectacle which presented itself was most dismal. Wet, battered, sick, and wounded, the wretched sufferers were huddled confusedly together in heaps. On giving out rations of wine by way of a meal, it was found that twenty persons were missing; a greater number, however, were probably washed overboard during the night; for several, in order to increase their allowance, took rations for their dead companions. That twenty out of the hundred and fifty were gone, was at least certain. Death had taken his first instalment.

During the day, which continued fine throughout, tranquillity prevailed, and sanguine hopes were entertained that the boats would shortly appear; none of them, however, made their appearance, and hope once more gave way to gloomy despair. A mutiny now broke out; the orders of the officers were disregarded, and there was reason to expect that next night, for want of the precautions hitherto adopted, many lives would be sacrificed. Night at length came, and, to add to the horrors of the scene, there was every appearance of a fresh storm approaching. The sky became covered with heavy clouds, the wind, which had been rather high all day, now rose to a gale, and the waves, again excited, rolled upon the raft in continuous masses, driving it before them as if to immediate destruction.

In this dismal condition the hearts of the mutineers quailed, and all tried to seek safety in being calm. But rest was impossible. Terrified by the fury of the waves, the mass of sufferers clung to the centre of the raft, where some were actually stifled by the weight of their companions. Those who were outside, and exposed, were rolled over from side to side, and of these a number were swept into the sea. So little was the hope of surviving, that a body of sailors and soldiers resolved to drown the sense of their situation in wine, and so die while in a stupor of intoxication. The officers, clinging for safety to the mast, could offer no effectual opposition to this mad and cowardly scheme; and accordingly a wine-cask was opened, and from it the mutineers drank a considerable quantity—and would have drunk more, had the sea-water not entered the cask by the opening which had been made in it, and caused them to desist. Now maddened with liquor, the folly of the mutineers knew no bounds; and they proceeded to cut the lashings that held the timbers of the raft together, in order to destroy all at a blow. Roused by the proposal, the officers endeavoured to avert their impending fate by more vigorous measures than they had hitherto dared to put in practice. When one of the ringleaders in the revolt made the first move to cut the ropes with a hatchet, the officers rushed upon him, and, after a desperate struggle, despatched him,

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and threw his body into the sea. He was an Asiatic, of extraordinary size ; and, having been troublesome and overbearing in demeanour, few lamented his loss. There was now an expectation of a battle between the two parties. The mutineers drew their swords, and were on the point of commencing an attack, when another of their number was killed, and they retreated ; only, however, to make a fresh attempt to cut the ropes. One of the officers succeeded in preventing this being done, and in a scuffle which ensued, struck down a soldier and sailor, whom he threw into the sea, where they were drowned. Their exasperated comrades now rushed to the mast, and began to cut down the ropes which supported it. The mast fell with a crash on the leg of an officer, which it nearly broke ; and, far from pitying this misfortune, the enraged crowd threw the poor man into the sea, whence, however, his friends rescued him. No sooner was he on board the wretched raft, which, during the commotion, was tumbling about among the waves, than he was seized on a second time, and an attempt made to put out his eyes. Rendered desperate by these barbarous cruelties, the officers, and those who supported them, made a charge on their antagonists, and put a number of them to death.

While the combat still raged, some of the mutineers took occasion to throw into the sea, together with her husband, the unfortunate woman who was on board. M. Corréard, distressed at seeing two unoffending individuals perish, and affected by their cries for help, seized a large rope which he found on the fore-part of the raft, fastened it round his waist, and plunged into the sea. He was thus able to save the female when she was in the act of disappearing below the water. Her husband was at the same time rescued by M. Lavillette. The two exhausted beings were laid on the dead bodies, and their backs were supported by a barrel : in this situation they shortly recovered their senses. The first thing the woman did was to acquaint herself with the name of the person who had saved her from drowning, and to express to him her liveliest gratitude. Finding, doubtless, that her words but ill expressed her feeling, she recollected she had in her pocket a small quantity of snuff, and instantly offered it to him—it was all she possessed. Touched with her gift, but unable to use it, M. Corréard gave it to a poor sailor, who derived a solacement from it for three or four days. It is impossible to describe a still more affecting incident—the joyful recognition of the husband and wife when they discovered that both were alive : they could scarcely credit their senses when they found themselves in one another's arms. This woman was quite a heroine of humble life. For twenty-four years she had travelled as a soldier's wife along with the French armies, in their campaigns in Italy and other places. In this vagrant life she acted as a sutler, supplying the men with articles ; and often was exposed to the greatest dangers on the battle-field, in carrying assistance to the wounded soldiers.

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In telling her story to M. Corréard, she said : 'Whether the men had money or not, I always let them have my goods. Sometimes a battle would deprive me of my poor debtors ; but after the victory, others would pay me double or triple for what they had consumed before the engagement. Thus I came in for a share of their victories.' Unfortunate woman, to have sailed in such a miserable expedition ! Little was she aware of the fate that awaited her !

Returning to the position of affairs on the raft : the mutiny was quelled by the determined attitude of the officers ; nor was the humanity shewn to the woman and her husband without its effect in restoring better feelings. Overcome with a momentary sense of shame, the mutineers went the length of asking pardon on their knees for their conduct. This was granted ; and the officers returned to their post at the centre of the raft, still, however, watchful of the movements of their infatuated companions. Towards midnight the old grudge again broke out with increased fury. Rushing on the officers, they attempted to kill them with their weapons ; and those who had no arms, actually bit their adversaries in a shocking manner. One of their drunken delusions was, that Lieutenant Lozach, an officer on board, was a M. Danglas, who had deserted them on quitting the frigate ; and this gentleman was with the greatest difficulty preserved from their fury. Brandishing their arms, reeling to and fro, and stumbling against each other, they continued to cry for Danglas to be delivered up to their vengeance, and by no power of reasoning could they be convinced that they were in error.

Defeated in getting hold of M. Lozach, the wretches now turned their rage upon the unfortunate M. Coudin, the wounded and distressed commander of the raft. Coudin appears to have been a young man worthy of a better fate than that of sailing among such a crew. During the scuffle we have been describing, he had seated himself on a small barrel, supporting in his arms a young sailor-boy of twelve years of age, in whom he took an interest. Suddenly he was seized by the mutineers, who threw him into the sea, along with the barrel on which he sat, and the little boy whom he held in his arms. The other officers rushed to the rescue of their friend, and keeping off the mob with their swords, they fortunately got hold of him, and dragged him, still holding the little boy, on board. Towards morning the mutiny was finally quelled, the maddening effects of the liquor having worn off, and left the rioters dispirited.

Great suffering, and the hopelessness of their situation, had contributed, as well as wine, to render the men deranged during this eventful night. Even the strongest minded of the officers felt themselves affected with strange illusions. M. Savigny had visions of a most agreeable kind : he fancied himself in a rich cultivated country, surrounded by happy friends, and although reason ever and anon pointed out the fallacy, he could not divest himself of the impression.

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Some appeared full of hope, told their companions not to fear, and saying that they were going to fetch succour, plunged headlong into the sea, and perished. Others thought that their companions mocked them, by holding out temptingly the wings of chickens and other delicacies, and for this they rushed on them with drawn swords. Some believed they were still in the frigate, and asked where was their hammock, for they wanted to go below to sleep. A few imagined they saw ships, or a harbour, with a noble city in the background. M. Corréard at one time was under the illusion of being in Italy; and another officer mentioned gravely that he had sent off a letter to the governor describing the state of affairs on the raft, and that he would certainly send boats in the morning to take every one ashore. Such were some of the fancies of which those on board the raft were the involuntary victims; and nothing could convey a more striking testimony of their bodily and mental sufferings.

When day returned, and a reckoning could be taken, it was found that sixty-five had perished, and that the entire number was now reduced to sixty. Of those who were missing, the greater number had fallen a sacrifice to intemperance, or to ill-regulated minds. The officers were surprised to find that only two of their number were gone; and this, on consideration, they could only attribute to the comparative strength of mind they had possessed. This circumstance is a proof of the power which every man has of resisting misfortune, if he remain temperate in habits, and do not give way to panic or despair.

With the return of daylight the storm abated as formerly; and when order was restored, and a reckoning of the numbers taken, attention was directed to the stock of provisions on board. It sent a shock of fresh despair into the bosoms of the more intelligent, when it was found that the mutineers had thrown overboard two casks of wine, and the only two casks of water which remained. The loss of the water was felt to be a calamity greater than that of the wine; and the distress on the occasion was augmented by the reflection, that it was a loss caused entirely by drunken folly. Nothing now remained but one cask of wine, and it was arranged that this should be carefully served out in half-allowances. The sea being calm, the solitary mast and sail were again raised, and an attempt made to direct the raft towards land. The effort was not successful; the wind drove the unruly platform hither and thither as it listed, and it was impossible to say whether the raft approached or receded from the spot where land was believed to be.

During the day, the gnawings of hunger suggested the idea of catching fish, and an attempt was forthwith made. Hooks made of tags from the soldiers' clothing were tied to lines, and with baits (it is not mentioned of what) were thrown into the sea; but the current drew them under the raft, where they got entangled. A bayonet

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was bent to catch sharks, but a shark bit at and straightened it ; so this also failed. Fishing, in short, proved an unavailing resource ; and when it was abandoned as hopeless, some tried to feed on the dead bodies of their companions, while others gnawed the soldiers' belts and cartridge-boxes. Fortunately the day was calm. The sun shone placidly on the face of the deep. Amidst the torments of hunger, therefore, hope again stole across the minds of the most desponding. They expected to see the boats make their appearance on the horizon, and with fainting eyes they looked forth to catch the first token of deliverance. Noon passed, the sun sunk beneath the world of waters, and yet relief came not. The gloom and misery of another night presented themselves.

This night was less terrible than the preceding. The weather was calm, and there was no new mutiny on board. In the darkness, nothing was heard but the groans and sobs of the sufferers, intermingled with the gurgling of the sea between the planks. The silence, broken by such sounds, was perhaps more appalling than the raging of the tempest. When the morning of the fourth day dawned on the spectral scene, it shewed the dead bodies of twelve persons, who had expired during the night ; and all these, with the exception of one, were thrown into the sea. The number on board was now reduced to forty-eight.

This day passed like the preceding. The weather continued fine, and despondency again gave way to feelings of hope. About four o'clock in the afternoon a joyful event occurred—a shoal of flying-fish passed under the raft, and a great number got entangled in the spaces between the timbers. All threw themselves eagerly upon them, and captured about two hundred, which they placed in an empty cask, removing only the milts. These fish were about the size of a herring, and, to men who were famishing, they were delicious. Several of the party returned thanks to God for the relief. To render the fish fit for eating, an attempt was made to boil them by means of a barrel, which served as a pot ; fire being procured by a flint, steel, and a little dried gunpowder. This was the last meal they were able to cook, for the barrel took fire ; and though it was soon extinguished, they were not able to save as much of it as would answer the purpose again. There was also no more gunpowder.

Night again came on, the sun set, and still there was no appearance of relief. The calm having continued, there was a prospect of a little rest, even although the greater number stood or sat constantly in water. It is distressing to know that human passions again interfered to render the scene of misery a battle-field. Some Spaniards, Italians, and negroes, who had hitherto taken no part with the mutineers, and who had been inclined to the side of the officers, formed a plot to throw all into the sea ; the negroes persuading them that land was near, and that if once there, they

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could conduct them in safety through Africa. It is not improbable that a wish to get possession of a small bag of money, which was tied to the mast as a common fund, to be made use of on landing, tempted them to the crime. The officers, and some sailors who refused to join the conspirators, were now obliged to take arms. They seized the Spaniard who was the ringleader, and threw him into the sea; another, when he saw that all was discovered, plunged into the water, and was drowned. The remaining conspirators now rushed forward to revenge their comrades: a desperate combat ensued; and the raft was strewn with the dead and wounded. It was evident, during the fight, that the mutineers were affected by the same delusions as before; they were, in fact, partially deranged in mind. They called for Lieutenant Danglas, in order to kill him for having deserted them, and they could not be persuaded that that person was not on the raft. During the fray, the woman was again thrown into the sea, but was a second time rescued by the intrepid Coudin, assisted by some workmen. At length the battle ceased; the mutineers were repulsed; and the remainder of the night was passed without disturbance.

The morning of the fifth day dawned, and revealed the slaughter that had taken place. Since the previous morning, eighteen had, by one means or other, perished, and their number was now reduced to thirty. Among the dead were five sailors, whom the officers deeply lamented, for they were trustworthy and tractable. Of the thirty who remained alive on the raft, only twenty could stand upright or move about. The sea-water had stripped the skin from the feet and legs of nearly the whole, and every one was in a state of deplorable emaciation. If no vessel came to their assistance, they did not expect to survive more than four days, for there was wine only for that time, and scarcely a dozen fish. The fifth day passed over in melancholy mood; night came, and still there was no relief. The sixth day passed, and so did the succeeding night, in a condition equally disconsolate.

The seventh day was more eventful. Two soldiers were discovered drinking wine clandestinely from the cask by means of a pipe. As this had been declared to be a crime punishable with death, they were immediately seized, and thrown into the sea. One of them was a sergeant, who had fomented the last conspiracy, and had contrived to escape detection; his fate, therefore, did not cause any regret. In the course of the day died also the young boy Leon, to whom M. Coudin had shewn so much kindness. Exhausted from hunger, and delirious, he could no longer support the dreadful fatigues to which he was exposed. Before his death, his mind took the direction of his home in France; he thought his mother was near him, and till the last he cried to her for food and water. He died in the arms of his kind friend, M. Coudin.

The party were now reduced to twenty-seven; of these, twelve

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were so ill, that there was no hope of their surviving even a few days ; they had almost entirely lost their reason, and were covered with wounds ; nevertheless, an equal ration of the declining quantity of wine was served out to them. A consultation was now held respecting these unfortunate beings. It was represented that, as they could not possibly survive, and as their consumption of wine was daily diminishing the stock, already too low, it would be no crime to put an end to their sufferings by throwing them into the sea. This was a horrible and painful expedient, and such it was felt to be, for those who proposed and assented to it had not the cruelty to put it into execution or see it done. Three soldiers and a sailor were commissioned to act as executioners ; and while they cleared the raft of their dying companions, the others turned their backs, not to witness the afflicting spectacle. Among those thrown overboard were the woman and her husband already mentioned. Both had been grievously wounded in the different combats. The woman had a thigh broken between the beams of the raft, and the stroke of a sabre had made a deep wound in the head of her husband. In terminating the existence of these hapless individuals, M. Corr  ard observes that all felt themselves to be under a terrible necessity which knew no law. ‘Ye,’ he continues, ‘who shudder at the cry of outraged humanity, recollect that it was other men, fellow-countrymen, who had placed us in this awful situation.’ The expedient of throwing overboard their apparently dying comrades, reduced the number on the raft to fifteen, and gave the means of subsistence for a few additional days. When the dreadful sacrifice was completed, all cast their swords into the sea, reserving but one sabre, for cutting a piece of wood or cordage that might be necessary.

We have now the afflicting spectacle of fifteen wretched beings in the depth of despair on this floating tomb, seated or standing constantly in water, the sun beating down upon them with tropical intensity by day, and darkness enshrouding them by night. The eighth day passed, night came, and still no friendly sail rose on the horizon. Then came the ninth day, with its aggravated hunger, and thirst, and wretchedness. While hope was sunk in the feelings of the unhappy party, the eyes of all were startled on seeing a butterfly, of a kind common in France, fly over their heads and settle on the sail of the raft. This trifling incident once more raised a bright gleam of hope ; the butterfly was accepted as a harbinger of deliverance, and was taken under the protection of the forlorn group. On the succeeding days, more butterflies visited them, and gave rise to the belief that the land could not be far distant. While cheering with new hopes, these insects also roused the party to fresh exertions. ‘We had recourse,’ says M. Corr  ard, ‘to every expedient which might lessen the miseries of our situation. We detached some planks from the raft, and made a sort of platform, on which we might lie down ; this raised us above the water, which had always

been from one to two feet above the surface of the raft ; the waves, however, still washed over us at intervals, and frequently covered us completely. Here we endeavoured to beguile the time, by recounting our different adventures. Lavillette related the various scenes he had passed through, which were indeed extraordinary ; but none, he said, had brought with them such sufferings from fatigue and privation as those we now endured.

‘ Our situation was now most distressing : the waves, which almost constantly washed over us, caused intolerable pain ; and our excessive thirst, which we felt was increased by the intense heat of a tropical sun. To relieve this thirst, we tried several expedients ; we bathed our hands, faces, and even hair in salt water, and some even drank considerable quantities of it. One means of slaking our thirst was never thought of by us, though it has often been adopted by persons in our situation with great success. When Captain Bligh made his perilous voyage in an open boat over three thousand miles of the ocean, he and his companions used to dip their clothes in the sea, and wear them damp ; the pores of the body, it is supposed, imbibing part of the moisture, and thus allaying their desire for drink. Unfortunately, we had never heard of this expedient. An officer found a small lemon, which he resolved to keep for himself : for a long time he refused it to the entreaties of those around him, till their threats and rage obliged him to share it. We had also a serious dispute about thirty cloves of garlic, which had escaped notice in the bottom of a sack ; at another time we contended for two small vials of a liquor for cleaning the teeth ; we never came, however, to extremities. This liquor was husbanded with the greatest care, two drops of it producing a delightful sensation ; indeed, it is difficult to conceive the agreeable effect which the most trifling relief of this kind produced. One of us had found an empty bottle, which still retained some scent of the perfume it had formerly contained ; to smell at this for an instant appeared the highest enjoyment. Some kept their wine, and sucked it slowly from the goblet through a quill ; the intoxication, however, it produced upon their debilitated frames was remarkable, and often produced angry disputes, and sometimes was near causing more serious consequences. On the tenth day, for example, after the wine had been distributed, M.M. Clairret, Coudin, Charlot, and two others, resolved, in a fit of intoxication, to destroy themselves, and were with considerable difficulty prevented by the entreaties of their companions. Perhaps all our arguments would have been unavailing, if a number of sharks had not surrounded the raft, and turned their attention to this new danger. They came so near, that we were enabled to strike at them with the sabre ; but notwithstanding all the exertions of M. Lavillette, who gave them several blows, we could not kill one. The size of several appeared enormous, some of them being above thirty feet long.

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‘Three days now passed away in intolerable torments. We had become so careless of life, that we bathed even in the sight of the sharks, which were swimming round the raft; others were not afraid to place themselves naked on the fore-part of the machine, which was then entirely under water; and though it was exceedingly dangerous, it had the effect of taking away their thirst. On the 16th July, eight of us resolved on trying to reach the coast, to which we imagined ourselves to be now very near; for this purpose we nailed some boards across a few spars, which we separated from the raft, fitted it with a mast and a sail, and made oars of barrel staves; a certain portion of the wine remaining, which consisted but of fifteen bottles in all, was to be given to us, and our departure was fixed for the next day. Our machine being finished, however, it was necessary to try if she was able to bear us. A sailor went upon it, when it immediately upset, and shewed us the rashness of our design; we therefore gave it up, resolving to wait upon the raft for the approach of death, which, unless we were immediately relieved, could not be very distant, our stock of wine being so low, and our disgust at the loathsome food we ate hourly increasing.

‘On the morning of the 17th July, the sun shone brightly, the sky appearing without a cloud; we addressed our prayers to God, and distributed the rations of wine. Whilst each person was taking his portion, a captain of infantry discovered a ship on the horizon, and with a shout of joy informed us of it. We saw that it was a brig, but at such a distance that we could discern no more than the tops of her masts. It is impossible to describe the joy which we felt at the sight; each looked upon his delivery as certain, and returned repeated thanks to God. Still, in the midst of these hopes we were apprehensive that we should not be seen. We straightened some hoops, and fastened some handkerchiefs of different colours to the end. We then united our efforts, and raised a man to the top of the mast, who waved these flags. For half an hour we were suspended between hope and fear: some of us thought that the vessel was coming nearer, whilst others, with more accuracy, asserted that she was making sail away from us. In fact, in a short time the brig disappeared. We now resigned ourselves to despair; we even envied those whom death had taken away from the suffering we were now to undergo. We determined to seek consolation in sleep. The day before, we had suffered exceedingly from the rays of a burning sun; we now made an awning to screen us from the heat, and lay down beneath it. We agreed to carve our names on a plank, along with a short recital of our adventures, and to hang it to the mast, in the hope that it might reach our government and our families. We had passed two hours in these desponding reflections, when the master-gunner went from under the awning, in order to go to the fore-part of the raft: he had scarcely, however, put his head out, when he turned towards us and uttered a loud cry. Joy

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was on his countenance, his hands were stretched out towards the sea, and he scarcely breathed : he could only utter : "We are saved ; the brig is near to us !" We rushed out, and found that she was in fact only a mile and a half distant, and was steering directly towards us under a press of sail. Joy now succeeded to despair ; we embraced each other, and burst into tears. Even those whose wounds rendered them incapable of more exertion, dragged themselves along to the side of the raft, in order to enjoy the sight of the vessel which was to deliver them. Each laid hold on a handkerchief or a piece of linen, to make signals to the brig, which neared us fast ; a few returned thanks to Providence for their miraculous preservation. We now recognised the vessel to be the *Argus*, and soon after had the pleasure of seeing her shorten sail when she was within half pistol-shot. The crew, dispersed through the shrouds and on the deck, waved their hats, to express their pleasure at having come to our relief. A boat was now lowered, commanded by M. Lemaigre, who ardently wished to be the person who should take us from the fatal raft. He removed the sick first, placed them beside him in his boat, and shewed them all the care and attention which humanity could prompt. In a short time we were all in safety on board the brig, where we met some of our shipwrecked companions who had been saved in the boats.

'All were affected to see our miserable condition : ten out of the fifteen were scarcely able to move : the skin was stripped off our limbs, our eyes were sunk, our beards long, and we were in the most emaciated condition. As soon as we had been discovered, they prepared some excellent broth for us, and mixed in it some wine, to recruit our exhausted strength. Our wounds were dressed ; and, in short, we received every attention which our miserable state required. Some became delirious ; but the care of the surgeon, and the kind attention of every one on board, soon wrought in us the most favourable change.'

The *Argus*, as has been already mentioned, had been, after some delay, sent from Senegal, with instructions to afford assistance to the crews of the boats, and afterwards to look for the raft. In her course she had become aware that the crews in the boats had been saved, and had rendered them some succour while coasting the desert. Her search for the raft was at first fruitless, and after cruising about for a number of days, she had turned helm to proceed to Senegal. It was while returning that the party on the raft had seen and lost sight of her. Having reached to within forty leagues of the river, the wind veered to the south-west, and the captain said that he would steer for a short time in that direction ; he tacked accordingly, and was standing towards the raft for about two hours, when those on board descried the vessel on the horizon. This change of course, as we have seen, saved the fifteen unfortunate beings, who at the time did not expect they could hold out four-and-twenty hours

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longer ; for the last two days had been spent without food, and only a small quantity of wine was left.

As soon as the party were removed to the *Argus*, that vessel steered for Senegal, which it reached next day. In the evening, it moored close to the shore, and on the following morning, the 19th July, anchored in the roads of St Louis.

Thus were fifteen, all who remained alive out of a hundred and fifty individuals left on the wreck, rescued from the death which seemed to await them. Of the fifteen, five died in a short time of the injuries they had sustained ; and the remainder carried on their wounded and emaciated bodies the lasting effects of their protracted sufferings on the raft.

THE WRECK.

It will be recollected that, at the disgraceful scramble in leaving the *Medusa*, seventeen persons, some of them in a state of intoxication, did not depart with their companions in the boats. Lachau-mareys, on quitting the vessel at one of the port-holes, promised to send out succour to them as soon as he should reach the land. To fill up the measure of his depravity, the captain falsified this as well as all his other promises ; and it is not less distressing to know that neither the party generally who escaped in the boats, nor those who afterwards were taken from the raft, gave themselves any concern about their less fortunate brethren in the wreck. It does not appear, from the narrative of M. Corréard, that they would have been thought of, but for the governor Schmaltz wishing to save the specie and provisions which were on board. To secure these articles, a schooner was fitted out, commanded by a lieutenant, and manned by some negro traders and a few passengers. She set sail from Senegal on the 26th of July, that is, seven days after the party saved from the raft had been landed, and seventeen from the time the governor and captain had reached Senegal ; but having provisions for only eight days on board, she was obliged, when that stock was exhausted, to return without having got sight of the frigate : she was afterwards furnished with a sufficiency for twenty-five days, but, being ill found, she returned into port a second time, after having been fifteen days at sea. A delay of ten days now occurred, when she made a third attempt, with a new set of sails, and reached the *Medusa* fifty-two days after it had been abandoned. From the time which had elapsed, it was confidently believed that all who had been left on board the frigate would be dead ; what, therefore, was the astonishment of those in the schooner to find that three of the miserable beings had outlived all their sufferings, and now appeared like spectres to welcome the approach of their countrymen.

The following is the account which these unfortunate men gave of what had occurred on the wreck. When the boats and the raft

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had left the frigate, the seventeen had collected a sufficient quantity of wine, biscuit, brandy, and bacon for their subsistence during a certain number of days. Whilst this stock lasted they were quiet ; but forty-two days having passed without the arrival of the expected succour, twelve of the most resolute constructed a raft, and, endeavouring to make the land without oars or sails, and but a small quantity of provisions, were drowned. That this was their fate there is no reason for doubting, as the shattered fragments of their raft were some time afterwards thrown on shore by the waves, and picked up by the Moors. Another seaman, who refused to trust for safety to the raft, adopted the strange resolution, a few days after, of placing himself on a hencoop, and in this way tried to reach the shore ; at the distance of half a cable's length, however, the coop upset, and he was drowned.

Four now remained on the wreck, resolved to await death or succour, rather than brave dangers which appeared to them insurmountable. One of them had lately expired when the schooner arrived, and the others were so weak and emaciated, that in a very short time death would have put an end to all their sufferings. They lived in separate corners of the vessel, which they never quitted but to look for food, and this latterly consisted only of tallow and a little bacon. If on these occasions they accidentally met, they used to run at each other with drawn knives ; so completely had selfishness and ferocity stifled that sympathy which fellow-sufferers are generally disposed to feel for one another. It is mentioned as a remarkable fact, worthy of being made known, that as long as these men abstained from strong liquor, they were able to support the hardships of their situation in a surprising manner ; but when they began to drink brandy, their strength daily and rapidly diminished. How these unfortunate beings should have been driven to extremities for food, is not easily accounted for. The *Medusa* contained a large cargo of provisions, and why this store was not reached, is not explained in the original narrative. Perhaps the men did not know of there being barrels of provisions on board ; or they might not have possessed sufficient strength to reach them below other articles in the hold.

On being discovered and removed by the schooner, the three survivors received all the attention which their situation required. This having been attended to, the crew of the schooner proceeded to remove from the frigate everything that could be taken out ; and after having loaded their own vessel with wine, flour, and everything else that was removable, whether public or private property, though without discovering the money, they returned to Senegal.

Those who had been rescued by the boats, and also from the raft, expected that the schooner, besides fetching the public property from the wreck, would bring many articles which they could claim as their own. The crew of the schooner, however, though in the service of the

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king of France, acted on this occasion the part of pirates: they not only kept and made sale, in the market of St Louis, of articles of value found in the wreck, but robbed the miserable victims whom they had rescued.

The report they gave of the state of the wreck induced the governor to permit merchants to send vessels to bring off more of the goods on board—the proceeds to be equally divided between the government and the adventurers. Four vessels thus set sail, and in a short time brought back a great quantity of flour, salt provisions, brandy, cordage, and other articles, of which there was a fair division.

In concluding this melancholy recital, we almost feel it necessary to assure our readers that what we have been telling them is no dressed-up fiction, but a narrative drawn from authentic sources, and true in every particular. We need scarcely repeat, what must occur to every mind, that nothing in the whole annals of shipwreck equals in infamy the conduct of Lachaumareys, the captain of the *Medusa*, or of the governor Schmaltz, with whom he appears to have acted in concert. Neither, we believe, did ever any disaster by sea or land present such a series of blunders, such want of concert or management, or such a deficiency, among nearly all concerned, of the common feelings of humanity. Shortly after its occurrence, the shipwreck of the *Medusa* created a considerable sensation in Europe, and especially in France. The general feeling was that of horror; but in France, this sentiment was mingled with shame, and every effort was made to prevent the publication of the details by Corr  ard, as well as belief in them after publication. But all was unavailing. The narrative remains trustworthy in all respects—a sad memorial of human suffering and depravity.

THE PICARDS.

The account we have been presenting would be in some measure incomplete without a notice of this unfortunate family; and this we are fortunately able to supply, from the account of the shipwreck written by Mademoiselle Picard. As soon as M. Picard had recovered from the fatigues of his journey across the desert, he expected to be installed in the situation to which he had been appointed before leaving France. An unforeseen difficulty, however, now presented itself. The English resident governor had as yet received no intimation to give up the colony of Senegal to the French. This information distressed the Picards very much; and their affliction was at its height, when Schmaltz, the French governor in expectancy, ordered them to quit the colony, and go and reside at the French establishment at Cape Verd until further orders. From this indignity they were saved by the kindness of the English governor, who, pitying their misfortunes, permitted them to remain;

SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA.

whilst a number less fortunate proceeded to Cape Verd, and there miserably died.

In a short time the French authority was established, but with no advantage to Picard. Of warm and impetuous feelings, he had given deep offence to Schmaltz and other officers of the *Medusa* by the freedom of his remarks on quitting the wreck. These sayings were now meanly remembered against him; and everything that a despicable nature could suggest was done to ruin his prospects. He was, in short, deprived of his situation; and with barely the means of subsistence for his family, he took refuge in a small island, his own property, in the Senegal river, which he proposed to cultivate for the sake of a livelihood. The island was laid out chiefly in crops of cotton—an article more suitable to the climate than were the constitutions of this unfortunate family.

For the space of two or three years the Picards struggled manfully with their fate. Living in a wretched hut, in the midst of a tropical vegetation, they were exposed to continual irritations from insects, and to the more formidable attacks of snakes and wild beasts, which lurked about the neighbourhood. Towards the middle of July 1817, Madame Picard became alarmingly ill, and died. Mademoiselle Picard, who seems to have been a young woman of an energetic and persevering mind, was now the consoler and chief support of the miserable family: she was the educator of her young companions, the manager of the domestic establishment, in which she wrought with her own hands, and, in her father's frequent absence; superintended the labours of a few hired field-negroes. Irksome as this mode of life was, mademoiselle did not repine; her principal distress was a severe headache, which she suffered almost daily from the great heat. At night, after the out-of-door labours of the day, she retired with her two younger brothers into the cottage, and the working negroes brought the cotton which had been collected during the day, after which she set about preparing supper. Assisted by the children, she lighted a fire in the middle of the hut, and kneaded the cakes of millet-flour which were to be the family supper, as well as what were to be used next day. These cakes were baked on an iron shovel, and were usually ready in half an hour: they were far from pleasant to persons who had been accustomed to better fare; but hunger rendered them palatable. Occasionally, they were eaten with a little butter or sour milk.

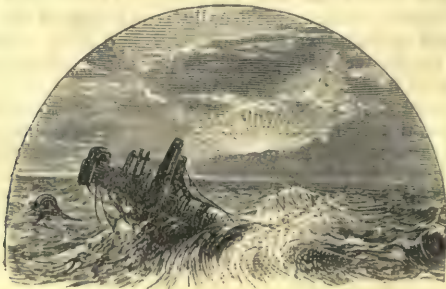
In the morning, all were early at work in the cotton-fields; and the only relaxation from toil was at noon, when the heat of the sun was greatest, also a short period in the evening. From this unvarying round of duties, it was delightful to find relief in the rest of Sunday. On this day, all the family would assemble under the shade of a large baobab tree, while mademoiselle or her sister read a chapter from the evangelists, or from some book likely to inspire them with cheerfulness and resignation. At such times, M. Picard almost

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forgot his misfortunes, and anticipations of brighter days yet in store would flit across his imagination. His daughters likewise were happy in these family reunions. They began to discover that every condition of life has its peculiar enjoyments. If the labours of the week seemed long and laborious, the Sabbath recompensed them by its calm and its recreations. If life was spent in rustic occupations, there was at least no struggle to keep up appearances : the labour of the fields, the simplicity of dress and manners, all seemed like a return to the primitive ages of the world.

But all this rural enjoyment, if so it might be called, came unexpectedly to an end. The plantation failed to realise the outlay upon it. Wild beasts carried off all the live stock in a single night ; and various other losses occurred, sufficient to depress minds much more hopeful. To bring the family disasters towards a climax, the younger children fell victims to the climate ; and this blow was succeeded by a still greater misfortune—the death of M. Picard. The remaining members of this ill-fated family were now only mademoiselle and her sister Caroline ; their cousin having already returned to France. At this melancholy juncture, M. Dard, a person who had done many acts of kindness to the Picards, and who had for some years followed the profession of a teacher in St Louis, with the greatest delicacy offered his hand and his fortune to mademoiselle ; and this amiable young lady, who had been a pattern to daughters in affliction, was, in accepting his offer, rewarded for all her sufferings. Her sister Caroline afterwards married M. Richard, a botanist who was attached to the agricultural establishment of the colony.

Leaving Senegal with her husband, Madame Dard arrived in France at the close of the year 1820. After a residence in Paris for two months, they reached M. Dard's native place at Bligny-sous-Beaune, in the department of the Côte d'Or, where madame had the happiness of finding new relations, whose tender friendship consoled her in part for the loss of those whom death had taken from her in Africa.





HISTORY OF POLAND.

EARLY HISTORY.

PREVIOUS to the year 1795, there existed in Europe a country called POLAND—a name associated in all minds with ideas of heroism and disaster. Poland is now no more, and many of its people are wanderers. How such should be the case, cannot but be a matter of interest to all reflecting minds, and this we propose to explain in the following pages.

The Poles belong to that variety of the human race called the *Slavonic*. This variety, identical, it is believed, with the Scythians of ancient history, at one time overspread the whole of the southern and eastern parts of Europe, from the shores of the Baltic and the Adriatic as far as the Ural Mountains. A particular branch of this Slavonic stock, divided into a number of tribes, occupied in early times the districts lying about the Vistula and the Oder. One of those tribes, called the Polani, or inhabitants of the *plain* (in Polish, *polska* is a plain), gained the supremacy over the rest, and gave

their name to the whole body ; and thus was formed the nucleus of a nation, whose territories, at the height of its prosperity, covered an area of 284,000 square miles, or a third more than that of France, with a population of fifteen millions.

Until the end of the tenth century, the Poles were pagans. About this time, however, they were converted to Christianity by missionaries from Germany and Bohemia. Their history after this becomes less obscure ; but it would be an exceedingly unprofitable undertaking to follow them through the incessant wars and civil broils in which they were engaged for the next five centuries. Suffice it to say, that during this period two dynasties reigned successively over Poland—the dynasty of the Piasts, and that of the Jagellons. Under the latter, the country made considerable advances in civilisation. The Poles began to assume a respectable standing in literature ; and the university of Cracow became the most important school in Central Europe. Among the celebrated Polish names of this period is that of the far-famed Nicolas Copernic, or Copernicus, who first promulgated the true notion of the solar system, and who died in 1543.

Commencing our narrative with the end of the sixteenth century, let us first give a general description of the state of society and the mode of government which we find then established among the Poles.

In Poland, as in Russia until quite recently, society consisted but of two classes—nobles and serfs. The noble or privileged class, including a body of clergy, amounted to about 200,000 ; while the great body of the inhabitants numbered several millions. Under the rule of this handful of masters did these millions of serfs till the soil of Poland, and perform all the manual labour of the nation—the severity of their condition being perhaps only modified by the softening influences of the church, which in these barbarous times was the only institution that leaned mercifully towards the poor. The nobles viewed themselves as almost a different order of beings from the common people : their persons were sacred ; and they had the power of life and death over their dependants. Among the serfs or common people there were various ranks and gradations ; but, politically, the great mass of the inhabitants of Poland were a degraded order : they do not make any appearance in what is usually called history ; and what we term Polish history is, in fact, the history of the Polish nobles. The agricultural serfs, who were the most numerous, appear to have been sunk in the lowest depths of ignorance and animalism ; but in the towns, such as Posen, Warsaw, and Bromberg, the serfs, who pursued various crafts, were considerably higher in the scale of civilisation.

The Jagellon dynasty becoming extinct in 1572, the plan of elective monarchy was adopted ; the election being reposed in the hands of the legislature, which consisted of two chambers—the chamber of

senators or chief nobles, and the chamber of nuncios or representatives of the other nobles; and the king, with these two chambers, constituted the Polish diet. When the king wished to hold a diet or parliament, which was generally every two years, he sent letters-patent to the palatines of the kingdom—that is, the chief officers in each palatinate—stating his intention to hold the diet, and also giving a brief list of the subjects which would come under its consideration. The nobles of the various palatinates then met and elected their deputies, three for each palatinate, giving them at the same time certain instructions for their conduct at the ensuing diet. When the day arrived appointed for the holding of the diet, the king, the senators, and the deputies assembled at the place of meeting, which was usually Warsaw; and the three orders sat in the same hall, some distinctions of etiquette being observed between the superior and inferior nobles, but all enjoying equal legislative influence. Originally, the Polish diets were characterised by honesty and zeal for the general good; but latterly, the members became venal and corrupt. There were also certain absurd customs, the observance of which prevented anything like vigorous government. One of these was the custom of restricting the sittings of the diets to the period of six weeks—a custom which was so rigorously observed, that when the six weeks were ended, the diet would break up in the midst of the most important business. Another absurd regulation was that which obliged every vote to be unanimous—a regulation which compelled the diet to pass not the best measures, but only those which should please everybody. Not only so, but every one of the whole series of measures proposed in the diet required to be passed unanimously, otherwise the whole series fell to the ground. Thus a single negative vote in the sixth week would overturn the whole work of the session. This was called the *liberum veto*.

The king had extremely little power in the diet: his suggestions were as liable to criticism as those of an ordinary member. Besides the deputies from the palatinates, deputies from several of the cities had seats in the diet. The Prussian provinces of Poland had a separate legislature; but on occasions of general importance, such as the election of the king, they sent representatives to the diet.

Such is a sketch of the constitution of Poland as it existed from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century. It was a republic of nobles, governed by a legislature and a chief magistrate of its own choosing; and resting upon a population of serfs, who had no voice in public affairs, but whose business it was to labour for the subsistence of the whole community.

The first king elected according to the new order of things was Henry of Valois, brother to Charles IX. of France. The reign of Henry, however, was short; for his brother, Charles IX., dying in 1574, leaving him his successor, Henry secretly slipped out of Poland,

to take possession of a throne which he thought preferable to that which he already occupied. In July 1575, therefore, the Poles declared the throne vacant, and elected Stephen Bathori, a man of energy and vigorous talent, who had raised himself from the position of a plain Hungarian noble to that of sovereign prince of Transylvania. The glory of Bathori's reign consists in the success with which he maintained a long war against the Russians. Not only did he repel their invasions; he also made several victorious expeditions into the heart of Muscovy, returning with great spoil. No sooner was the war with Muscovy at an end, than he turned his arms against the Tartars of the eastern frontier, and, by means of his cavalry, cleared the Ukraine of these troublesome enemies, annexing its inhabitants, the Cossacks, to the dominion of Poland, and establishing among them some of the arts and institutions of civilised life. In the end of Bathori's reign, the Swedes began to imitate the Russians, and attempt to gain a footing in the Polish territories of the Baltic. Bathori was preparing to make war upon them, when he was cut off by death in the year 1586.

Four candidates now appeared for the throne of Poland—two princes of the House of Austria; Fedor Ivanovitch, the Czar of Muscovy; and Sigismund Vasa, son of John III., king of Sweden. The election, after a struggle, fell upon the last, who accordingly ascended the Polish throne, which he occupied for the long period of forty-five years, during the whole of which the political history of Poland is mixed up with that of Russia and Sweden. This Sigismund was succeeded in 1632 by his son, Wladislas, who was elected without opposition. His reign, which lasted till his death in 1648, was noted for a series of wars with Muscovites, Turks, and Swedes; and that of his brother and successor, John Casimir, was still more distinguished by an invasion of Tartars and Cossacks, united with an outbreak of serfs and rebel nobles. In 1668, John Casimir, whose disposition had always been that of a monk rather than that of a king, resigned his throne, and retired to France, where he died as Abbé de St Germain in 1672. He left the kingdom shorn of a considerable part of its ancient dominions; for, besides that portion of it which had been annexed to Muscovy, Poland sustained another loss in this reign by the erection of the Polish dependency of Brandenburg into an independent state—the germ of the present Prussian kingdom.

For two years after the abdication of John Casimir, the country was in a state of turmoil and confusion, caused partly by the recent calamities, and partly by intrigues regarding the succession; but in 1670, a powerful faction of the inferior nobles secured the election of Michael Wisniowiecki, an amiable but silly young man. His election gave rise to great dissatisfaction among the Polish grandees; and it is probable that a civil war would have broken out, had not the Poles been called upon to use all their energies against their

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old enemies the Turks. Crossing the south-eastern frontier of Poland with an immense army, these formidable foes swept all before them. Polish valour, even when commanded by the greatest of Polish geniuses, was unable to check their progress; and in 1672 a dishonourable treaty was concluded, by which Poland ceded to Turkey a section of her territories, and engaged to pay to the sultan an annual tribute of 22,000 ducats. No sooner was this ignominious treaty concluded, than the Polish nobles became ashamed of it; and it was resolved to break the peace, and challenge Turkey once more to a decisive death-grapple. Luckily, at this moment Wisniowiecki died; and on the 20th of April 1674, the Polish diet elected, as his successor, John Sobieski—a name illustrious in the history of Poland, and on which we may for a moment pause.

JOHN SOBIESKI.

John Sobieski was born, in the summer of 1629, at Olesko, a little place in Black Russia, at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains, on the confines of Lithuania and Poland, and in the centre of the most elevated plateau of these countries. He was of a noble family, his father being castellan of Cracow, and the proprietor of princely estates; and his mother being descended from Zalkiewski, one of the most celebrated generals that Poland had produced. John and an elder brother named Mark spent their early years on their father's estates, and received an education corresponding to their high station. When John was sixteen years of age, the two brothers went to complete their education at Paris, where they served some time in the body-guards of Louis XIV. After a residence of some years in France, the brothers travelled into Italy, and thence into Turkey, then at peace with Poland; and they were in Constantinople at the time when the insurrection of serfs broke out in Poland on the occasion of the Cossack invasion. The two Sobieskis, on receiving intelligence of this insurrection, immediately left Constantinople, and hurried home to commence active service with John Casimir in the loyal Polish army. In one engagement with the Tartars, the elder brother Mark was killed. John continued to serve during the war, rising from rank to rank, till, in the year 1660, he was one of the commanders of the Polish army sent to repel the Russians, who were ravaging the eastern provinces of the kingdom. A great victory which he gained at Slobadyssa over the Muscovite general Sheremetoff, established his military reputation, and from that time the name of Sobieski was known over all Eastern Europe. His fame increased during the six years which followed, till he outshone all his contemporaries. He was created by his sovereign, John Casimir, first the Grand-marshal, and afterwards the Grand-hetman of the kingdom; the first being the highest civil, and the second the highest military, dignity in Poland, and the two having never

before been held in conjunction by the same individual. These dignities, having once been conferred on Sobieski, could not be revoked; for, by the Polish constitution, the king, though he had the power to confer honours, was not permitted to resume them.

In 1667, a second army of Cossacks and Tartars invaded Poland, and the task of repelling them devolved on Sobieski, as Grand-hetman. Raising at his own expense an army of 20,000 men, he marched to meet the invaders. His efforts were successful; the Cossacks and Tartars, baffled and defeated, were obliged to sue for peace; and the Polish republic, which all Europe had expected to see extinguished, owed its deliverance to Sobieski.

When John Casimir abdicated the throne, Sobieski, retaining his office of Grand-hetman under his successor, the feeble Wisniowiecki, was commander-in-chief of the Polish forces against the Turks. In the campaigns of 1671 and 1672, his successes against this powerful enemy were almost miraculous. But all his exertions were insufficient, in the existing condition of the republic, to deliver it from the terror of the impetuous Mussulmans. In 1672, as we have already informed our readers, a disgraceful truce was concluded between the Polish diet and the sultan. The republic was now racked by internal convulsions; nobles, serfs, and clergy contending with each other, and a large faction of the nobility being inclined to dethrone Wisniowiecki, and attempt a complete revolution in the government. With this party Sobieski had no sympathy; and finding that his services at Warsaw were of no avail, he retired to his estates.

Meanwhile the revolutionary party were busy at Warsaw. They had formed themselves (as was customary among the Polish nobles, when they aimed at any object which could not be discussed in a diet) into a body called the Royal Confederation, and were proceeding to carry out their plans for remodelling the constitution. Before this self-elected body, some private enemy of Sobieski impeached him as a traitor. They summoned him to Warsaw to defend himself. Sobieski came—accompanied, however, by a retinue of the highest nobles, and some regiments of horse. The court and the accuser were abashed. Sobieski, acting in his capacity as Grand-marshal of Poland, denounced the Royal Confederation as illegal, and insisted on its being changed into a constitutional diet. The demand was complied with. The men who had joined in accusing him were now the most lavish in his praises, as a 'hero into whom the souls of all preceding heroes had passed;' he was triumphantly acquitted of all the charges that had been brought against him; and the man who had impeached him was condemned to death. When, in conclusion, Sobieski, as Grand-hetman, advised the immediate rupture of the dishonourable treaty with the Turks, their approval was unanimous and enthusiastic.

Raising an army of 30,000 men, not without difficulty, Sobieski

marched against the Turks. He laid siege to the fortress of Kotzim, garrisoned by a strong Turkish force, and hitherto deemed impregnable. The fortress was taken; the provinces of Moldavia and Walachia yielded; the Turks hastily retreated across the Danube; and 'Europe thanked God for the most signal success which, for three centuries, Christendom had gained over the Infidel.' While the Poles were preparing to follow up their victory, intelligence reached the camp that Wisniowiecki was dead. He had died of a surfeit of apples sent him from Danzig. The army returned home, to be present at the assembling of the diet for the election of the new sovereign.

The diet had already met when Sobieski, and those of the Polish nobles who had been with him, reached Warsaw. The electors were divided respecting the claims of two candidates, both foreigners—Charles of Lorraine, who was supported by Austria; and Philip of Neuburg, who was supported by Louis XIV. of France. Many of the Polish nobility had become so corrupt, that foreign gold and foreign influence ruled the diet. In this case, the Austrian candidate seemed to be most favourably received; but, as the diet was engaged in the discussion, Sobieski entered, and taking his place in the diet, proposed the Prince of Condé. A stormy discussion ensued, in the midst of which the cry of 'Let a Pole rule over Poland,' was raised by one of the nobles, who further proposed that John Sobieski should be elected. The proposition went with the humour of the assembly, and Sobieski, under the title of John III., was proclaimed king of Poland (1674).

Sobieski accepted the proffered honour, and immediately set about improving the national affairs, founding an institution for the education of Polish nobles, and increasing the army. The nation being placed in a critical position as respects the encroachments of the Turks, at that time a powerful and dreaded enemy in Europe, the leading idea of Sobieski was to attack, and, by a series of movements, drive this Asiatic people out of their possessions, and, if possible, restore the Byzantine empire. Such was the magnificent scheme to the execution of which he devoted himself, and in which he endeavoured to engage the co-operation of the great European powers. As the Turks had already threatened to invade Italy, and seize on Rome, as they had formerly done on Constantinople, the pope, as was natural, seems most eagerly to have entered into his views.

After several battles of lesser moment with his Turkish foes, Sobieski prepared for a grand effort; but before he could mature his plans, the Pasha of Damascus appeared with an army of 300,000 men on the Polish frontier, and threatened the national subjugation. With the small force he could immediately collect, amounting to not more than 10,000 soldiers, Sobieski opposed this enormous force, taking up his position in two small villages on the banks of the Dniester, where he withstood a bombardment for twenty days. Food

and ammunition had failed, but still the Poles held out. Gathering the balls and shells which the enemy threw within their intrenchments, they thrust them into their own cannons and mortars, and dashed them back against the faces of the Turks, who surrounded them on all sides at the distance of a musket-shot. The besiegers were surprised, and slackened their fire. At length, early in the morning of the 14th of October 1676, they saw the Poles issue slowly out of their intrenchments in order of battle, and apparently confident of victory. A superstitious fear came over them at such a strange sight. No ordinary mortal, they thought, could dare such a thing ; and the Tartars cried out that it was useless to fight against the wizard king. The pasha himself was superior to the fears of his men ; but knowing that succours were approaching from Poland, he offered an honourable peace, which was accepted, and Sobieski returned home in triumph.

Seven years of peace followed. These were spent by Sobieski in performing his ordinary duties as king of Poland—duties which the constant jealousies and discords of the nobles rendered by no means easy. He found himself especially checked in all that he undertook by the inordinate and morbid love of independence which animated the Polish nobles, and prevented them from agreeing in measures which, however salutary for the nation, might have a tendency to increase the power of the king. He also felt particularly the defects of the Polish constitution ; above all, the preposterous arrangement, that every act of the diet must be passed unanimously. Struggling against these political vexations, Sobieski had an additional torment in his domestic relations ; his wife, a Frenchwoman, giving him daily uneasiness by her conduct. It was almost a relief to the hero when, in 1683, a threatened invasion of Christendom by the Turks called him again to the field.

The Turks had been long preparing this invasion, resolved that it should surpass in magnitude all previous ones. The point of Christendom against which the attack was to be directed was not Poland, but Austria. The subtle genius of Louis XIV. of France was concerned in this : he had intrigued with the sultan, in order that, by means of a Turkish invasion, he might weaken those European nations to whose interests he was unfriendly ; and that the invasion might be the more successful, he was at this moment endeavouring to excite a conspiracy among the Polish nobles, with a view to the deposition of Sobieski, of whom alone the Turks stood in dread. The intrigue was discovered by means of a letter to Louis from the French ambassador, which Sobieski intercepted. Summoning a diet, he read the letter, which implicated several nobles present in the conspiracy ; but cunningly expressed his belief that the charge against them was a forgery. 'But,' added he, 'to convince the world that it is so, you must declare war against the Turks.' War was accordingly declared.

Meanwhile the Turks, under the vizier, Kara Mustapha, were scouring the plains of Hungary. All Europe was in consternation when it was discovered that they were marching against the Austrian capital, Vienna. The Emperor Leopold fled, with his court, leaving his dominions to be defended by Charles, Duke of Lorraine, who had been Sobieski's rival for the Polish throne. On the 15th of July the siege of Vienna was begun. Who now could save Christendom but Sobieski? Courier after courier was despatched by the pope and by the emperor to implore his assistance. Austria being no friend to Poland, and having in various ways deserved ill at the hands of Sobieski, it was feared he would refuse his help, and leave Vienna to its fate. But in the soul of Sobieski hatred to the Turks was a profound and earnest feeling, to which all mere personal animosity, all mere political reasoning, gave way. He could not, he dared not remain at ease, and see a Christian city besieged by Mohammedans. Assembling his forces, he marched to Vienna; all Europe looking with anxiety for the result.

At Heilbronn, Sobieski joined his forces with those of the Duke of Lorraine; and on the 11th of September 1683, the allied army reached the summit of the Calenburg, from which were seen the towers of Vienna, and far spreading round the city, the gilded tents of the Turkish army. On the 12th of September, having heard mass, and communicated—a pious practice which he never neglected when a battle was impending—the king descended the mountain, to encounter the dense hosts of the Moslems on the plains below. ‘The shouts of the Christian army bore to the enemy the dreaded name of Sobieski. The latter were driven to their intrenchments after some time. On contemplating these works, Sobieski deemed them too strong and too formidably defended to be forced. Five o’clock in the afternoon had sounded, and he had given up for the day all hope of the grand struggle, when the provoking composure of Kara Mustapha, whom he espied in a splendid tent, tranquilly taking coffee with his two sons, roused him to such a pitch that he instantly gave orders for a general assault. It was made simultaneously on the wings and centre. He made towards the pasha’s tent, bearing down all opposition, and repeating with a loud voice : *“Non nobis, non nobis, Domine exercituum, sed nomini tuo da gloriam”*—(Not unto us, not unto us, Lord of Hosts, but to thy name be the glory). He was soon recognised by Tartar and Cossack, who had so often beheld him blazing in the van of the Polish chivalry. They drew back, while his name rapidly passed from one extremity to the other of the Ottoman lines, to the dismay of those who had refused to believe him present. “Allah,” said the Tartar khan, “but the wizard is with them sure enough.” At that moment the hussars, raising their national cry of “God for Poland!” cleared a ditch which would long have arrested the infantry, and dashed into the ranks of the enemy. They were a

gallant band : their appearance almost justified the saying of one of their kings, that "if the sky itself were to fall, they would bear it up on the points of their lances." The shock was rude, and for some minutes doubtful ; but the valour of the Poles, still more the reputation of their leader, routed these immense hosts. They gave way on every side ; the khan was borne along with the stream to the tent of the now despairing vizier. "Canst not *thou* help me?" said Mustapha to the brave Tartar : "then I am lost indeed." "The Polish king is there," replied the other ; "I know him well. Did I not tell thee that all we could do was to get away as quickly as possible?" Still the vizier attempted to make a stand—in vain. With tears in his eyes, he embraced his sons, and, following the universal example, fled. Europe was saved.*

After this great victory, Sobieski and his troops entered Vienna, and divine service was performed in the cathedral. Sobieski was kneeling on the steps of the altar, when a priest read aloud the text from Scripture—'There was a man sent from God, whose name was John.' The effect upon the audience was electrical ; they acknowledged the application by marks of vehement emotion. The whole Christian world responded to the sentiment. 'Protestants as well as Catholics caught the enthusiasm. Every pulpit, at Mentz as at Venice, in England as in Spain, resounded with the praises of the victor. At Rome the rejoicings continued a whole month. Innocent XI., bathed in tears of gratitude and joy, remained for hours prostrate before a crucifix.' Christendom was saved from a Mohammedan conquest ; and the hero to whom all the nations of Europe attributed the glorious achievement was John Sobieski.

After completely clearing Austria of the Turks, Sobieski returned to Poland, again to be harassed with political and domestic annoyances. To such a height did the spirit of anarchy reach, that not only were all his efforts for the good of the country thwarted, but he himself became the object of calumny. He was called a tyrant, a traitor, a destroyer of liberty ; he was even challenged by one of his nobles to fight a duel. In this anarchy Sobieski saw too fearfully foreshadowed the downfall of Poland. At the close of the diet of 1688, he addressed the assembled nobles in these foreboding words : 'I am no believer in auguries ; but, as a Christian, I believe that the power and justice of Him who made the universe regulates the destinies of states. Wherever, therefore, during the lifetime of the prince, crime is attempted with impunity, where altar is raised against altar, and strange gods followed under the very eye of the true one, there I believe the vengeance of the Most High has already begun its work.' Sobieski then expressed a wish to resign his throne. His nobles, alarmed and conscience-stricken, persuaded him to retain it. The remaining years of his life, embittered by

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family griefs and by sad anticipations of his country's fortune, were spent in the cultivation of literature and in religious exercises. Clogged and confined by an absurd system of government, to which the nobles tenaciously clung, his genius was prevented from employing itself with effect upon great national objects. He died suddenly on Corpus Christi Day, in the year 1696; and 'with him,' says the historian, 'the glory of Poland descended to the tomb.'

SWEDISH AND RUSSIAN DOMINATION.

On the death of Sobieski, the crown of Poland was disposed of to the highest bidder. The competitors were James Sobieski, the son of John; the Prince of Conti; the Elector of Bavaria; and Frederick Augustus, Elector of Saxony. The last was the successful candidate, having bought over one half of the Polish nobility, and terrified the other half by the approach of his Saxon troops. He had just succeeded to the electorate of Saxony, and was already celebrated as one of the strongest and most handsome men in Europe.

Augustus entertained a great ambition to be a conqueror, and the particular province which he wished to annex to Poland was Livonia, on the Baltic—a province which had originally belonged to the Teutonic Knights; for which the Swedes, Poles, and Russians had long contended; but which had now, for nearly a century, been in the possession of Sweden. The Czar of Russia, Peter the Great, had also a craving for a slice of Swedish territory; and the two monarchs concluded an alliance, by which Russia and Poland were bound to assist each other in shattering the power of Sweden, and wresting from her all her provinces on the shores of the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland. In prosecution of this scheme, Augustus marched into Livonia, and laid siege to Riga.

But the two monarchs, when they resolved to crush Sweden, had little calculated on the resistance they would meet with. The Swedish throne was then filled by Charles XII., a lad of seventeen, who as yet had exhibited no symptoms of extraordinary ability, and was noted only for his love of hardy sports, and a strange, wild obstinacy of disposition. But when intelligence reached Sweden that Riga was besieged, and that the czar and the Polish king were leagued together for the purpose of curtailing the Swedish power, the sleeping lion was roused within him. From that moment Charles XII. became the terror of Europe. Abandoning pleasure, ease, study, comfort, nay, even all the ordinary conveniences of life, wearing the coarsest clothes, 'the waistcoat and breeches of leather, and so greasy that they might be fried,' dispensing with the use of a comb, and spreading his bread and butter at meals with his thumbs, he devoted himself from that time to war, and war only.

Augustus had roused an enemy of a far more formidable character than he was at first aware of. Compelled, by the activity of Charles

—who had already fought his maiden battle against the Russians—to raise the siege of Riga, he withdrew into Poland. Livonia was speedily re-occupied by the Swedes, who defeated and expelled the Saxon forces of Augustus. Augustus at first hoped to make up his losses by the assistance of the Polish army; but the Poles, divided amongst themselves, and incensed at the conduct of Augustus, in bringing them into a war which they would have wished to avoid, as well as in introducing so many Saxons into Poland, shewed no alacrity in co-operating with him, but, on the contrary, seemed perfectly disposed to admit the Swedish troops into the kingdom. The senate even resolved to send an embassy to Charles in Lithuania in the name of the Polish republic; and Charles, though he had refused to treat with Augustus, expressed his willingness to receive an embassy from the nation. As, however, the ambassadors were cautious and prevaricating, and did not appear sufficiently submissive, Charles did not make any answer to their proposals, but said he would give one at the gates of Warsaw. Accordingly, quitting Lithuania, he marched into Poland, and on the 5th of May 1702 arrived at Warsaw, from which Augustus had just taken his departure, with a view to raise some troops in Saxony. Charles had an interview with Radjowski the primate, in which he declared that ‘he would never give the Poles peace till they had elected another king.’ It was not long before he accomplished his wish. Pursuing Augustus from one place to another, and defeating him wherever the two armies came to an engagement, he at length expelled him from the kingdom, and forced the diet to pass a resolution ‘declaring Augustus, Elector of Saxony, incapable of wearing the crown of Poland.’

It was intended both by Charles and by the Radjowski party in Poland that James Sobieski should be elected king; but this intention was frustrated by a bold step on the part of the dethroned Augustus, who succeeded in carrying off Sobieski from his residence at Breslau. Alexander Sobieski, the brother of James, was then thought of; but he declined the offer, refusing to obtain a crown by his brother’s misfortune. The Polish diet sent to consult Charles as to what should be done in this dilemma. Their ambassador was Stanislas Lesczinski, the young palatine of Posnania, son of Raphael Lesczinski, Grand-treasurer of Poland, the descendant and representative of a House so illustrious in ancient Polish history, that it was said that ‘he who did not know the family of the Lesczinskis, knew nothing of Poland.’ The young palatine so pleased the Swedish king, that he resolved to appoint him to the vacant throne, as a ‘man fitter than any he had seen to reconcile all parties.’ Lesczinski was accordingly elected without opposition on the 12th of July 1704.

For nearly two years, a contest was carried on between the two rival kings of Poland; at length, however, Augustus was reduced

to such straits that he was obliged to accept whatever terms Charles chose to offer. The sum of these was, that he should abdicate all pretension to the Polish crown now and for ever. Augustus was forced to comply; and after an interview with Charles at Guntersdorf, in which the conqueror would converse about nothing but a pair of jack-boots, which he said had lasted him six years, he wrote a humble letter to his rival Stanislas, congratulating him on his accession to the crown, and expressing a hope that his subjects would be more faithful to their new king than they had been to the old one. He then withdrew into Saxony, and gave up all connection with Poland.

Having thus settled the affairs of Poland, Charles, after displaying his influence in various parts of Germany, prepared for a decisive struggle with his grand enemy the Czar of Russia, a man as extraordinary as himself, and of much greater genius. Hitherto, in the battles between the Russians and the Swedes, the Swedes had almost always gained the victory; but for this, Peter, who knew that the Swedish superiority lay in their discipline, and who was resolved to make good soldiers out of his own half-savage subjects, was quite prepared. 'I know,' he used to say, 'the Swedes will go on beating us for a long time; but with such capital teaching, we shall be able at last to beat them.' Now, however, Charles was resolved to invade Russia, and dethrone the czar as he had the Polish king. Marching in the dead of winter through the Ukraine, the inhabitants of which had revolted from the czar, he announced his intention of proceeding straight to Moscow. To the hardy Swedes, trained under such a captain, no climate was too severe, no enterprise too arduous. The czar, who no doubt knew that the military education he meant to give his subjects was not yet complete, shewed some symptoms of alarm; and wishing to defer the invasion, sent some pacific proposals to the Swedish monarch. 'I will treat with the czar at Moscow,' was the reply. When this reply was reported to Peter, 'My brother Charles,' said he, 'still sticks, I see, to the notion of acting Alexander; but I flatter myself he will not find a Darius in me.'

Charles did *not* find a Darius in the Russian czar: the expedition to Moscow proved as fatal to him as it did to Napoleon a hundred years afterwards. He had penetrated to within a hundred leagues of Moscow, when the failure of provisions obliged him to turn aside from the direct road into the country inhabited by the Cossacks; and here, on the 8th of July 1709, was fought the great battle of Pultowa, in which the czar was victorious, and the Swedes were totally routed. Charles having in this one battle lost the fruits of all his former victories, fled into the Turkish dominions, where, attended by a few Poles and Swedes, he remained for nearly four years, notwithstanding all the efforts of the sultan and his council to induce him to depart. His obstinacy, which obtained for him the

name of the *Iron Head*, would not allow him to return to Sweden until he had redeemed part of his losses, and he hoped to persuade the Turks to send an army to invade Russia.

The battle of Pultowa changed the fate of Europe, and in a particular manner that of Poland. Augustus, freed from the fear of the Swedish king, now an exile in Turkey, and having obtained leave from the pope to break his oath abdicating the Polish crown, immediately advanced into Poland; and his rival, Stanislas Lesczinski, too weak to meet him, was obliged to quit the country, and joined his master in Turkey, where he was detained a prisoner by the Turks. On his release, he retired to an estate granted him by Charles; and little else remains to be related about him, except that his daughter became queen of France, having married Louis XV. He died in 1766, and left several published works.

Augustus II. was now, for the second time, king of Poland. The change was by no means an advantageous one for the country. True, Stanislas had been a mere nominee of Charles XII., and Poland, under him, had been little better than a Swedish province; still Charles had been a generous master; and the restoration of Augustus, instead of bringing back independence to Poland, had only placed it under the harsher and less tolerable domination of Russia. Augustus was not popular among his Polish subjects, and it was only by the assistance of foreign powers that he retained his throne. Of all these powers, Russia possessed the greatest appetite for conquest. Poland was a country upon which Russia had already fixed her greedy eye; and the first step towards its acquisition was the reduction of the national Polish army from 100,000 to 20,000 men. This and other measures were carried by Augustus II., at the prompting of Russia. 'Augustus II.,' says a Polish historian, 'brought peace to Poland, but it was the peace of the tomb.'

He died in 1733, and was succeeded by his son, Augustus III. Like his father, Augustus III. was both king of Poland and Elector of Saxony. As king of Poland, he shewed even less capacity than his father. As he owed the crown to Russian influence, so, during his whole reign, Russian influence was supreme. Augustus usually resided in Dresden, his Saxon capital, where he obtained some reputation as a person of taste and a patron of the fine arts; and as St Petersburg was more truly the centre of the Polish government than Dresden, the Russian capital became the resort of the Poles. Augustus III. died at Dresden in 1763. His daughter, Maria Josepha, became the wife of the Dauphin of France, and the mother of three French monarchs—the unfortunate Louis XVI., and his brothers Louis XVIII. and Charles X.

About a year elapsed before a successor was appointed to Augustus, and this interval was, as usual, one of anarchy and confusion. There were at this time two parties among the Polish grandees—the Radzivil, or republican party, who were for keeping

up the government of Poland in its existing republican form ; and the Czartoryski, or monarchical party, who perceived the evils arising from such a system of government, and wished to change it into a well-organised monarchy. The former relied on German and French influence ; the latter looked for help from Russia. Mixed up with these political differences, there were differences of a religious kind. The power of the Jesuits had of late been increasing in Poland, and in 1736 they were able to procure an act of the Polish diet, depriving dissenters of access to public offices, and of many other important civil rights ; in fact, reducing them to the same level as the Polish Jews. Ever since that time, the spirit of religious controversy had run high in Poland. The Czartoryski party inclined to the Roman Catholic side ; the Radzivil party were in favour of the toleration of Protestants.

The Czartoryski party triumphed over the other in the election of the new king. With the assistance of a Russian force, which Catharine II. of Russia sent into Poland, they secured the election of Count Stanislas Poniatowski, a relative of the Czartoryski family, and a favourite of the Russian empress. At the same diet the Czartoryski party effected several salutary reforms in the Polish constitution, abolishing, among other things, the absurd custom by which the *veto* of a single member was permitted to dissolve the diet. Altogether, they effected a very desirable revolution in the Polish political system, although the merit of what they did is greatly detracted from by the fact, that they procured at the same time a more stringent act against dissenters.

No sooner had Count Poniatowski, under the title of Stanislas Augustus, ascended the Polish throne—the last who was to ascend it—than the Russian empress found that the changes which the Czartoryski party had effected with her help were injurious to her influence over Poland ; and Catharine was not a woman to suffer any loss of power. She had a good pretext for interfering in the affairs of Poland, inasmuch as Russia was one of the European powers which had guaranteed the treaty of Oliva in 1660, by which the Polish Protestants were secured liberty of conscience. As soon as Poniatowski was crowned, Russia, along with Prussia, Denmark, and Great Britain, remonstrated with the Polish diet against its recent act of bigotry, by which the dissenters were excluded from civil rights. The Polish Protestants, as well as those who, without being Protestants, were in favour of toleration, of course felt themselves indebted to Russia, and supported the Russian interests. In this way, partly by the growth of a Russian party in the Polish diet, partly by the terror caused by the presence of Russian troops, all the reforms of the Czartoryski party were annulled, and the old constitution revived. The Catholic party, however, headed by the Bishop of Cracow, was still strong enough to prevent the repeal of the act against dissenters ; and it was not till after a severe struggle,

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during which the bishop and some other principal men of the Catholic party were carried off by Russian detachments, and sent to Siberia, that the intolerant statute was abolished. At length, in 1768, Russia succeeded in becoming absolute in Poland, and ruling the diet. Poniatowski was a mere underling of Catharine ; he encouraged literature, and did as much good as his position allowed, but he was not an independent sovereign.

Here may be said to close the history of Poland as an independent country, and we may be allowed to take a momentary glance at its condition. Consisting of a large and fertile territory, with a fine climate, and traversed by magnificent rivers ; independent also, and capable of maintaining a respectable footing in the list of nations, this unfortunate country appears to have at no time pursued a tranquil and prosperous career. All the blessings which nature lavished upon it were unable to give it happiness. There was clearly but one cause for this—its wretched political constitution. The principle of electing its kings introduced endless cabals and commotions ; and although occasionally governed by a man like Sobieski, the nation was in point of fact under the thralldom of one of the least intelligent and most intractable oligarchies the world has ever seen. The natural consequences of this species of misrule were now manifest. A foreign power, urged by ambition, and with the plausible excuse of securing toleration in religion, had succeeded in undermining Polish independence. Though leaving Poland its king and other externals of an independent nation, Russia was now the actual ruler of the state.

PARTITIONING AND FINAL DISMEMBERMENT OF POLAND.

There were not wanting patriotic spirits who watched with grief the increase of Russian influence, and were resolved to make Poland again independent. These patriots, consisting of the relics of the Czartoryski party, and of all the chief Catholic nobles, formed themselves into a confederacy, called the Confederacy of Bar ; and from 1768 to 1771, they kept the country in a state of civil war, by incessantly fighting with the Russian troops who surrounded the king, as well as with those of their fellow-countrymen who, being Protestants, adhered to Russia. In these engagements the confederates were always beaten by the Russians ; until, in 1771, being reinforced by secret assistance from France, they were able to act more vigorously, and even to gain partial successes. Russia, however, obtained speedy assistance from her allies, Prussia and Austria ; and the confederates were utterly crushed by the joint armies of these three powers. Thus were the last hopes of Polish independence destroyed.

The introduction of foreign troops proved disastrous. Frederick II. of Prussia had long coveted the western portion of Poland, and

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had already, in the course of the recent disturbances, filled it with Prussian troops. Seeing, however, now that the war was concluded, that he would be obliged to relinquish his prize, unless he could persuade his two allies, Russia and Austria, to allow him to retain it, he planned the partition of Poland—that is, the cutting off from Poland a large portion of her territories, to be divided among the three allied powers. He was to retain for himself those provinces on which he had already set his heart, and Russia and Austria were to select what other portions they liked best. This proposal was made first to the emperor of Austria, and then to the empress of Russia; and a satisfactory agreement having been come to, a treaty was signed by the plenipotentiaries of the three powers in February 1772, by which Poland was to be deprived of 82,000 square miles of her territory, or nearly one-third of the whole. Although Great Britain, France, Sweden, and Denmark protested against this monstrous act of usurpation, yet, as their interference amounted to nothing but a protest, the allies persevered in carrying their plan into execution. To give a colour of legality to their proceedings, they assembled the Polish diet in April 1773, and caused the scheme to be submitted to it. Many of the senators and nuncios behaved nobly on the occasion; the king was resolute in behalf of independence; but at length threats and bribery prevailed, and the act of dismemberment was passed.

This calamity would have been a matter of little consequence, if it had restored the Poles to unanimity, and opened their eyes to their own faults and follies. It failed in any such effect. Instead of laying aside minor differences, and uniting against the common enemy, the nobles still squabbled and set up divisions; and not a few of them, to their great disgrace, accepted bribes from their oppressors. Yet, with every vile influence that could be brought to bear, the nation generally was indignant, and for twenty years entertained hopes of recovering its lost territory and independent position. Among the nobles, there were many patriotic and enlightened men laboriously exerting themselves, by means of personal influence and political confederacy, as well as through the press, to reanimate the national spirit. Under the auspices of these men a reaction was begun, which succeeded so far, that, in the year 1791, a new constitution was agreed upon by the diet. In this new constitution many of the old forms were purposely preserved; but the reform which it aimed at effecting was a very sweeping one, as may be judged by the following selection from its provisions. Slavery was to be abolished, and every inhabitant of Poland to become a free man; the Roman Catholic religion was to be established by law, but all other forms of worship were to be tolerated; instead of a single diet as heretofore, there were to be two legislative chambers, one of senators, the other of representatives; these parliaments were to meet at any time, and were not to be restricted in the length of their sittings,

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and the *liberum veto* was to be abolished ; the free royal towns were to have municipal governments ; and the king, instead of being elective, was henceforth to be hereditary—the Saxon line to succeed after the death of Poniatowski.

These proposals for reform came a hundred years too late. Poland was already in the jaws of destruction. Russia, which watched the proceedings of the diet, resolved to interfere ; nor were there wanting among the Poles men corrupt enough to be her agents. Catharine sent her armies into Poland ; the king of Prussia, who was pledged to assist the patriots, deserted them in their extremity ; the Russian party among the Polish nobility exerted their strength ; the feeble Stanislas betrayed the trust reposed in him—and the work of the grand diet was overthrown. Not only so, but, to punish Poland for rebelling against her Prussian master and her Russian mistress, a second partition of her territories took place in 1793, by which she lost 118,000 square miles of her remaining territory, 22,000 of which were annexed to Prussia, and the other 96,000 to Russia. The Polish territories were thus reduced to less than one-third of their ancient extent.

One struggle more, the last and the bravest, and Poland was to be blotted from the map of Europe. The two names most illustrious in this final struggle, or at least best known in connection with it, are Julian Ursin Niemcewicz and Thaddeus Kosciuszko, both of them Lithuanians, the one born in 1757, the other in 1746. Kosciuszko, when a young officer in the Polish army, had formed an attachment to Louisa Sosnowski, daughter of Joseph Sosnowski, Grand-marshal of Lithuania. Her parents forbidding her union with one whose rank was so inferior to her own, she consented to elope with him. The lovers were pursued and overtaken ; Kosciuszko drew his sword, but was overpowered, and left on the ground weltering in his blood, all that remained to him of his bride being a white handkerchief which she had dropped, and which ever afterwards, by day and night, and in the hottest hour of battle, he carried next his heart. Kosciuszko went to America, where the war of independence was then raging ; and after serving with distinction on the side of the colonists, and attaining the rank of general of brigade, he returned to his native country, where, being created major-general in the Polish army by Stanislas, he fought in behalf of the independence of Poland. In 1792, when the Russians had completely crushed the power of Poland, he retired into exile at Leipsic, where he was when the second partition took place. His friend and co-patriot, Niemcewicz, was not only a soldier, like Kosciuszko, but likewise a poet and a statesman—one of the highest names in the history of Polish literature. He had been a member of the great diet which prepared the new constitution, and had exerted his powers, both as a journalist and as a dramatist, to inspire his countrymen with the same ardent enthusiasm which

burned in his own breast. But the poetical genius of Niemcewicz was not more effective against the Russian power than the valour of his friend Kosciuszko ; and before the second partition took place, he had retired into Italy.

Kosciuszko at Leipsic, and Niemcewicz in Italy, were looking eagerly towards Poland, watching for an opportunity of once more raising the standard of independence, when intelligence was brought them that, in consequence of the second partition, the whole country, and especially the capital, Warsaw, was in a ferment. Hurrying from Leipsic, Kosciuszko appeared at Cracow on the 24th of March 1794, at the head of a small band of patriots. The news spread—‘Kosciuszko is here:’ nobles and citizens, peasants and handicraftsmen, poured in to join him ; ladies tore off their jewels to furnish the means of sustaining the revolt ; many of them even armed themselves to fight by the side of their husbands. Kosciuszko was created by the nobles general-in-chief of the Polish armies ; and the whole country became the scene of a terrible war. On the first rumour of the insurrection, Niemcewicz had hastened to join his friend. The struggle lasted six months. At first, the Poles gained considerable successes ; the Russians were driven out of Warsaw and many other places ; but on the 10th of October 1794, was fought the fatal battle of Maciejowice, in which the Poles were completely defeated, and Kosciuszko, Niemcewicz, and many other eminent patriots, taken prisoners. We shall copy the description of this last battle given by the pen of Niemcewicz himself in his *Notes on my Captivity in Russia*.

Receiving intelligence that the Russian army, under General Fersen, had crossed the Vistula near the village of Maciejowice, twenty Polish, or about eighty-four English miles from Warsaw, Kosciuszko resolved to give him battle, in order to prevent him from joining Suvorof. When he reached the spot, Kosciuszko found that some troops which he expected to join him had not done so ; but he could not avoid the battle. ‘On Friday the 10th October, at break of day, we were informed,’ says Niemcewicz, ‘that all the enemy’s army was advancing towards us in battle-array. Our little army stood in readiness to receive them. As the enemy had cannon of larger caliber than ours, they opened fire upon us at a great distance ; and their large balls, passing through the brambles, and smashing the boughs of trees with dreadful noise, were falling among us. We had only three or four twelve-pounders, and as soon as the enemy were within the proper distance, we fired upon them ; and with such effect that we could see their columns wavering, and panic spreading through their ranks. Our position was on a dry and elevated piece of ground, while the Russians were advancing over marshes, in which cannon and men were sinking at every step. The Russians seemed at one time to be on the point of giving up the attack, and retreating. But it proved soon to be quite the

contrary: the enemy, four times stronger than we, and having a large park of artillery, were not discouraged by the disadvantages of the *terrain*, but continued to advance. Their fire became more and more rapid; a shower of balls of every size, grape-shot, and grenades, spreading, as they burst, death on all sides, overwhelmed us.

'About twelve o'clock the fire became still more terrible: death was flying and striking everywhere: nearly all our artillery-horses were killed or maimed. Not one of us, however, left his place. The enemy were already within musket-shot, when the infantry began a terrible fire on both sides: the ground was covered with dead and wounded, and the air resounded with their groanings. The shower of bullets, with their shrill whistling, was so incessant, that I do not know how any of us escaped. In the meantime the ammunition was exhausted, and our artillery became entirely silent.

'While I was looking everywhere for General Kosciuszko, the loss of blood weakened me, and the sword fell from my hand. An officer seeing me in this condition, undid his neckcloth, and tied it round my arm. I found the general at last, engaged in rallying a small detachment of cavalry. His horse was killed by a cannon-shot, and he had just mounted another, when suddenly a new corps of the enemy's horse shewed itself on our front. We attacked and repulsed them; but all the Russian light dragoons soon rushed upon us; the Cossacks took us on the flanks: our little army gave way; and every one, for safety, betook himself to flight as well as he could, the wood promising to cover our retreat. I saw myself surrounded by a band of Cossacks. I had no sword; my pistols were discharged; and I could not raise my arm. They seized my horse by the bridle, and thus I was taken prisoner.'

Kosciuszko had fallen in leaping his horse over a ditch; he was taken prisoner, after having received terrible wounds. Niemcewicz describes his appearance when brought to the Russian head-quarters among the other prisoners. 'Between four and five o'clock in the evening we saw a detachment of soldiers approaching headquarters, and carrying upon a handbarrow, hastily constructed, a man half-dead. This was General Kosciuszko. His head and body covered with blood, contrasted in a dreadful manner with the livid paleness of his face. He had on his head a large wound from a sword, and three on his back above the loins, from the thrusts of a pike. He could scarcely breathe, and lay in a stupor. I spent the most miserable night that it could fall to the lot of mortal to endure. The dawn dissipated at last the horrible darkness. General Kosciuszko awoke like a man who had been in a profound lethargy, and seeing me wounded by his side, asked me what was the matter, and where we were. "Alas!" said I, "we are prisoners of the Russians."

Kosciuszko, Niemcewicz, Fischer, and the other Polish prisoners were carried to St Petersburg, where they were confined in separate

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cells by the orders of the empress. On Catharine's death, in 1796, they were released by her successor Paul. Kosciuszko and Niemcewicz went to America; the others were scattered over the world. Kosciuszko never recovered his health. Returning to Europe, he died in Switzerland, on the 15th of October 1817. Niemcewicz died in Paris, at an advanced age, in 1841.

The battle of Maciejowice decided the fate of Poland. Warsaw immediately capitulated; and the remaining 84,000 miles of Polish territory were parted among Russia, Prussia, and Austria; Russia, as usual, obtaining the largest share. Thus, in the year 1795, Poland was erased from the list of European states.

SUBSEQUENT HISTORY OF THE POLES.

From 1795 to 1815, the Poles entertained the hope of a restoration of their national independence by the assistance of France. Immediately after the dismemberment, a large body of Polish refugees offered to hire themselves as the soldiers of the French Directory; and the offer being accepted, a number of Polish regiments were levied under the command of their own leaders, which, distinguished by the name of the Polish Legions, continued to serve France during the Republic, and also under Napoleon. Their object was, in one point of view, a noble one; they hoped, by their bravery and earnestness in the French service, to earn from Napoleon the restoration of Polish liberty. Accordingly, after gaining many victories for Napoleon in all parts of the continent, as well as serving him in the West Indies, they were rewarded by having their wishes in part complied with. In 1806, Napoleon having gained an advantage over Prussia, with the assistance of the Poles, deprived that kingdom of nearly all that portion of Polish territory which it had acquired by the second and third partitions, amounting to 40,000 square miles, with upwards of 2,000,000 of inhabitants, and constituted it into an independent European state, under the name of the duchy of Warsaw, the ducal authority to be hereditary in the Saxon line. In 1809-10 this new Polish state was augmented by the addition of a large portion of the Austrian territory; and by the treaty of Vienna in 1812, the boundaries of the new duchy were fixed, so as to include about 63,000 square miles.

This was something; for although large sections of the old Polish territory were still allowed to remain in the possession of Prussia and Austria, and although Russia still retained all her share, yet Napoleon had shewn himself disposed to behave generously in the matter; and there was no reason to doubt that, when the state of Europe permitted it, he would carry his generosity to still greater lengths. Accordingly, the grateful Poles resolved to serve him faithfully in his future campaigns; and in 1812, when the invasion of Russia by the French was determined on, the Poles, eager to inflict vengeance on

their old enemy, shewed their enthusiasm by raising 80,000 men for the expedition. Although Napoleon did not actually promise the restoration of Russian Poland, yet they did not doubt that, if the expedition were successful, the restoration would take place. The disastrous issue of the invasion, and the consequent abdication of Napoleon, overthrew these hopes. The only expectation that now remained to the Poles was, that the plenipotentiaries of the various European powers, by whose negotiations in 1814 the affairs of Europe were to be finally settled, would do something for Poland. Nor was this expectation unfounded. Lord Castlereagh on the part of Great Britain, and Talleyrand on the part of France, were alike favourable to a restoration of Polish independence; Austria professed her willingness to surrender all the Polish territory she still retained; the Emperor Alexander of Russia was at that time believed to entertain ultra-liberal political sentiments; and should all these powers agree, Prussia would be obliged to submit. It is extremely probable that a final arrangement favourable to the Poles would have been agreed to; but at the time when the negotiations were going on, Napoleon landed from Elba, and threw Europe again into consternation.

The plenipotentiaries being obliged to hurry through their negotiations as fast as possible, the following arrangement was adopted. The greater part of the duchy of Warsaw was to be thenceforth called the Kingdom of Poland; and under that name it was to be united to Russia, 'to be enjoyed by His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, his heirs and successors, for ever;' but to be governed by a constitution of its own. The remainder of the duchy was to be annexed to Prussia, under the name of the duchy of Posen. Galicia and the salt mines of Wieliczka were to be secured to Austria. Lastly, the city and district of Cracow, embracing about twenty geographical miles, and containing a population of about 100,000, was to be formed into an independent republic. Thus the whole of Poland, with the exception of this last-named little spot, was divided, as formerly, among the three powers which had dismembered it; and in tracing the history of the Poles from 1815 to the present time, we require to divide the narrative into three parts, one relating to Austrian Poland, one to Prussian Poland, and one to Russian Poland.

With respect to Austrian and Prussian Poland, little need be said: in both, the Poles are subjected to those misfortunes which attend a subdued nation under the government of foreigners. There is this difference, however, that the Poles of Austria are allowed to retain perhaps more of their national manners and habits than it is possible for them to do in Prussia, where there is a tendency to establish Germanism on the ruins of everything else. In both countries, however, the Poles have until recently been under a government virtually despotic; and if it is an evil for the natives

of a country to be under a despotic government, it is a double evil to be under a government which, besides being despotic, is administered by foreigners.

But Russian Poland is far more extensive than Austrian and Prussian Poland united, and its history is more interesting. At first, its condition was surprisingly fortunate. The Emperor Alexander took a pride in his new title of King of Poland, and declared that he wished Poland to be united to Russia only by the title of its own happy constitution. A new constitution was guaranteed to the kingdom of Poland, by which the liberty of the press, the freedom of the person, the responsibility of the ministers, the use of the national Polish language, and the service of a national army, were secured, along with a representative system of government resembling that agreed to by the grand diet of 1791. This was astonishing from a man who held absolute power over 50,000,000 Russians. A similar constitution was also granted to the other parts of Russian Poland.

Thus was founded a second Poland, not so large, indeed, as the first, but under auspices which seemed to promise a better fortune. The following facts, obtained from an authentic source, will give an idea of the condition of the new kingdom in the year 1829, fourteen years after its establishment, and four years after the accession of the late emperor, Nicholas, to the Russian throne. The entire kingdom was divided into eight palatinates. The population amounted to nearly four millions, of whom one million were foreigners—Russians, Jews, Germans, &c. With the exception of the Jews, nearly all the inhabitants were Roman Catholics. The number of persons engaged in agriculture was about six times greater than the number of persons engaged in all other occupations together; and the proportion between the nobles and the plebeians was one to thirteen. An immense improvement had been effected in the country. In the first place, the peasantry of a large part of the country had been emancipated; some landlords having adopted the system of free labour in exchange for wages, others having adopted an improved feudal arrangement, and allowing their dependants a cottage and a few acres of ground on condition of obtaining so many days' labour a week from them. With respect to religion; although the Roman Catholic form of faith was under the special protection of government, all other forms of worship were tolerated, and their professors were entitled to the enjoyment of all civil rights. A wonderful enlargement had also taken place in manufactures and commerce. While in 1815 there were hardly one hundred looms for coarse woollen cloths, there were in 1829 above six thousand. The reason of this change was the repeal of many of the ancient Polish laws which checked commerce, especially a law which prohibited the nobles from engaging in it, on the idea that it would be a degradation of their order to do so. The face of the country

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had also been materially improved, and the facilities of travelling increased. 'The city of Warsaw had been wonderfully improved. In 1815 it reckoned only 80,000 inhabitants; in 1829 its population amounted to 140,000, besides the garrison. The university of Warsaw, which had been founded in 1816, in lieu of that of Cracow, consisted of five faculties, and had 48 professors and about 750 students.' The means of education had also been greatly extended all over the kingdom.

Such were the happy effects of fourteen years of tolerably free government. Most of these results had been accomplished by the Poles themselves; for although the emperor of Russia was their king, his power was limited by the constitution. The Poles, therefore, had given proof of the force and elasticity of their national character, when placed in favourable circumstances; they had proved that it was to their wretched system of social arrangements, and not to any defect of natural genius, that the long series of disasters which had befallen their nation was owing. A nation which in fourteen years could make such advances in civilisation, had still some vigour and vitality left. There was hope that the rising fortunes of the second Poland would cause the miseries of the first to be forgotten.

These hopes were doomed to disappointment. Even before the death of Alexander, symptoms of commotion began to appear. An excitement which rose among the Poles may be attributed to two causes. In the first place, there still lingered in the minds of the Polish subjects of Alexander recollections of their ancient nationality, of their sufferings, of the unjust dismemberment of their country. Although enjoying comparative liberty and happiness themselves, they could not forget that there were millions of their countrymen less fortunately situated—groaning under the Prussian and the Austrian yoke. Accordingly, the restoration of ancient Poland, the reunion of its torn and scattered provinces, was the dream of all the young men of Warsaw and other cities; and a revolution was precipitated by the despotic conduct of the Grand-duke Constantine, whom his brother, the Emperor Alexander, had unfortunately appointed generalissimo of the forces in Poland. The grand-duke is described by Louis Blanc as 'one of those inexplicable beings who, baffling observation, disappoint alike their friends and their foes. His figure was athletic, and admirably symmetrical; his face hideous; and yet gleams of good nature shot from his eyes, deep set beneath their bushy and sandy brows, and tempered the savage expression of his countenance.'

There could not have been a more unfit man to wield power in Poland than the Grand-duke Constantine. Wherever he went, he offended and disgusted the Poles by his tyrannical conduct, setting at defiance all the articles of the constitution of 1815, interfering with all the processes of government, and obeying no law but his own caprice. The consequence was, that, even before the death of

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Alexander, the Poles were burning under innumerable grievances, and complaining that the constitution which secured their liberties was treated as a dead letter. This condition of affairs was not improved by the death of Alexander in 1825. His successor should have been the Grand-duke Constantine, but, aware of his own incapacity to rule, Constantine abdicated in favour of his younger brother, the late Emperor Nicholas. Poland now suffered more than ever. Still residing at Warsaw, Constantine, in addition to his duties as commander-in-chief of the army, wielded the functions of viceroy of Poland, and governed the country according to his own will. Even had Nicholas been himself favourably disposed towards the Poles, it would have been difficult for him to remonstrate against the conduct of the man to whom he was indebted for his empire. But Nicholas, whose antipathies to representative government are well known, had no wish to curb the tyrannical licence of his brother, and looked on approvingly rather than otherwise, while Constantine acted the despot in Warsaw.

Groaning under these and other inflictions of a similar nature, the Poles had long been prepared for a revolt. Numerous secret societies had been organised in Warsaw and other towns, under the character of literary associations and institutions of freemasonry. The students of the university and the young officers of the army were the most eager spirits of the new movement. The French Revolution of 1830, agitating, as it did, all Europe, hastened the development of the conspiracy; and the month of February 1831 was fixed as the time for a simultaneous rising throughout Poland. The activity of Nicholas, however, in obtaining information of whatever was occurring in Poland, and in particular the publication of an imperial edict for the assembling of the Polish army to serve against France, shewed the conspirators the necessity of acting immediately; and the night of the 29th of November 1830 was appointed for the outbreak. On that night a body of 200 young men of the Military School, with two sub-lieutenants, Wysocki and Zaliwski, at their head, rose, and, assisted by the students of the university, roused the whole of Warsaw, attacked the Russians, put to death a number of their officers, and obtained possession of the city; the Grand-duke Constantine barely escaping with his life. The morning of the 30th of November rose on blood-stained streets and crowds of citizens mad with joy. A provisional government, consisting of the most approved patriots, was appointed in the name of Nicholas as the constitutional king of Poland; and the mob called eagerly for Chlopicki to come and assume the command of the troops. Chlopicki was an old general who had served with distinction in the armies of Napoleon; he was a man of commanding appearance and peremptory manners, and had gained great popularity among the Poles by his conduct during the oppressions of the grand-duke.

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In consequence of this popularity, although he had taken no part personally in the insurrection of the previous evening, he was urged to accept the command of the Polish forces. Unfortunately, his character was inferior to the task imposed upon him. He was a man of mere method and rule, and, although personally courageous, deficient in that daring and enthusiasm which animated the mass of the younger patriots, and alone could secure a triumph at such a crisis.

Chlopicki's first act, after assuming the command, was to enter into a negotiation with the grand-duke, who was encamped at a small distance from Warsaw with 8000 Russians, the Polish regiments on which he depended for support having deserted him, and joined the patriots. By a strange and irreparable blunder, he permitted the grand-duke and his Russian troops to leave the country unmolested; thus losing the decided advantage which the possession of Constantine's person would have given him in his future negotiations with the emperor. Anxious to bring the war to a conclusion, he despatched two ambassadors, whose views were similar to his own, to St Petersburg, to endeavour to obtain terms from the emperor. Meanwhile, the bolder spirits among the patriots were chafing under his cautious and temporising government.

The reply of Nicholas to the representations of the Poles reached Warsaw on the 15th of January 1831. The substance of it was, that the Poles must surrender at discretion. On the memorial which had been presented to the emperor was a note in the emperor's own hand, which ran: 'I am king of Poland, and I will drive her. The first cannon-shot fired by the Poles shall annihilate Poland.' When this was read in the Polish diet, the shout arose: 'There is no longer a Nicholas! There is no longer an emperor!' The House of Romanoff was declared incapable for ever of possessing the crown of Poland, and a new government was organised, under the presidency of Prince Adam Czartoryski.

The rupture between Russia and Poland was now irreparable, and the patriots nerved themselves for an encounter, the end of which was to be death on the battle-field, or slavery and exile. In February 1831, the Russian field-marshal Diebitch entered Poland with an army of 120,000 men, and 400 pieces of cannon. The whole Polish force amounted to about 50,000 men, and 136 pieces of artillery.

For seven months the unequal contest was continued. Prodigies of valour were performed by the brave Poles. Several great battles were fought between the two armies, besides many detached skirmishes; and in most of them the Poles gained the victory. Their misfortune, however—the misfortune of their whole history—lay in the want of a leader able to follow up advantageously the successes which their heroism as soldiers had won. Radzivil, who had taken the place of Chlopicki in the dictatorship, was

displaced from the command, to be succeeded by Skrzynecki, described as a man of ability and accomplishments, but 'a pertinacious negotiator, and evidently not fit to lead an armed revolution.' Having recruited his forces, he met the Russian army twice in the open field in the months of March and April, and inflicted on it immense losses. For two months the antagonist armies continued their marching and counter-marching in the neighbourhood of Warsaw, their numbers thinned not only by the usual casualties of war, but also by the ravages of the cholera, which was then pursuing its pestilential progress through the central districts of Europe. On the 26th of May 1831, Skrzynecki found himself compelled to give battle, under very disadvantageous circumstances, at Ostrolenka, a town situated on the river Narew, at some distance from Warsaw. A part of the Polish army had engaged unexpectedly with the whole Russian force. They had been fighting from nine to eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and the day was going against them, when Skrzynecki, who had been lying unsuspectingly at headquarters, arrives on the field. 'He gallops like a madman from column to column, shouting: "Ho! Rybinski! Malachowski! Forward, forward, all of you!"' Himself, with his coat torn with balls, rushes towards the bridge, from which fresh masses of the enemy are every moment issuing; and taking his battalions one after another, he plunges them into the mêlée. The generals set the example: Langermann, Pac, Muchowski, Prondzynski, execute furious but ineffectual charges; the Polish army has soon spent its ammunition; the battery of Colonel Bern alone carries death into the ranks of the enemy. The battle is fought man to man with swords and pikes. A sort of frenzy seizes the Poles. Hundreds of officers are seen rushing to the front, sword in hand, singing the Warsaw hymn. The lancers attempt to charge in their turn, and the generalissimo urges them on at full speed; but their horses sink up to the breast in the plashy soil, and they are exterminated without striking a blow. Night began to fall; the field of battle is now but a vast cemetery. Skrzynecki had succeeded in preventing the Russian army from passing over wholly to the right bank. He remained master of the field; but it had cost him 7000 men. Generals Kicki and Kaminski were slain; 270 officers had fallen. The Russians recrossed the Narew during the night, having lost more than 10,000 men. The Polish generalissimo gave orders to retreat to Warsaw; and as he stepped into his carriage with Prondzynski, he repeated sadly the famous words of Kosciuszko: "*Finis Poloniae*"—(An end of Poland).*

A temporary check was given to the movements of the Russian army by the sudden deaths of the commander-in-chief Diebitch and the Grand-duke Constantine, which occurred within a short interval

* Louis Blanc's *History of Ten Years*.

of each other, and were by common report attributed to foul means. Efforts were also made by the friends of Poland in other countries, especially in France, to render her some assistance by procuring diplomatic remonstrances ; but the result was that Poland was left to her fate.

Field-marshal Paskevitch was appointed to succeed Diebitch as commander-in-chief of the Russian forces. Paskevitch's plan of operations was to cross the Vistula at a point near the Prussian frontier, and attack Warsaw on the left bank, where it was more weakly protected than on the right. Skrzynecki's conduct amounted to infatuation. Instead of marching to oppose the advance of the Russians, as his best officers advised him, he remained in Warsaw, and permitted Paskevitch to effect the passage of the river unopposed. Warsaw was in an uproar ; the population, enraged at the indecision of their government, rose in riot, and put to death many persons suspected of favouring the Russian interests. Skrzynecki was deprived of the command, and Krukowiecki was nominated president of a new one ; and General Malachowski was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces. By this time the Russians were within a mile of the capital. There was a diversity of opinions in the Polish council ; but it was finally resolved, that, detaching one-half of the army to procure provisions, they should defend the city. The besiegers numbered 120,000 men and 386 cannon ; the Poles did not amount to 35,000. Paskevitch, after a vain attempt to treat with Krukowiecki, commenced the attack on the 6th of September 1831. All day the cannonading was kept up on both sides, and numbers fell. The superiority, however, was plainly on the side of the besiegers. The only hope of the besieged lay in the return of Ramorino with the 20,000 men who had been sent into the neighbouring country for provisions. There was no appearance, however, of his return ; and at four o'clock in the afternoon the diet again met to deliberate, while the flames were rising in various parts of the town. Krukowiecki gave in his resignation ; but before it was accepted, Prondzynski, who had been sent to the Russian camp, returned, accompanied by the Muscovite General Berg, who was empowered by Paskevitch to treat with the Poles. The Russian general had a long conference with Krukowiecki, at the end of which he departed, carrying with him a letter of submission, addressed to the Emperor Nicholas.

When General Berg returned five hours afterwards to complete the treaty of capitulation, he found the members of the diet assembled in arms, and in a state of extraordinary excitement. He was informed that Krukowiecki was no longer president of the government, and that the agreement made with him was null and void. This, however, was the mere expiring spasm of Polish resolution ; and on the morning of the 8th of September, the articles of capitulation were signed by Malachowski. The Poles were allowed

forty-eight hours to quit the city; but the greater part were afterwards made prisoners by the Russians: a few fragments of the army, however, escaped out of Poland.

Such was the fall of Warsaw—such the end of Poland. The nation now lay prostrate at the mercy of the conqueror. It was hoped that Nicholas would be merciful of his own accord. Nicholas was *not* merciful. Hundreds of Poles who had taken part in the revolt were sent to labour in the mines of Siberia; many more to serve in the Russian armies of the Caucasus; and those who escaped scattered themselves over Europe and America, everywhere meeting with the commiseration and respect which are due to heroism and misfortune. The constitution of 1815 was formally annulled, and the government vested in a viceroy and a council named by the emperor; the universities of Vilna and Warsaw, and many Polish seminaries, abolished; Polish libraries and museums were carried away to St Petersburg; and everything else done that could extinguish a national spirit. All confiscated estates were conferred on Russians, and thus could be inherited afterwards only by adherents of the orthodox Russian faith. The coinage was assimilated to the Russian, even to the names; and no one could henceforth hold office that had not learned the Russian language.

But Polish nationality, although outwardly abolished, has continued to live in the hearts of the people, and has manifested its vitality by repeated vigorous, though frantic and hopeless, outbursts. A simultaneous rising in Russian, Prussian, and Austrian Poland took place in 1846, but resulted only in more banishments, executions, and confiscations. In Galicia, the oppressed peasantry, instead of joining with the nobles in the insurrection, turned against and butchered them in hundreds. On this occasion, the small republic of Cracow was suppressed, and the city and territory united with Austria.

The European convulsions of 1848 opened up for a time a vista of hope to the Poles. Prussia and Austria were fain to make many concessions in the direction of self-government to their Polish subjects; but, in the reaction that speedily followed, these were recalled, and things restored to their former footing. In the meantime Russia had been steadily pursuing her policy of ‘stamping out,’ and had significantly abolished the line of custom-houses between the kingdom of Poland and Russia proper.

With the accession of Alexander II. to the throne, a milder régime was tried. During a visit to Warsaw in 1856, the emperor proclaimed an amnesty, and promised various reforms in the administration; but he announced at the same time that the connection with Russia would be firmly upheld as it was, and gave pointed warning against cherishing ‘dreams’ of anything farther. But it was just those dreams of a separate political life that the Poles had set their hearts on, and without that, they cared little for any

administrative reforms. Accordingly, the ferment of discontent continued to work more actively than ever. In 1860 the people began to assemble in the churches and sing patriotic hymns. In February 1861, on the anniversary of one of the battles for freedom, a vast procession, numbering, it is said, 60,000 persons, was made to the scene in the vicinity of Warsaw; the Russian troops interfered, and numbers of people were killed. On the anniversary of Kosciuszko's death the churches were surrounded with soldiers; yet the people went to them in crowds, sang the forbidden hymns, and refused to disperse. At last the military forcibly cleared the churches, and made numerous arrests. This was declared by the Catholic archbishop to be desecration, and he ordered all the Catholic churches of the city to be closed; an example which was followed by the Protestants and Jews. For this the archbishop was arrested, tried by a court-martial, and condemned to death; a sentence which was commuted for incarceration in a Russian fortress. The chapter of Warsaw refused for a time to name a successor; and it was not till after a lapse of four months (in February 1862) that the new archbishop allowed the churches to be again opened. In the meantime, the people continued to manifest their discontent in every possible way, ceasing to frequent the theatres and other places of public amusement, and breaking out on all occasions in demonstrations, which were followed, of course, by fresh arrests and banishments.

Nevertheless, the emperor resolved to make another attempt at conciliation. His brother, Constantine Nicolajewitch, was sent as viceroy (July 1862), with a Polish prime-minister; native Poles were appointed governors of the provinces; and several decided ameliorations were initiated. But all these friendly overtures were received as mockery; and the national feeling, which had risen to a frenzy, responded to them in attempts to assassinate the Grand-duke Constantine, the prime-minister, and the commander-in-chief, General Lüders. It now became apparent that what Russia had to contend with was a vast national conspiracy, banded together in the resolution not to rest contented with anything short of an independent national and constitutional government. The conspiracy embraced Posen, Galicia, and other parts of ancient Poland beyond the boundaries of the 'kingdom.' It was, however, a combination of the nobility or land-owners; the so long neglected and degraded peasantry took little interest, or, at all events, active part in it. Acting on this circumstance, the Russian government now commenced the policy of ruining and rooting out the nobility or land-owners, and of seeking to win the adherence of the peasantry by concessions made at their expense.

The crisis was precipitated by an iniquitous and cruel measure. There had been no recruiting of the army since the end of the Crimean War in 1856; and on occasion of the first new conscription for the army, secret instructions were given to the authorities in

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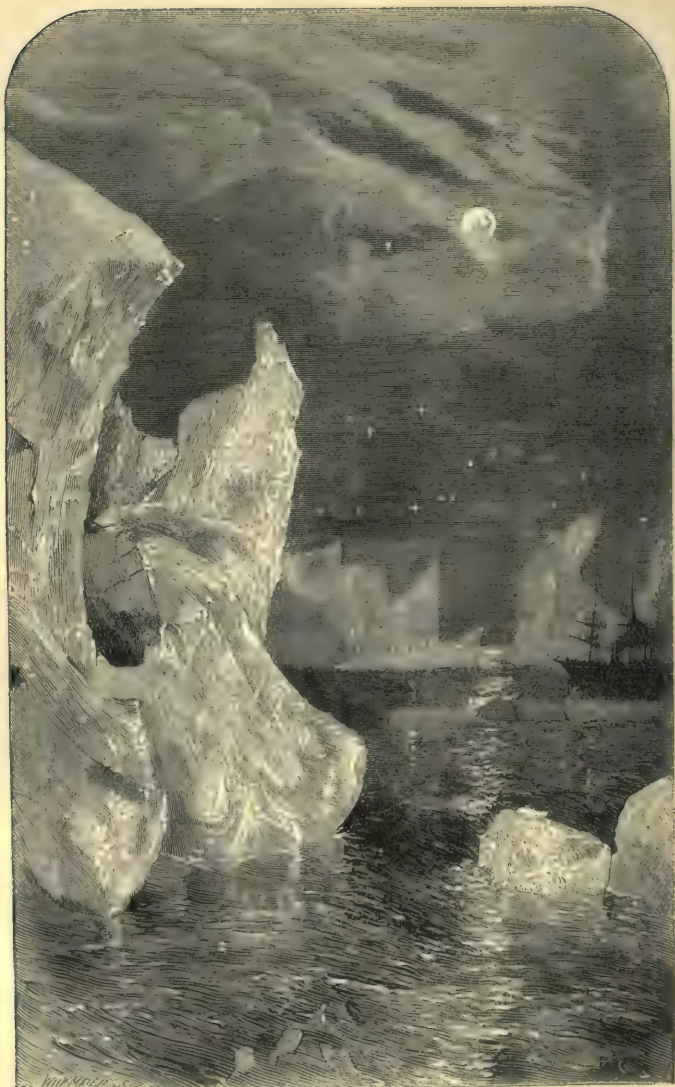
Warsaw to endeavour to make it fall exclusively on that part of the population that had contributed chiefly to the political disturbances; those especially were to be chosen who had received 'bad marks,' as disaffected. Students were no longer to be exempt, as heretofore; and more recruits, in proportion, were to be drawn from the towns than from the rural districts. In short, *the cultivated part of the population was to be struck at*; for it was among them that the national feeling was chiefly fostered. Accordingly, throughout Poland, on the 15th of January 1863, in the early morning, while it was yet dark, soldiers burst into the houses of the individuals thus arbitrarily fixed upon, and dragged them off to serve in the army. But great numbers of young men, knowing what was coming, had previously left their homes, and taken refuge in the forests. These now gathered in armed bands; the secret committee of Warsaw came forward as a provisional national government, and issued a proclamation calling the Polish people to arms; numbers of expatriated Poles and volunteers hastened to the conflict from all the countries of Europe, and the whole kingdom was soon overspread with insurrectionary corps. They never succeeded, however, in forming anything like a powerful well-organised army, and notwithstanding prodigies of valour, no decided impression was made on the Russian forces. A kind of dictatorship had at first been conferred on Mieroslawski; but he was soon obliged to take refuge beyond the frontier, and Langiewicz, who succeeded him, fared no better.

The secret committee again (May) took the direction of affairs, and declared against any more dictators. The sway which this secret National Government, as it styled itself, was able to exercise for a time, was something wonderful. All efforts of the Russian authorities to discover where it was located were fruitless; and yet its action was everywhere seen. Its orders were publicly announced, and a formal government gazette expounded its views. Its commands were everywhere implicitly obeyed. When the emperor, in April, announced an amnesty to all who, within a month, should lay down their arms, the secret government declared that Poland rejected all favours; and at the expiry of the term not one Pole had taken advantage of the amnesty. The secret government now forbade the paying of any more taxes to the Russian authorities, and collected a revenue for its own purposes; it even took the making and administration of criminal laws into its hands, and sent secret emissaries to execute the sentences of its tribunals. It was a real reign of terror; and although Poland was bristling with Russian bayonets, the Russian government was far less powerful to secure obedience. On the other hand, no progress was made in the field against the Russian troops, who were constantly receiving accessions to their numbers; so that the suppression of the rebellion was only a question of time.

In the meantime, the Russian government, despairing of concilia-

tion, had resolved on the sternest repression. Constantine gave up his mission, August 1863, and returned to St Petersburg, and General Berg proceeded to carry out the new policy with unrelenting vigour. In this, however, he was far exceeded by General Muravief, military governor of Lithuania, who, by the ruthless measures by which he ruined and crushed the Polish nobility of that province, raised a cry of execration throughout Europe. All over the Polish area there was nothing but arrests, banishments, executions, confiscations, and enforced contributions; and severe punishments were inflicted for wearing mourning. But the most effective step towards the extinction of the rebellion was when, by an imperial ukase, the peasants were made absolute proprietors of the lands which they had hitherto occupied as tenants. The government undertook to indemnify the land-owners for the loss of their revenues, and thus made them dependent upon its good-will for their very subsistence; while the peasantry now willingly assisted the troops in hunting down the insurrectionary corps. In February 1864, the secret government began to cease its activity, and the insurrection might be said to be extinct. Still prosecutions and punishments went on, and multitudes of unhappy Poles fled to join the already numerous ranks of their expatriated countrymen. The remnants of the nobility and the clergy made proffers of submission; but the government had resolved on the complete extirpation of the element of disaffection. The land-owners had already been rendered powerless in the way already described; and now came the turn of the clergy. A ukase issued in the end of 1864 suppressed one hundred and twenty monasteries, either for having openly favoured the rebellion, or because their inmates were below a certain number. A more fatal blow to the power of the church followed in 1865, when the whole of the church lands were taken possession of, and the clergy put on fixed state-pay. Along with this the process of Russianising was set about with unrelenting rigour. In those parts of Russia proper where the Polish language had been current, its official use was forbidden; and the direction of education, even for Catholic children, was given to the orthodox Greek Church. In 1865, it was made unlawful for a refugee whose property had not been confiscated, to sell it to any but a member of the Russian Church; and a Pole can no longer acquire property unless it come to him by inheritance. The last external mark of the separate existence of the kingdom of Poland was obliterated in 1867; the administrative machinery in Warsaw was abolished, and the ten governments into which the country is now divided are put on the same footing as the other governments of the empire.

The Poles as a people were calculated in 1864 at nine and a half millions; of whom rather more than one-half were under Russia, the remainder being about equally divided between Austria and Prussia.



ARCTIC REGIONS—AMONG THE ICE.



Erebus and Terror in the ice.

ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.



HE Arctic regions are understood to be only those seas and lands that lie within the Arctic circle, that is, within that parallel of latitude ($66^{\circ} 30'$) at which the phenomenon begins of the sun at one time of the year not setting for more or fewer days together, and at another time not rising for as many. There are, however, many tracts without this circle as frigid as those within it. The south of Greenland and Davis' Strait are always included in the designation, although they lie south of the circle, Cape Farewell being in the latitude of the north of Scotland. Iceland, again, notwithstanding

its name, and although it impinges on the Arctic circle, is not a frozen country; the only ice to be seen in the seas around it is drifted from Greenland by the winds and currents. In common parlance, then, the term Arctic regions designates those countries within or near the Arctic circle which are subject to such degrees of cold that the seas are frozen in winter, and comprehends all the extreme north of Europe, Asia, and America. Beginning to the north of Europe, the chief lands and seas to be noted are the following:

1. Spitzbergen, lying between 77° and 80° of N. lat., is a group of islands, separated by narrow ice-encumbered channels. There are no permanent inhabitants; but it is frequented for the purpose of hunting the reindeer and for killing the walrus, which is found on the shores in great abundance. The island of Jan Mayen, to the south-west of Spitzbergen, in lat. 71° , is also a dreary, uninhabited waste in the midst of a frozen ocean. From the top of the highest mountain, called Beerenberg, flames and smoke have been seen to issue; and the sides exhibit immense glaciers and frozen waterfalls. The Dutch attempted to form a settlement here, as they did in Spitzbergen, for the convenience of whaling; but several seamen left to winter were found dead in spring, and the attempt was abandoned. The story of the sufferings of those men forms a painful chapter in the annals of Arctic adventure.

2. Greenland is an extensive tract of land, the known part of which is of a triangular shape, with the apex pointing southward, and terminating in Cape Farewell, in 60° N. lat. The west coast has been traced as far north as the parallel of 80° ; the east coast is almost unapproachable, owing to the ice which besets it, so that the land has not been traced farther than the 76th degree. Although the land evidently extends far beyond the explored limits, it is believed to be an island, or rather perhaps a group of islands overlaid and bound together by an immense central mass of glacier ice. The interior has never been explored, nor the country crossed from side to side; but wherever it has been entered, the same appearance was presented. After crossing the partially clear border strip, which the Danes call the *Fastland*, a huge glacier is seen overlying the whole country, and squeezing itself out towards the sea through the valleys and inlets; the view is bounded towards the east by a dim horizon, and as the adventurer advances, the strip of land behind him fades from the sight as the shore fades from those sailing out to sea. There may be mountains in the interior, but none have been seen. In 1867 a party of English and Danes attempted to explore this icy desert, starting from the coast in 69° N. lat.; but after proceeding some distance they were forced to return, the sledges, drawn by Esquimaux dogs, having been broken to pieces by the rough character of the surface, cracked with deep crevasses, and deluged by streams of water from the melting snow. One of the party thus describes the

scene: 'The whole interior of the country appears to be merely a frozen waste, overlain to the depth of many feet by a huge *mer de glace*, extending, so far as yet known, over its entire extent from north to south—a sea of fresh-water ice whereon no creature lives; a death-like desert, with nought to relieve the eye, its silence enlivened by the sound or sight of no breathing thing. This is the *Inlands iis* of the Danish colonists; the outer strip, with its mossy valleys and ice-planed hills, is the well-remembered *Fastland*. Dreary, doubtless, is it to eyes only schooled in the scenery of more southern lands; but with its covies of ptarmigans flying up at your feet with their whirl!; the Arctic fox barking its *huc, huc* on the rocks; and the reindeer browsing in the glens covered with the creeping birch, the Arctic willows, the crow-berry, the vacciniums, and the yellow poppies, it is a place of life, compared with the cheerless waste lying beyond.'*

The western shores up to 73° N. lat. are claimed by the Danish government, who have established a strict monopoly of the trade of Greenland, managed by a Board in Copenhagen, called the Royal Greenland Merchant Company, who have established trading-ports along the coast, at convenient distances, for the purpose of purchasing from the Esquimaux their oil, seal-skins, narwhal and walrus ivory (the latter, however, being obtained in very small quantities), eider-down, &c. Missionaries and physicians are also provided by the government, and the whole conduct of the Danish authorities is marked by enlightened philanthropy. The result of this paternal government is manifested in the great honesty and general morality of the natives. No spirits are allowed to be sold to them, though they are exceedingly fond of intoxicants. They are all Christians, nominally at least; and churches and missions subsidised by the government are scattered along the coast. The native population of Greenland has greatly decreased since it was settled by the Danes about 1720. It was then estimated at 20,000; but small-pox and other epidemics had reduced it in 1820 to little more than 6000. Since that date, the population has again increased, until it is now (1869) about 9000. The greater part are of mixed race, and there are about 250 Europeans, chiefly officials and their families.

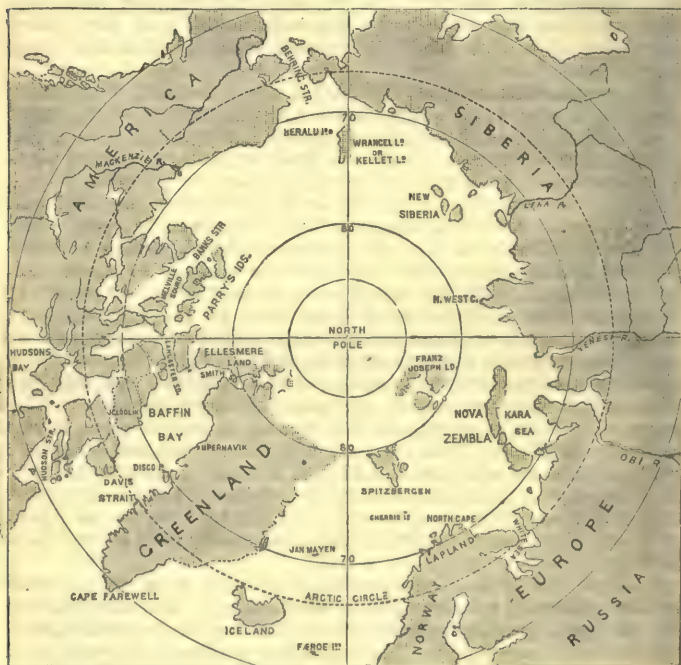
North of the Danish colonies, a few savages drag out an independent existence, wandering as far north as 79°. The last estimate did not make them more than 100, so that, in all probability, they will soon become extinct. The number of natives on the east coast is not exactly known, nor how far they extend north. Traces of them have, however, been found as far as man has gone. On this coast chiefly were at one time supposed to be situated the early colonies of Norsemen, afterwards spoken of. The trade of Greenland employs

* *Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London*, 1868, p. 337.

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fifteen ships, and amounts to about £22,000. Nearly the whole of the profits are returned to the natives, each district being credited with its share, and the distribution among the individuals is made by a kind of local parliament. In Greenland is found coal, which is wrought in the vicinity of Disco; cryolite (a double fluoride of aluminium and sodium), which is mined and exported by a Danish company; and there are immense quantities of graphite in the northern portion of the country, which have not, however, been considered sufficiently profitable to be wrought.

3. Between Greenland and the opposite coast of America lies Davis' Strait, the upper part of which is called Baffin's Bay. This



Circumpolar Map.

is further prolonged towards the north-east into a channel called in its southern part Smith's Sound, and to the north, Kennedy Channel. The land on the west shores of this channel—Ellesmere Land, Grinnell

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Land—is believed to be unconnected with Greenland, and the channel itself is supposed to open into the Polar Sea.

4. From the west side of Davis' Strait and Baffin's Bay there branch off a number of inlets, communicating in all directions with one another, and with Hudson's Strait and Hudson's Bay on the south, and forming an intricate maze of peninsulas, islands, and tortuous channels, the relative position of which can be understood only by studying a map on a large scale. On such a map there will be seen a rather wide and nearly straight channel, running through this archipelago from east to west, about the parallel of 74° , and called in its several parts Lancaster Sound, Barrow Strait, Melville Sound, and Banks' Strait. This may be considered as the North-west Passage so long sought for. The group of islands to the north of it are called by the collective name of the Parry Islands. The archipelago we have been describing extends to about the meridian of 125° W. long. Westward from this, the continental coast runs nearly on the parallel of 70° N. lat., the most northern point, Point Barrow, being in lat. $71^{\circ} 23'$. The chief rivers that have their mouths in this bare monotonous coast are the Coppermine and the Mackenzie.

5. To the west of Behring's Strait the north coast of Asia follows almost the same parallel, until, about the meridian of 110° E., it turns abruptly north, and in Cape Severo reaches the lat. of $78^{\circ} 25'$. This coast is indented by the estuaries of numerous rivers, some of them among the largest on the globe—the Kolima, the Alaseia, the Indigirka, the Lena, the Olenek, the Anabara, the Kalanga, the Yenissei, the Obi, &c. An extensive tract bordering the ocean is composed of swamps and mossy flats, covered with ice and snow for one half of the year, and even during the greatest heats of summer thawed only to the depth of two or three inches below the surface of the soil. The ocean is frozen for miles seaward for more than half the year; and during the remaining months the numberless icebergs and floes that beset the sea render the navigation so dangerous, that no complete hydrographic survey of the coast has ever been made. North-west from the mouth of the Obi lies the island chain of Nova Zembla, which may be considered as an insular continuation of the Ural Mountains. The mean temperature of the southern extremity is only $35^{\circ}5$ for the summer half-year, and as low as $3^{\circ}2$ F. for the winter. Nothing grows on its sterile soil except moss and lichens. It has no permanent inhabitants, but is frequented by hunters and fishermen in pursuit of bears, reindeer, and foxes, and of the walruses that abound on the coasts.

Another insular group, of considerable extent, called the Liakov Islands, or New Siberia, lies north-east from the mouth of the Lena, in lat. 73° — 76° . They are utterly barren and uninhabited; but there are traces of former inhabitants, and in the soil are found great numbers of bones and teeth of the mammoth and rhinoceros. North-by-west from Behring's Strait, Herald Shoal and

Herald Island may be seen laid down on most maps ; but still farther north and west, about the meridian of 180° , and in lat. $71^{\circ} 30'$, a coast of considerable extent has been descried with high cliffs and peaks. The existence of this land had been reported for more than two hundred years ; and it was indicated on maps as Wrangell Land. In 1849 Captain Kellet of the British navy discovered Herald Island, and sighted the unknown land, and it is now called Kellet Land. It has since been more nearly inspected by American whaling-ships, but no landing was effected.

Climate.—The climate of the Arctic regions is, as a whole, cold. In summer, however, the sun beats down with considerable power, and the weather is warm and even sultry. During several months of winter, varying according to the latitude, the sun entirely disappears below the horizon, and darkness reigns. Snow covers the ground to the depth of several feet ; the soil, when such exists, freezes to a considerable depth, and all nature slumbers. However, the moon and the stars shine with enhanced brilliancy, and the coruscations of the aurora borealis relieve the darkness of that long winter night. The cold is intense, but the air is free of moisture, and the climate accordingly perfectly healthy. In spring, the sun appears again, and it is at that season that the cold is most acutely felt. The air is raw, and the moisture in it is condensed on very cold days into vapour, composed of sharp spiculæ of ice, which cut like lancets, so that the whalers call such a fog ‘the barber.’ Now through the fog appear mock-suns and mock-moons, and all the phenomena arising from refraction are exhibited on a gigantic scale. Ships may be seen as if upturned in the air, sailing past inverted icebergs. Then succeeds the long summer day, during which the sun never sinks beneath the horizon for months at a time. Continuous daylight reigns. This is the season when ships sail into these ice-bound regions. The snow clears off the ground, and where there is any soil, vegetation appears. It is a short but a merry summer. The cliffs are noisy with birds, and the sea is dotted with seals, whales, and walrus. Little snow falls, though rain is not uncommon. The morning may be pleasant, and in the evening, cold blasts sweep along. Autumn is the most disagreeable season of the whole year in polar lands. The days are short and foggy. Snow, sleet, and rain begin to fall, and the nights are cold, dark, and dreary. It is then that every one leaves these northern lands that can, and those whose lot it is to reside there prepare to pass the winter as agreeably as possible. The Esquimaux builds his snow-hut or repairs his earthen one, and stores up supplies against the winter which is coming on. By October, the country is usually covered with snow, and winter again holds everything in his iron grasp. During the winter, the rocks often burst with loud explosions, and hoar-frost lies on the pillow of a morning. The most extreme cold recorded in the Arctic regions was by Belcher ; namely, $-62\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, or $94\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ below the freezing-

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point. Kane experienced such severe cold in Smith's Sound that whisky froze under his head. It is, however, erroneous to suppose that the cold increases as we proceed northward, the temperature of the Arctic regions depending in a great measure on the currents and drift-ice.

Icebergs.—The best known and most prominent characteristic of the Arctic regions is that of the sea being encumbered with ice. This ice is of two kinds, *fresh-water* and *marine*. The fresh-water ice is derived from the glaciers which flow out from almost every valley in the Arctic regions. These glaciers are exactly the same as those of the Swiss Alps or other mountain ranges, only that in these inland mountains, the glacier, as it descends into the warm valleys, melts away at its lower end. In the Arctic regions, on the other hand, they descend to the sea, and, entering it, plough their way for a short distance along the bottom, until the buoyant action of the water tilts up the end, and breaks off a piece, which floats away in the shape of an iceberg. This floating mountain of ice tosses about in the Arctic sea, every now and then capsizing as the bottom portion melts away and the upper gets top-heavy, until, drifting off into warmer latitudes, it breaks up or gets melted. It has been calculated that for every one hundred feet of the iceberg above water, there must be one thousand feet under the surface; and as some of these ice-mountains are higher than the topmast, the danger of a ship among hundreds of them may be imagined. Yet it is not often that ships are destroyed by them in the Arctic seas, the continual daylight of the summer months acting as a means of safety. It is in a great measure by means of this discharge of icebergs that Greenland gets clear of the 'treasured winters of a thousand years.' Part of the accumulation is also carried off by water-courses under the ice of the interior.

The marine ice is the result of the freezing of the sea in winter, and is of the thickness of several feet. When this ice is of great extent the whalers call it a *field*; a smaller extent is a *floe*, or if attached to the shore, a *land-floe*. When the ice is broken up by the action of the sea and currents in large pieces, these are called collectively a *pack*. The pack, again, when of smaller extent, is called a *patch*, and when elongated, a *stream*. Small pieces are called *pancake ice*; and when broken down into smaller pieces, the word *brash-ice* is applied, &c. Raised places on these ice-fields, by the pressure of two portions together, are called *hummocks*. It is these floes or fields of ice which are most dangerous to the northern navigator. During the spring and summer, they are broken up and moved about by the currents in large pieces several miles in extent. The navigator pushing north comes to a place where the passage is blocked up by such an extent of ice. He anchors on with the ice-anchor to the edge until he sees two fields separate, and form a lead or lane of water, into which he pushes. Gradually he

perceives, when about half-way through, that the fields are closing again: he redoubles his exertions by tracking the ship along the edge of the ice, or pulling it ahead by boats, if in a calm; but finding that he cannot get through in time, he immediately sets all hands to cut a 'dock' in the ice. This dock consists of a place in the edge of one of the floes, out of which a piece of ice about the area of the ship is cut by means of ice-saws. Into this the ship is worked; and when the floes come together, she escapes the shock. If he is too late, nothing can save the vessel from being smashed. If the floes do not go through the vessel, they will go over it. Ever watchful of such a contingency, Arctic navigators, when going through a dangerous place, have casks of provisions and bags of clothing on deck, and go in twos and threes, so that they may render each other assistance. When the vessel is smashed, the men throw these provisions, &c. on the floes, and themselves escape on to the ice, so that the means of the destruction of the ship is their salvation. The ice opens again, and the vessel sinks. So rapid, indeed, is this sometimes, that only a few minutes elapse between the time the ship was safe and when she disappears beneath the waters. At other times she will remain buoyed up for several days, and even escape total wreck if the floe has not come with great force. In this case it is only 'nipped;' and few have sailed the Arctic seas without having at one time or another experienced the disagreeable situation of the cabin doors being unable to be opened or closed when the vessel was gently pressed by ice. Of late years, the introduction of steam-vessels has robbed the Arctic navigation of half its terrors, and rendered navigation there more certain and safe.

The Fauna.—The larger animals peculiar to the Arctic regions are the polar bear, the white and blue foxes, the Arctic dog, white hare, the musk ox, the reindeer, &c., on the land; and various species of whales and seals in the sea. Few birds are peculiar to the Arctic regions, most of them being also known either as common or rarer visitants to more southern shores. The seas swarm with fishes, notwithstanding the dictum of Edward Pelham. A few insects are found on the land (the worst of which are swarms of mosquitoes); and in the sea the lower forms of life are abundant. Nearly all the birds leave the Arctic regions in the winter, to seek a milder climate, returning again in the summer, the only exceptions being the ptarmigan and a few birds of prey. Even several of the larger mammalia leave the country at the approach of winter. For instance, in Greenland, the only species indigenous all the year round are the white bear, the dog, the fox (possibly the lemming of the east coast), the hare, the musk ox (of the far north—for it does not come south of Wolstenholme Sound), the reindeer, the walrus, the common seal (*Callocephalus vitulinus*), the fœtid seal (*Pagomys fœtidus*), the narwhal or sea-unicorn, and the white whale—the other species of seals and whales migrating for longer or shorter periods.

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The Flora.—The species of plants that grow in the polar regions are few; but in the short summer a wonderful profusion of flowers spring up in the chinks of the rocks—these Arctic plants generally having their flowers larger in proportion to the leaves and other portions of the plant. There are, again, very few plants peculiar to the Arctic regions, most of them being found in Scandinavia also, or on the summits of our Scottish hills. There are no trees over the greatest extent of the Arctic regions; the dwarf birch, juniper, and willow, creeping along the ground, being the largest species found in Greenland. However, in Siberia, the tree limit extends much farther north than in America, trees being found even in 70° N. lat., though in the same parallel—the shores of Davis' Strait—the whole country is bare of anything approaching to a tree, the largest plant of the kind, the dwarf birch (*Betula nana*), not exceeding the size of a soup-plate. There have been found more than 800 different species of flowering-plants and ferns within the Arctic circle; and in Greenland, a botanist who recently visited that country collected in two months, not altogether devoted to this object, within the circuit of Disco Bay alone, no less than 129 species of flowering-plants and ferns, and more than 200 species of the lower orders (sea-weeds, lichens, mosses, &c.).* In some places the snow is stained a brownish red, and this phenomenon of the 'red snow' is due to a minute species of plant allied to the lowest tribes of sea-weeds, and called *Protococcus nivalis*.

Inhabitants.—Inhospitable as the Arctic regions are, there is a peculiar branch of the human family, the Esquimaux or Eskimo, that have chosen them as their home. The Esquimaux, though few in number, are the most widely spread nation in the world. They inhabit the coasts of all the seas, bays, and islands of America north of the sixtieth degree of N. lat.—from the east coast of Greenland, in E. long. 20°, to Behring's Strait, in W. long. 167°. They are also met with on the Asiatic side of Behring's Strait, and are thought by many ethnologists to have more affinity with the Mongolian races of Asia than with the 'red-skins' of America. They are a squat people, not much above five feet high, but broad-shouldered; the complexion is fairer than that of either the Mongolian or the Indian. Their habits



A Greenland Esquimaux Girl
(half breed).

* *Transactions of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh*, vol. ix., pp. 430—465.

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are necessarily filthy ; their food, which is exclusively animal, is most frequently eaten raw ; and the snow or earth huts in which they burrow in winter have a stench that is insupportable to a European. With their dog-sledges and skin canoes, or *kayaks*, they are expert hunters and fishers. Their clothing is made of the skins of reindeer, bears, seals, birds, &c. The blubber of the seal, walrus, and other cetaceans is highly prized both as food and as furnishing light for the long winter night.

VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY.

The knowledge of the Arctic regions, thus imperfectly sketched, has not been acquired in a day. It has been the result of countless voyages and expeditions, and been purchased at much cost of treasure expended, danger encountered, and suffering endured. The first who are positively known to have adventured into the frozen seas were the daring Norsemen. In the end of the tenth century, about a century after they had colonised Iceland, one of these sea-rovers, Erik the Red, having made Iceland too hot for him, fitted out a stout ship, and with a crew of his 'house-carles,' went in search of a country for himself. Finding land to the north-west, he resolved to form a colony ; and well aware, like other 'promoters' of companies, of the value of a name, he called the country Greenland, a name which, now at least, it sadly belies. He succeeded in inducing several ship-loads of emigrants to leave Iceland for the new country, and for two or three centuries the colony continued to receive accessions of Icelanders and other Scandinavians. It was a son of this Red Erik that anticipated Columbus, and sailing southward along the coast of America, attempted to form a colony at a place which he called Vinland, and which antiquaries believe to have been near New Bedford, on the coast of Massachusetts. The Greenland colonists pursued their fishing as far north as Lancaster Sound and Barrow Strait, six or seven centuries before the adventurous voyage of Parry. Stones carved with runic inscriptions with the date 1135 were found in 1824 on Women's Islands, Baffin's Bay, in lat. $72^{\circ} 55'$. The colony was divided into two districts, called East Bygd and West Bygd. These names and other circumstances gave rise to the notion that the chief Norse settlement was on the east coast of the island ; but recent explorations have made it clear to most geographers that both Bygds or settlements were on the west side. In the thirteenth century, Greenland had become the see of a bishop, and was formally united with Norway. About the middle of the fourteenth century, the northern settlement of West Bygd had one hundred and ten farms and four churches ; and East Bygd had two towns, a cathedral, eleven other churches, four convents, and one hundred and ninety farms. Although grain did not ripen, the inhabitants lived by rearing cattle and sheep on the green pastures on the fiords, and by

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hunting and fishing; they also sent occasional trading vessels to Iceland and Norway. Shortly after this the colony disappears from history. In their roving along the American coast, the Norsemen had met with a strange diminutive race whom they contemptuously call Skroellings—that is, chips or parings. No mention is made of any native inhabitants of Greenland having been seen until, in 1349 or 1379, a horde of these Skroellings made their appearance from the north, and before their brethren of East Bygd could come to the rescue, had exterminated the settlers of West Bygd. The narrative here abruptly ceases, and we have only a vague account of East Bygd having been ruined in 1418 by a hostile fleet; whence it came is unknown. The troubles of the Reformation, and a change of dynasty in the mother-country, now put the colony for a time out of mind; and when, about the close of the sixteenth century, the kings of Denmark began to send in quest of it, it had disappeared: expedition after expedition, from 1585 to 1680, searched in vain. It was not till 1727, six years after the heroic Hans Egede had begun his missionary work among the Esquimaux, that the Danes began their modern settlement on Greenland. Since then, although no descendants of the Norsemen have been seen, numerous traces have been found of their settlements, in the shape of tombstones with runic and Icelandic inscriptions, long rows of coffins containing skeletons, the ruins of a church with the broken church bells, &c.

The discoveries of those early adventurers, embodied in Icelandic narratives half historical half legendary, remained unknown to the world at large, and the exploration of the north had to begin anew. This time it was no longer the boisterous adventurousness of the Northmen, but an earnest spirit of enterprise directed to a definite end. That end was the discovery of a short way by sea to the rich and gorgeous countries of India and Cathay (China), with pictures of which all imaginations were in that age inflamed. It was this idea that led Columbus, in 1492, across the Atlantic to the discovery of America. Vasco da Gama actually reached India in 1497 by sailing round the south of Africa; but the Cape of Good Hope was reputed so stormy as to terrify mariners, and the configuration of the continents being unknown, it was thought that a much shorter route must exist by the north. The voyages originating in this idea may be grouped under four heads: 1. Voyages for the discovery of a North-east Passage; 2. Voyages for the discovery of a North-west Passage; 3. Voyages in search of Sir John Franklin; 4. North Polar Voyages. It so happens that, in point of time, they occurred pretty much in the order here given.

NORTH-EAST VOYAGES.

The first to project a northern route to the Indies seems to have been Sebastian Cabot. This distinguished navigator had entered

the service of Henry VII. of England, and, along with his father, landed on the coast of Labrador in 1497, eighteen months before Columbus saw the mainland of tropical America. It was by the north of the newly discovered continent that he first thought of making his way; and in 1515 we find him in Spain planning an exploration of a North-west Passage, which, however, was never carried out. Returning to England, he was sent by Henry VIII. a second time to Labrador, in 1517, when he reached lat. $67\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and entered Hudson's Bay. After a second period of service in Spain, he returned once more to England in 1548. Edward VI. gave him a pension, and consulted him in all naval matters; and now he resumed his old idea, but this time it was towards the north-east that he turned his attention. A company of merchant adventurers, called the Muscovy Company, was formed to open up communication with the north of Russia; Cabot was made governor of the company, and under his direction a great expedition was fitted out, the like of which 'was never in any realm seen, used, or known.' This great expedition was placed under the command of Sir Hugh Willoughby, to whom the most minute and quaint instructions were delivered, to regulate his conduct with the people of the country he came to (whom he was instructed to get drunk, so that the secrets of their hearts might ooze out), and all other subjects of the slightest importance. The fleet consisted of three ships—the *Bona Esperanza*, the flag-ship of the admiral; the *Edward Bonadventure*, under the command of Richard Chancellor, Stephen Burrough being master; and the *Bona Confidentia*, the captain of which was Master Cornelius Durfoorth. It is with a feeling almost of sadness that we read of the joyousness with which these early adventurers of England into the unknown regions of the frozen north left the Thames; how, on the day of sailing, 'they saluted their acquaintance, one his wife, another his children, and another his kinsfolkes, and another his friend dearer than his kinsfolkes;' and after this they dropped down to Greenwich, where the court was. The 'great ships' (they were only three, and none of them was more than one hundred and sixty tons, the smallest only ninety tons burden) were towed by the boats, 'the mariners being all appparelled in watchet or skie coloured cloth. The courtiers came running out, and the people flocked together, standing very thicke upon the shoare; the Privie Consel they looked out at the windowes of the court, and the rest ran up to the toppes of the towers; the shippes hereupon discharged their ordinance, and shoot off their pieces after the maner of warre and of the sea, insomuch that the toppes of the hilles sounded therewith; the valleys and the waters gave an echo, and the mariners they shouted in such sort that the skie rang again with the noise thereof.' All this, and much more, we read in the pages of Hakluyt, who had it from Clement Adams, 'schoolemaster to the queene's henshmen.' The results of this voyage, hailed so joyously by Edward's court at Greenwich,

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proved most disastrous, for Sir Hugh and all his associates, together with the merchants, officers, and ship's company, as well as those of the *Bona Confidentia*, to the number of seventy persons, perished miserably, from the effects of cold or hunger, on a barren and uninhabited part of the eastern coast of Lapland, where the dead bodies of those who thus perished were discovered the following year by some Russian fishermen.

Fairer fortune attended Chancellor, who succeeded in reaching Wardhuys in Norway, where he waited anxiously for the rest of the expedition; and though dissuaded from his design by 'certaine Scottishmen,' who had even at that early date wandered so far afield, he pushed north, until he came to a land where there was everlasting sunshine, shining with 'a continuall light and brightnesse clearly upon the huge and mighty sea.' He now learned that he was in the dominions of Ivan Vassilovich, Czar of Russia; and Master Chancellor, journeying fifteen hundred miles, came to his court at Moscow, where he was well received; and after laying the foundations of the long peace and friendship we enjoyed with Russia almost uninterruptedly, he reached England in safety the following spring.

After one or two more fruitless attempts on the part of England—fruitless at least in as far as the discovery of the North-east Passage was concerned—the States-general of Holland, anxious to find access to the trade of India, without encountering their determined enemies the Spaniards, took up the pursuit, and, in 1594-6, sent out three expeditions, which alike failed in the main object. The last of the three affords striking examples of dangers encountered and manful perseverance in struggling against them. They first discovered Spitzbergen, which, however, they supposed to be part of Greenland. One of the ships, commanded by Willem Barentz, who had been in the former two expeditions, then separated from the others, and reached Nova Zembla, where the ice closed in upon them, and made escape impossible. On the 11th of September, 'we saw,' to quote the narrative, 'that we could not get out of the ice, but rather became faster, and could not loose our ship, as at other times we had done, as also that it began to be winter, we tooke counsell together what we were best to doe, according to the time, that we might winter there, and attend such adventure as God would send us; and after we had debated upon the matter (to keepe and defend ourselves both from the colde and wilde beastes), we determined to build a house upon the land, to keepe us therein as well as wee could, and so to commit ourselves unto the tuition of God.' While casting about for material for the edifice, to their great joy they discovered a quantity of drift-timber, which they regarded as a special interposition of Providence in their behalf, and 'were much comforted, being in good hope that God would shew us some further favour; for that wood served us not onely to build our house,

but also to burne, and serve us all the winter long ; otherwise, without all doubt, we had died there miserably with extreme cold.'

Parties were thereupon set to work to build the house, and drag their stores from the ship on hand-sleds, in which labours they were grievously interrupted by bears and severity of the weather : if any one held a nail between his lips, the skin came off with as much pain on taking it out again as though the iron had been red hot ; yet notwithstanding the cold, there was open sea for many weeks an 'arrow-shot' beyond their ship. The dwelling, slow in progress, was finished by the end of October, and thatched with sea-wrack, the more effectually to close the chinks in the roof and walls, and 'we set up our dyall, and made the clocke strike.' On the 4th November 'wee saw the sunne no more, for it was no longer above the horizon ; then our chirurghion made a bath (to bathe us in) of a wine-pipe, wherein wee entred one after the other, and it did us much good, and was a great meanes of our health.' All the spare clothing was distributed, regulations established with regard to diet, and duties apportioned ; the master and pilot being exempted from cleaving wood and other rude labours. Traps were set to catch foxes for food, and cheerfulness was as much as possible promoted ; but at times they were snowed up, and could not open their door for many days, and had no light but that of their fire : they were tormented with smoke, while ice two inches thick formed in their sleeping-berths. The clock stopped with the cold, after which they could only reckon time by 'the twelve-hour glass.'

The misery they endured may be judged of by the tone of some of the entries in their journal ; such suffering was but too frequent : 'It was foule weather againe, with an easterly wind and extreame cold, almost not to bee indured ; whereupon wee lookt pittifully one upon the other, being in great feare that if the extremitie of the cold grew to bee more and more, wee should all dye there with cold ; for that what fire soever wee made it would not warme us ; yea, and our sacke, which is so hot, was frozen very hard, so that when we were every man to have his part, we were forced to melt it in the fire, which we shared every second day about halfe a pint for a man, wherewith we were forced to sustayne ourselves ; and at other times wee dranke water, which agreed not well with the cold, and we needed not to coole it with snow or ice ; but we were forced to melt it out of the snow.' Sometimes, while they sat at the fire, 'and seemed to burne on the fore-side, we froze behind at our backes, and were all white as the countrey men use to bee when they come in at the gates of the toune in Holland with their sleds, and have gone all night.' It might indeed seem that no room remained for hope ; yet under date December 19 we read : 'Wee put each other in good comfort that the sunne was then almost halfe over, and ready to come to us againe, which wee sore longed for, it being a weary tyme for us to bee without the sunne, and to want the greatest comfort

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that God sendeth unto man here upon the earth, and that which rejoyceth every living thing.' They kept Twelfth-night also, and 'made pancakes with oyle, and every man a white bisket, which we sopt in wine : and so, supposing that we were in our owne countrey, and amongst our friends, it comforted us as well as if we had made a great banquet in our owne house : and wee also made tickets, and our gunner was king of Nova Zembla, which is at least two hundred miles long, and lyeth between two seas.'

On the 24th January they saw the sun again, a sight that reanimated their sinking spirits, confined as they had been with no light but that of the fire, and often prevented by heavy snow from going out of their dwelling for many days in succession. Several of the party were sick—one died : a grave seven feet deep was dug in the snow ; and then, as is mournfully recorded, 'after that we had read certaine chapters and sung some psalmes, we all went out and buried the man.' As the days lengthened, they set about preparations for departure, and repaired their two boats, and had good hope 'to get out of that wilde, desart, irkesome, fearfull, and cold countrey.' On the 13th of June, the survivors, twelve in number, left the desolate shore after a stay of ten months. Barentz and two others were so worn out with disease, that they died soon after, amid all the privations of exposure in small boats in an ice-encumbered sea. The remainder struggled onwards, manfully overcoming the perils that beset them ; and in September reached the coast of Lapland, where 'wee saw some trees on the river side, which comforted us, and made us glad, as if wee had then come into a new world ; for in all the time that wee had been out, we had not seene any trees.' On the 11th of the same month, after a voyage of 1143 miles, these brave-hearted men set up their boats in the 'merchants' house at Coola, as a sign and token of their deliverance ;' and embarking on board a Dutch ship, in the course of a few weeks once more set foot in their native country.

The search for a North-east Passage was again taken up on the part of England ; and Henry Hudson, better known in connection with the western continent, attempted, first in 1608, and again in 1609, to pass between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, but without success. The last attempt in this direction was in 1676, when the English Admiralty sent out two ships under Captain John Wood ; one of them was wrecked on the coast of Nova Zembla, and the other returned with the rescued crew. Though unsuccessful in their main object, these expeditions made the north coasts of Europe well known, and revealed the riches of those seas in oil and fur animals.

NORTH-WEST VOYAGES.

The early voyages of Cabot to the north-west have already been noticed. The next of importance are the three voyages by Martin

Frobisher. He discovered the entrance to Hudson's Strait, and explored that still known as Frobisher's; but failed in penetrating to the westward. Great hopes were excited by some lumps of yellow glistening ore which he brought home, and in his later voyages gold mines were not less to be searched for than the North-west Passage. The three voyages by Davis in 1585-8 enlarged the limits of research; by the discovery of the strait which still bears his name, he opened the way to Baffin's Bay and the Polar Sea; he also surveyed a considerable extent of the Greenland coast.

Henry Hudson, 'the North Seas' great Columbus,' comes next in the list of explorers. In his first voyage, with a crew of only ten men and a boy (1607), he penetrated as far as 82° N. lat., and discovered part of the eastern coast of Greenland. His second attempt was made on the track of Barentz, but with no better success. In his third and last voyage in 1610, he passed the strait which now bears his name, and entered the great inland sea known as Hudson's Bay. Concluding that this led to the North-west Passage, he passed the winter there, with the intention of resuming operations early in the following year; but in the spring his crew, wearied with hardship, mutinied, and Hudson, with his son and seven others, was turned adrift in a small boat, and never afterwards heard of:

'Of all the sea-shapes death has worn, may mariners never know
Such fate as Hendrik Hudson found in the labyrinths of snow.'

We are told in the history of the voyage, that later in the same day on which the fated few were abandoned, the conspirators saw the boat again, when 'they let fall the main-sayle, and out with their top-sayles, and flye as from an enemy.' Continuing thus that night and the next day, 'they saw not the shallop, nor ever after.' But punishment overtook the perpetrators of this foul crime: four were killed in a skirmish with the Esquimaux near Cape Digges; and another died on the passage to Ireland, where the survivors arrived in a famishing condition, having been reduced to such extremities for want of food as to devour their candles. Strange to relate, no attempt was made to bring the mutineers to trial; some of them, indeed, were afterwards employed in further explorations.

In 1616, Baffin sailed into and explored the vast bay, 800 miles long and 300 wide, named after him. For a long time his report of its great length was disbelieved, but later researches have confirmed the accuracy of his statements; even the latitudes laid down by him are almost identical with those recently determined with all the advantage of superior instruments. Among other openings, Baffin saw Lancaster Sound; and had he explored it, Parry's discoveries would have been anticipated by two hundred years, as they had been to some extent by the long-forgotten Northmen.

In 1743, parliament offered a reward of £20,000 to any one who should sail to the north-west by way of Hudson's Strait, which

passage, it was declared, would be 'of great benefit and advantage to the kingdom.'

In 1776, Cook sailed on the fatal expedition which cost England her famous navigator, with instructions to attempt the passage of the Icy Sea from Behring's Strait to Baffin's Bay. The clause of the act above referred to, wherein Hudson's Strait was exclusively specified, was altered to include 'any northern passage' for ships; and £5000 was further voted to any one who should get within one degree of the pole. Cook, with all his perseverance, could not penetrate beyond Icy Cape, lat. $70^{\circ} 45'$, where he found the ice stretching in a compact mass across to the opposite continent, which he also visited, sailing as far as Cape North on the coast of Asia. It would appear that expectations prevailed of the enterprising mariner's success, for a vessel was sent to Baffin's Bay to wait for him, in 1777, in charge of Lieutenant Pickersgill.

These failures threw a damp for a time on exploring enterprise; and besides, the attention of Europe was engrossed with the struggles of the French Revolution. But in 1816-17, the Greenland whalers reported the sea to be clearer of ice than at any former time within their knowledge. This fact engaged the attention of the Admiralty; and the Council of the Royal Society were consulted as to the prospects of renewed operations in the Arctic regions. Their reply was favourable; and in 1818, two expeditions were fitted out—the one to discover the North-west Passage, the other to reach the pole. Captain (afterwards Sir John) Ross and Lieutenant (afterwards Sir Edward) Parry, in the vessels *Isabella* and *Alexander*, were intrusted with the former of these objects. They were especially charged to examine the great openings described by Baffin as existing at the head of the vast bay which he so diligently explored; and in carrying out these instructions, the commanders found full reason to applaud the care and perseverance of the able navigator who had preceded them by two hundred years. It must be remembered that we are now treating of a period when science put forward its imperative claims, and when, as at present, something more was required than a meagre chart of a previously unexplored coast, and graphic accounts of new countries and their inhabitants. Astronomy, geology, meteorology, magnetism, natural history, were all clamorous for new facts, or for satisfactory tests of those already known. For the same reason it is that of late years exploring expeditions have been more interesting to the philosopher than to the general public. Lord Anson returning from the southern seas with wagon-loads of Spanish dollars and doubloons would be hailed with popular acclaim; while Sir James Ross arriving from the Antarctic Ocean with materials for accurate magnetic charts, and records of soundings deep as Mont Blanc's altitude, is the hero of the scientific world.

The open state of the sea greatly facilitated the purposes of the

expedition. In August the ships were sailing up Lancaster Sound, with every prospect of an easy passage to the westward; when the commander, fancying that he saw a range of mountains barring all further progress in the distance, hesitated to advance, and finally, throwing away the favourable opportunity, returned with his consort to England.

But some who took part in the voyage affirmed the mountains seen by the commander were an ocular deception; and further exertions being resolved on, two ships, the *Hecla* and the *Griper*, commanded by Captain Parry, sailed in May 1819, to explore Lancaster Sound anew. Using every exertion to be early on the scene of operations, they were in the entrance of the Sound in the end of July, waiting for an easterly breeze. It came at last; both vessels crowded sail; and as Captain Parry relates: 'It is more easy to imagine than to describe the almost breathless anxiety which was now visible in every countenance while, as the breeze increased to a fresh gale, we ran quickly up the Sound. The mast-heads were crowded by the officers and men during the whole afternoon; and an unconcerned observer, if any could have been unconcerned on such an occasion, would have been amused by the eagerness with which the various reports from the crow's-nest were received—all, however, hitherto, favourable to our most sanguine hopes.' The question as to a passage was soon settled. 'We were,' pursues the narrative, 'by midnight in a great measure relieved from our anxiety respecting the supposed continuity of land at the bottom of this magnificent inlet, having reached the longitude of $83^{\circ} 12'$, where the two shores are still above thirteen leagues apart, without the slightest appearance of any land to the westward of us for four or five points of the compass.'

An inlet ten leagues wide, on the southern shore, was next seen. Thinking that this would lead to the American continent, Captain Parry sailed into it for some distance until stopped by the ice. While here, the singular phenomenon was observed, as it had been by former voyagers, of the compasses becoming useless, the needles losing all directive power, and pointing to any direction in which they might be turned. This effect, which added materially to the difficulty of navigating an unknown sea, was due chiefly to the proximity of the magnetic pole. From this channel, to which the name of Regent's Inlet was given, the ships returned to Barrow Strait, where, on the 22d August, another wide opening of eight leagues was discovered on the northern shore. Far as the eye could reach it was clear of ice, but no attempt was made to explore it, as all on board the vessels were desirous of getting to the westward: it was called Wellington Channel. Beyond this, several islands were passed, the whole group now known as the Parry Islands; and during this part of the voyage a change was noticed in the general direction of the compass needle from westerly to easterly, shewing, as Captain Parry observes, that they had

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'crossed immediately to the northward of the magnetic pole, and had undoubtedly passed over one of those spots on the globe where the needle would have been found to vary 180° , or, in other words, where its north pole would have pointed due south.'

Sailing onwards, the passage narrowed; Melville Island was discovered and named; and on the 4th September the party became entitled to the parliamentary reward of £5000 offered for attaining 110° of west longitude; a gratifying fact duly commemorated in the appellation of an adjacent headland—Bounty Cape. The narrowing of the channel disappointed the explorers in their hope of making their way to Behring's Strait in one season. Ice was met with; on the 14th September a sudden fall of snow indicated the close of the fine season; the *Griper* was forced on shore; and though got off again, the obstructions were such as to make it evident that no time was to be lost in looking for winter-quarters. With some difficulty the course was retraced to a bay in Melville Island; but new ice seven inches in thickness formed so rapidly, that before the vessels could be brought to their anchoring-ground, a channel more than two miles long had to be cut to admit them.

All heavy materials and stores were immediately landed, the decks cleared, and each vessel housed over with a thick tilt-cloth; and to insure as much snugness as possible under the circumstances, the sides were banked up with snow. Notwithstanding the heating apparatus distributed throughout each ship, the sleeping-berths were nearly always damp, and coated with ice; and whenever the external air was admitted by the opening of a door, the sudden rush of cold condensed the warm air of the apartment to a visible vapour, which settled and froze on the bulk-heads and beams. Later in the season the berths were taken down, and hammocks slung amidship substituted for them, very much to the comfort and health of the crews—an arrangement which has been followed in subsequent voyages with equal benefit. During the winter all available means were taken to promote health and cheerfulness: when the weather permitted, the men took exercise on shore, and on other occasions were made to run round the deck to the tunes of a hand-organ or to their own songs. Dramatic entertainments were prepared: the first representation took place on the day on which the ice-bound adventurers lost sight of the sun, to see it no more for three dreary months, and was repeated fortnightly afterwards. A school was opened, and well attended by the crews, who found learning to read a valuable relief from *ennui* and its concomitant evils; and the officers, among other modes of using the time, started a weekly manuscript newspaper—*The North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle*—in which humour and philosophy were mingled, to the amusement and edification of writers and readers. Those who understand the intimate connection between mental and physical health will best appreciate these attempts to provide occupation for

mind and body. But the scientific objects of the expedition were not forgotten: in the observatory built on shore, astronomical, magnetical, and meteorological observations were perseveringly recorded, in spite of the rigorous climate; and when the cold was such that to touch the metal of the instruments raised a blister, or took off the skin, just as in a case of burning, it was necessary to hold the breath while observing, otherwise a thin film of ice formed on the eye-glasses. Several phenomena peculiar to northern latitudes were taken account of: curious effects of refraction, appearances of the aurora, facility of hearing sounds at great distances—in calm weather conversation could be held between two individuals more than a mile apart with but a slight elevation of the voice; smoke did not rise, but crept along for several miles in a horizontal direction; objects seen at a distance in the dreary waste of snow deceived the eye, and appeared much larger than they were in reality. February 1820 was the coldest part of the season; the temperature fell to 55° below zero, a degree of frigor which might well be supposed to be unbearable; yet, if there be no wind, it can be borne without pain. Mercury froze so as to become malleable, and could be beaten into a variety of forms.

In March, preparations were made to fit the ships again for service; the ice which had accumulated inside the *Hecla* from breath and steam was scraped off, making a quantity of seventy-five bushels. On the 12th and 13th May, the first ptarmigan, deer, and musk ox were seen; the animals pass every spring from the mainland to the islands to graze and breed. On the 1st June, a party set out to cross the island to its northern shore: the pools were full of fowl, the rapid fervour of an Arctic summer had already converted the snowy waste into 'luxuriant pasture-ground,' rich in flowers and grass, with 'almost the same lively appearance as that of an English meadow,' a fact which fully accounts for the periodical migration of animals from the continent.

It was not until the 1st August that the ships were once more fairly afloat, and endeavours made to push to the westward; but the icy barrier which the party had seen on their first approach still barred their progress. The *Griper* again took the ground during a perilous interval, and all further progress in the much desired direction became hopeless. The heads of the vessels were reluctantly turned to the eastward; they stood out of the Sound, surveyed part of Baffin's Bay, and in November returned to England, with all hands, comprising ninety-four individuals, in health, having lost but one during their eighteen months' absence.

In September of the same year that Parry sailed, an overland expedition started from York Factory, Hudson's Bay, under charge of Sir John Franklin, accompanied by Dr (afterwards Sir John) Richardson, two midshipmen (Messrs Back and Hood), and Hepburn a seaman, with the object of exploring the north coast of America to

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its eastern extremity from the mouth of the Coppermine. There was a chance that Parry might make for the coast in his ships; and if so, the two parties would have co-operated with mutual advantage.

It may be well to notice here that more than one exploring expedition had already been sent out by the Hudson's Bay Company. Although bound by their charter to attempt the discovery of a Northwest Passage, they were very lukewarm in the matter until 1719, when, under strong influence brought to bear on them, they fitted out an expedition under Knight and Barlow. These officers never returned, nor did the expedition (under Scroggs) sent in search of them succeed in learning any trace of them. Fifty years afterwards, the wrecks of their vessels were discovered on Marble Island, where they apparently perished. The Esquimaux told a sad tale of the sufferings of these poor castaways. It appears that in 1720 twenty of them were living—the rest having been destroyed by sickness and famine. In the summer of 1721, only five of them were alive and in such distress for provisions, that they eagerly ate the seal's flesh and whale's blubber quite raw, as they purchased it from the natives. This disordered them so much that three of them died in a few days; and the other two, though very weak, made a shift to bury them. These two survived many days after the rest, and frequently went to the top of an adjacent rock, and earnestly looked to the south and east, as if in expectation of some vessels coming to their relief. After continuing there a considerable time together, and nothing appearing in sight, they sat down close together and wept bitterly. At length one of them died, and the other's strength was so far exhausted, that he fell down and died also in attempting to dig a grave for his companion. The skulls and other large bones of these two men were lying about the ground, close to the house which they inhabited, as late as 1769. The longest liver, according to the Esquimaux account, was always employed in working iron into implements for them; probably he was the armourer or smith. It is said that in 1800, Mr Atkinson, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, found the following inscription written on a piece of cedar-wood about a foot square, and five feet above the ground, on Old Factory Island, in James Bay, about thirty miles to the northward of East Main Factory. Though it is said that all the letters were quite visible, yet doubtless this was only partially true, because the date and number of ships are given incorrectly. 'In the year 1692 [1719] wintered three [two] ships at this island, with one hundred and twenty-seven men, under the government of Captain James Knight. Then we erected this monument in remembrance of it.'

Between the years 1769 and 1772, Samuel Hearne made a remarkable overland journey to the Polar Sea, near the mouth of the Coppermine River; and in 1789, Mr (afterwards Sir Alexander) Mackenzie, another officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, reached

the same ocean at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, which has been named in his honour. Both their narratives are, however, very unsatisfactory; and these men seem to have been more intent on serving the trading company by whom they were employed, than in making geographical discoveries which might be supposed to act prejudicially to the interests of the fur-trade, and the monopoly of the incorporation under whose directions they acted.

Franklin and his party, increased by a number of Canadian voyageurs, interpreters, &c., set out from Fort Chippewayan in July 1820 for Fort Enterprise, 500 miles to the north. Here they wintered; and in June next year sailed in canoes down the Coppermine River to the sea. They then paddled eastward a distance, counting the indentations of the coast, of 555 geographical miles, when, their provisions beginning to fail, they were obliged to halt. The farthest point reached, on what is now Coronation Gulf, they called Point Turnagain. The fatigues and privations endured on the way back to Fort Enterprise are scarcely to be paralleled. Their chief subsistence was a species of lichen called rock-tripe, which had a most nauseous taste, and caused cruel bowel-complaints. One day, 'previous to setting out, the whole party ate the remains of their old shoes and whatever scraps of leather they had, to strengthen their stomachs for the fatigue of the day's journey.' When the survivors reached York Factory, they had travelled 5500 miles in the course of three years.

In 1821, Parry and Lyon were again despatched in the *Hecla* and *Fury* up Hudson's Strait and Foxe's Channel, where winter overtook them. This dark season was again spent in the same cheerful and beneficial manner as before. In July the vessels were released from their icy dock, and the explorations were again resumed up Foxe's Channel and Hecla and Fury Strait, a continuation of the former, until they came to a place called by the Esquimaux Igloodik, where they again wintered, but apparently with less jollity than before—the protracted residence in the frozen seas seeming to tell on the spirits of the seamen. In the spring, they again attempted to proceed, but finding their efforts fruitless, they bore up for England, reaching the town of Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands, on the 10th of October 1823, after having been more than two years absent, without a single word reaching the outer world regarding their safety. The honest islanders looked upon them as people risen from the dead, and testified their joy at their safety by ringing the bells, and firing guns to their hearts' content.

In 1824, the *Hecla* and *Fury*, under Captains Parry and Hoppner, were again despatched on northern discovery. This voyage proved most unfortunate. They only succeeded in reaching Port Bowen in Barrow Strait (a continuation of Lancaster Sound), when they were frozen up for the winter. In the spring, they met many obstacles and disasters, the final one of which was the *Fury* getting nipped

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or crushed by the ice to such an extent as to render her unseaworthy. This now frustrated the whole object of the expedition. The *Fury* being abandoned, her crew was transferred to the *Hecla*, and the whole expedition returned to England. The government was so discouraged at this finale to the long list of failures to effect the main object of the expeditions, that, notwithstanding the brilliant geographical discoveries they had made, and the great increase to our knowledge of the Arctic regions effected by them, they resolved to discontinue their efforts to seek for a North-west Passage. They further withdrew the offer of £20,000 as a reward to the vessel which should accomplish this feat. Matters were in this condition but a short time, for in 1829, a London distiller, Mr (afterwards Sir Felix) Booth fitted out an expedition, consisting of a steamer, the *Victory*, under the command of Captain John Ross. The steamer proved almost worthless, the machinery continually breaking down, and at its best rarely accomplishing more than one and a half miles an hour. However, on the 12th of August, they reached the wreck of the *Fury*, when, though the vessel was almost entirely gone, they secured some useful stores. Pushing westward, they reached an extensive land, which Ross named Boothia Felix, in honour of his munificent patron. After exploring 300 miles of this coast, they wintered. The summer of 1830 was spent in explorations on foot and by sledge, the principal result of which was the discovery by Commander (afterwards Sir) James Ross of the *magnetic* pole, in $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$ N. lat., and $96^{\circ} 46' 45''$ W. long. Here the needle did not move. Again the winter closed on them, and again in the summer they repeated their exploration, until a third winter bound their vessel still immovable. Next summer, though in great sorrow, they determined to abandon their vessel, and attempt their escape to the whalers in Baffin's Bay. This they failed to accomplish, and a fourth winter was passed in their vessel. Next summer they again renewed their attempt, and after many obstacles, they gained the open waters of Baffin's Bay. 'At four o'clock in the morning of the 26th,' says Murray, 'they were roused from sleep by the look-out man announcing "A sail," which, viewed through a glass, proved evidently to be a ship. All were presently in motion, and their hopes and fears were variously expressed. But they were detained by calms and light shifting airs, and, a breeze springing up, the vessel made sail with a rapidity which left them hopelessly behind. About ten, however, they descried another, which seemed to be lying to; but she also bore up under all sail, and appeared to be fast leaving them. Happily a calm succeeded, and by hard rowing they approached so near that their signals were perceived, when she was seen to heave to and lower a boat, which made directly towards them. On its arrival, the mate in command asked if they were in distress, and had lost their vessel, proffering his aid; stating, in answer to their inquiries, that he belonged to the *Isabella* of Hull,

once commanded by Captain Ross, now by Captain Humphreys. On being told that the former person stood before him, his brain was so puzzled that he declared the captain must be under a mistake, as he had certainly been dead two years.' He was soon satisfied of the truth of the intelligence, and hastened back to his ship with the news. Immediately the yards were manned, and the adventurers saluted back to civilisation and friends with three hearty cheers. 'Every man was hungry, and was to be fed; all were ragged, and were to be clothed; there was not one to whom washing was not indispensable, *nor one whom his beard did not deprive of all English semblance*—it was washing, dressing, shaving, eating, all intermingled.' After the excitement of the day, they retired to rest, but so long had they been accustomed to live in the open air, that few of them could sleep on a bed. On the 30th September they left for home, and to their joy, and astonishment of all Europe, reached England in safety. Captain (now Admiral Sir George) Back had been despatched previously, however, to search for the expedition on the shore of the American polar sea, and had already been absent for a year on his overland journey, during which considerable discoveries were made.* All the officers and men received double pay and promotion; and after some delay, Captain Ross was knighted, and received a reward of five thousand pounds from parliament; while Mr Booth was created a baronet.

In 1830, Captain Back was sent in the *Terror* to complete the discovery of the coast-line between Regent's Inlet and Point Turnagain. This expedition almost entirely failed in its object, through the disasters which the vessel encountered from the ice. Though Back had thus failed in accomplishing the objects of his expedition, Messrs Dease and Simpson, two officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1837, 1838, and 1839, under the auspices of that body, succeeded in accomplishing, by overland and coast journeys, nearly all that Back had mapped out for himself.

In 1844, the return of Captain Sir James Ross from his brilliant Antarctic expedition gave a new impetus to Arctic discovery. The government having finally, under judicious pressure, resolved to despatch another expedition, the *Erebus* and *Terror* were fitted out for this purpose, and the command given to Captain Sir John Franklin, who had already greatly distinguished himself in an expedition to Spitzbergen in 1818, in the overland expedition to the Arctic Sea in 1819-21, already mentioned, and in a second of the same nature in 1825-6. Sir John had been more recently governor of Van Diemen's Land, and was then well advanced in years. The junior captains were Crozier and Fitzjames, and the total number of officers and men was 134, comprising the pick of Arctic seamen. The vessels were, in addition, provided each with a small steam-

* King's Narrative, 2 vols. Back's Narrative.

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engine and propeller, and every scientific instrument and store which might be supposed to be useful or necessary to the comfort and safety of the crew, or the success of the expedition. On the 19th of May 1845, the expedition left the Thames, and a tender which accompanied it discharged its extra stores and returned to England from Davis' Strait, the two vessels being then provided with stores sufficient for five years. On the 26th of July they were seen by a whaler moored to an iceberg, waiting for an opening through the ice which extends down the middle of Baffin's Bay, and this was the last positive intelligence of the Franklin Expedition. From this time, Arctic exploration takes the shape of a search for the missing expedition.

EXPEDITIONS IN SEARCH OF FRANKLIN.

Nothing having been heard for two years of Franklin and his companions, some anxiety began to be felt about their safety. Hear-say stories came floating home of whalers having seen Esquimaux who talked of ships having been lost, and of men dragging boats behind them over the ice. At last the government resolved to send out several vessels to succour the men if possible, and if not, to ascertain their fate. The first were despatched in 1848; and for five years expedition followed expedition (once as many as six in one year) on the same errand. Private liberality supplemented the exertions of government; nor were the people of the United States behind in what was felt to be the common cause of humanity. It has been calculated that, including the cost of the missing expedition, more than a million of money was spent on this object. If all these enterprises effected little in so far as their main end was concerned, they at least extended vastly our knowledge of the Arctic regions; the greater part of the definite outlines of this intricate maze of land and water, or rather land and ice, which now cover our maps, were filled in in those years. We can do little more than enumerate the several expeditions.

In 1848, the *Plover*, Commander Maguire, was despatched to Behring's Strait, and conjointly with him Captains Kellet and Moore, in 1848-9, to the same region. They were also accompanied by Mr Robert Shedden in his own yacht, and we regret to say that this gentleman fell a victim to his exertions—dying shortly after his return.

Sir John Richardson was also despatched to examine the shores of the Arctic Sea in the vicinity of the Mackenzie River; and conjoined with him was Dr John Rae, a celebrated North American traveller, and chief trader and surgeon of the Hudson's Bay Company, who had already distinguished himself as an explorer of the Melville Peninsula in 1846-7. Sir James Ross was sent to Lancaster Sound; and a store-ship, under Mr Saunders, was secured

in the same quarter. All of these expeditions returned safely to England, without, however, obtaining any trace of the missing expedition. In 1850, no less than eight expeditions were again in the Arctic seas—namely, Collinson and M'Clure, in the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, by way of Behring's Strait; Captain Penny, a whaler, with Captain Stewart, in the direction of Lancaster Sound; Austin, Ommaney, M'Clintock, and Sherard Osborn, in four vessels, to Lancaster Sound, &c.; and Forsyth, in the *Prince Albert*, to the same region. The seventh expedition was one sent by the liberality of the United States' government and Mr Grinnell, a merchant of New York, under Lieutenant De Haven of the United States' navy. The eighth was the schooner *Felix*, equipped by public subscription, under the command of the veteran Sir John Ross, with a tender of twelve tons called the *Mary*, with which it was intended to explore the vicinity of Wellington Channel and the headlands to Banks Land. Some of these expeditions were fortunate enough to come upon remains of the expedition—comprising scraps of paper, empty meat-tins, remains of observatory, carpenters' and armourers' shops, and three graves of men of the *Erebus* and *Terror*—all proving that Franklin had wintered at the mouth of Wellington Channel in 1845-6, and had suddenly pushed forward. In 1851, Rae was despatched on another overland expedition, with a single boat, to launch upon the waters in the vicinity of Boothia, when he should reach so far; Kennedy was despatched to Regent's Inlet in the *Prince Albert*, Inglefield to Baffin's Bay, Belcher to Wellington Channel, Pullen to Beechy Island, Osborn to Wellington Channel, and Kellet and M'Clintock to Melville Island. These expeditions nearly all failed of the main object of their search, but some of them succeeded in accomplishing great geographical discoveries. In 1854, Captain M'Clure reached England, having discovered the long-sought-for North-west Passage. His story was as follows: In 1850, when Captains Collinson and M'Clure were sent out to Behring's Strait in search of Franklin, M'Clure, after making his way along the north coast of the American continent to about W. long. 125° , struck north-east for Banks Land, and sailing through the strait which separates it from Prince Albert Land on the south-east, almost succeeded in getting into Melville Sound, which is a continuation of Barrow Strait. But although exploring parties reached it, the ship could not be got through the ice; and it was resolved to return, sail round the west side of Banks Land, and attempt to get into Melville Sound by the north. By September 1851, the *Investigator* had got along the north side of the island as far as long. $117^{\circ} 54'$, where she was frozen in, in Mercy Bay, and there remains. Captain M'Clure and his men stuck by the ship till June 1853, when they made their way over the ice to the *Resolute*, Captain Kellet, which had entered the strait from the west. This vessel was also deserted in April 1854, and M'Clure reached England

in the *Phoenix* steamer. Although he did not find a navigable passage, still he had water under him the whole way, and thus may be said to have gone through the North-west Passage. Open it undoubtedly is some years, as witness the drift-timber from the Pacific, and the whales with harpoons put in them in the Sea of Okhotsk, &c., which have been found in Davis' Strait; but that it ever will be of the slightest use to the world, few for long before its discovery ever imagined, and still less so now is the belief entertained. M'Clure was tried by court-martial for the loss of his ship, but was acquitted; and a reward of ten thousand pounds was made for this discovery.

Again, in 1853, Trollope and Kennedy were despatched to Behring's Strait, and Inglefield to Wellington Channel, &c., but without effecting anything of importance. During the same year, Dr Elisha Kent Kane, of the United States' navy, who had been surgeon of De Haven's expedition, was despatched by the Americans (the chief of whom was Mr Grinnell) in the schooner *Advance* up Smith's Sound in search of Franklin. The vessel was of poor quality—ill found, and ill fitted for the service; but notwithstanding, Dr Kane held by the vessel for three years in a harbour in $78^{\circ} 37'$ N. lat., in Smith's Sound, where she had got frozen in, suffering almost incredible hardships. Finally, deserting the vessel in open boats, they reached the most northerly of the Danish settlements in Greenland, and were conveyed to the United States by an expedition despatched in search of them, which met them here. Kane considered that he had discovered an open sea to the northward, surrounding the pole. The wonderful tale of his sufferings has been told by himself in a book of great interest and value, notwithstanding the rather too evident attempts to produce effect.*

The saddest of all the intelligence about Franklin's expedition, however, reached England in 1853. Dr Rae, who had been exploring Boothia, found among the Esquimaux various articles of silver-plate, &c. belonging to the officers of Franklin's expedition, and discovered further, that the vessels had been destroyed by the ice. The most horrible conclusion, however, drawn was, that the unfortunate crew had been driven by starvation to cannibalism—many of the bodies being described by the Esquimaux as being in a very mutilated condition, and the contents of the kettles seen by them making this conclusion too inevitable. Though Dr Rae's report was subjected to severe criticism, and he himself to unmerited abuse, yet so thoroughly were the government convinced of the truth of it, that they rewarded this *beau idéal* of an explorer by presenting to the expedition which he commanded the sum of ten thousand pounds, in terms of the reward offered by the Admiralty to any person who should first succeed in ascertaining the fate of the crews of the

* *Arctic Explorations*, 2 vols. Philadelphia, 1855.

Erebus and *Terror*. In 1855, the Hudson's Bay Company despatched Mr Anderson, one of their chief traders, with a party down the Great Fish River, but without obtaining any further intelligence of the missing expedition, beyond buying from the Esquimaux various articles known to have belonged to it.

Still, public interest in the ill-fated expedition was not quite allayed, for no certain intimation had yet been obtained of the fate of the greater number of the men belonging to the expedition. The government, however, declined to send out any more expeditions; and it was only with the utmost exertions of Lady Franklin and her scientific friends that the steam-yacht *Fox*, of 177 tons, was purchased at their own cost, and despatched on June 30, 1857, under the command of Captain M'Clintock, R.N. Being late in reaching the upper part of Baffin's Bay, they were frozen in the pack-ice the whole of the first winter, and drifted south 1385 miles. The next winter they lay in safety in Port Kennedy, and from this point sledging-parties were despatched in the spring; the result of which was that buttons, medals, &c., belonging to Franklin's expedition were obtained from the Esquimaux, who also told them of a party of men who had 'died of starvation on an island where there are salmon.' On the 25th of May, on King William's Island, a skeleton was found, and around it, and peeping through the snow, were scraps of clothing. The person appears from these to have been a steward or officer's servant, and from the position he was found in, to confirm the truth of what the Esquimaux told them—'they fell down as they walked.' Still later they came upon a cairn, in which was a copper case containing a valuable document. Round this cairn was an immense quantity of relics of the missing expedition—clothing, compasses, stores, &c.; but, with the exception of the document referred to, not one scrap of writing. This paper (of which a fac-simile is given in M'Clintock's narrative*) was one of those supplied to the expedition, to be deposited here and there with intelligence of the progress of the party, and with a request printed on it for the finder to send it to the nearest British consul, or to the Admiralty in London. It informs us that Franklin and his companions wintered on Beechy Island in 1846-7 (a mistake for 1845-6). Next year, they went to within twelve miles of King William's Land, and there wintered, in lat. 70° 5' N.; long. 98° 23' W. As yet, Sir John Franklin commanded. On the 11th of June 1847, Sir John died. Then is written round the margin a sad tale. In 1848, the *Terror* and *Erebus* were deserted on the 22d April, having been beset since 12th September 1846—the officers and crew, under the command of Captain Crozier, numbering one hundred and five souls. By the shores of a desolate bay, the explorers also found a boat mounted on a sledge, and inside was

* *The Fate of Franklin*. London, 1860.

something which struck them with awe—namely, portions of two skeletons, with fragments of worked slippers, and a pair of strong shooting-boots, five watches, two guns—one barrel in each loaded and cocked, five or six small books—the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Christian Melodies*, cover of New Testament and Prayer-book, &c. One can imagine the feelings of the last of these two men as his companion died, and he peered through the leaden atmosphere, waiting until such time as he should meet the same fate. Their sad duties having been so far completed, the expedition returned home on 30th September 1859.

It would appear that some of the Franklin expedition had been able to reach Montreal Island, in the estuary of the Back River, where remains of clothing and equipment were found, but no skeletons. Still, no detailed records of the expedition have been found, and it is reasonably supposed that these must be buried securely in some position, to be discovered, perhaps, when the ground is bare of snow. Be that as it may, the discoveries of M'Clintock establish the fact that Sir John Franklin and his companions had anticipated M'Clure in discovering a North-west Passage.

NORTH POLAR VOYAGES.

At various times in the course of Arctic discovery there have been breaks in the search for north-east and north-west passages, by attempts to reach the north pole itself, and crossing over, to find by that route a passage to the south seas. Thus the object of Hudson in sailing north in 1607 and 1614 was partially with this view. In 1773, the government sent Captain John Phipps (afterwards Lord Mulgrave) and Lieutenant Lutwidge (under whom served Horatio Nelson as cockswain) in the *Racehorse* and *Carcass* in the direction of Spitzbergen. Though cruising about all summer, they were unable to penetrate through the pack-ice, and did not reach farther north than $80^{\circ} 37'$. In 1806, the celebrated Captain Scoresby, senior (a whaler), succeeded in reaching $81^{\circ} 12' 42''$ N. lat.—or to within $8^{\circ} 47' 18''$ of the pole. This is supposed to be the highest authenticated latitude ever reached by a *ship*, until the voyage of the *Polaris*, to be afterwards spoken of. In 1818, the Admiralty again despatched Captain Buchan and Lieutenant Franklin in the *Dorothea* and the *Trent*, who reached $80^{\circ} 34'$, when they were stopped by the ice. In 1827, the celebrated Parry made an attempt to advance north from Spitzbergen towards the pole by dragging the boats over the ice. But the southerly drift of the ice became so great that they lost daily nearly as much as they gained by laborious dragging of the boats. The result was that they were forced to return, after reaching $82^{\circ} 45'$ —the highest latitude yet attained.

Although Parry's attempt was in so far a failure, it pointed out

the only way by which it is believed that the north pole can be reached, if it is to be reached at all, namely, by sledge-travelling over the ice and land.

With the return of the last expedition in search of Franklin, Great Britain seemed to retire from the field of Arctic research. The work, however, was continued by other nations. It would be tedious to enumerate the various attempts that have been made to find an opening through the ice-barrier that stretches between Nova Zembla and Greenland. The southern border of this pack has nowhere been found, even in the most favourable season, to retreat much farther north than the parallel of 80° . Norwegians, Swedes, and Germans have in vain essayed to penetrate it. Their persistent enterprise has added much to our knowledge of the seas around Spitzbergen, and new lands have been discovered; but the pole has remained as distant as ever. In these explorations more than one English yachtsman has taken part at his own cost.

The reiterated attempts to penetrate to the pole through the Spitzbergen portal were fostered by the theory, that, after passing through the barrier of pack-ice impinging upon Spitzbergen, the explorers would pass into a comparatively iceless sea. The barrier of ice always encountered by ships about 80° of N. lat. is, according to this theory, ice which has drifted south in summer and autumn, and which must leave a wide space of open sea round the north pole. The Gulf Stream also is held to contribute to this effect. The warm stream from the Atlantic is known to send a branch towards Nova Zembla, while another flows along the west coast of Spitzbergen. When it meets the polar current, this warm water dips under it, and has been found off the north-west of Spitzbergen below a considerable depth of ice-cold water. Now this warm under-current is supposed to hold its way northwards for a long way, and then to emerge to the surface with warmth sufficient to melt the ice and keep an open sea. All these and other arguments have been shewn to be fallacious; and the results of experience are so decidedly against the open polar sea theory, that belief in it has died out, and expectation is directed to another quarter and to other means.

Of the recent enterprises in the seas between Greenland and Nova Zembla, the most remarkable were the German expedition, sent to explore the northern part of the east coast of Greenland; and the Austro-Hungarian expedition, which discovered the new archipelago of Franz Joseph Land. The German expedition consisted of the screw-steamer *Germania*, of 140 tons, with the sailing-brig *Hansa* as consort and storeship. It sailed from Bremen in June 1869, carrying with it the enthusiastic good wishes of the whole Fatherland. 'In latitude $70^{\circ} 46'$ N., longitude $10^{\circ} 51'$ W., the *Hansa*, which had on board some of the supplies of fuel for herself and consort, got separated from the *Germania*, and caught in the ice. On October 22, the ice-floes pressing on every side, crushed her. Then, home-

less in the midst of this dreary ice-field, with the winter coming on, the crew built on the floe, with the patent fuel, a house in which they took refuge. In this strangest of all abodes they passed Christmas—not uncheerfully on the whole, they tell us. In two months the current had carried them south 400 miles, and though they were only 30 miles from land, it was impossible to reach it. On November 27, their track-map shews that they were just about half-way between Greenland and Iceland. Shortly after their Christmas festivities, the floe split, and ruined their house. For some time it would seem as if their lives hung on a thread. But they were destined for better things. The floe righted again, and they left their boats, to which they had been forced to flee, and again built their fuel-house. On January 3, 1870, they were close to the Greenland coast, but could only survey it in sadness, as the broken ice precluded the possibility of ever reaching it. As spring advanced and the summer came, their situation was more cheering in one sense, but more depressing in another. Their ice island had now, by the lashing of the surge and the melting of the ice, got reduced until it was not more than a hundred yards in breadth. By May their sextants told them they had drifted 1100 miles on their cheerless raft. Finally, on June 14, 1870, they arrived in safety in their three boats at the Greenland Moravian Mission station of Friedriksthal, in latitude 60° N., just on the other side of Cape Farewell. Here they met their countrymen of the Herrnhutian *Unitas Fratrum*, and once more were safe.—*The Threshold of the Unknown Region*, by C. R. Markham. 1875.

The *Germania*, by the aid of her steam-power, sailed up the coast of Greenland as high as $75^{\circ} 30'$. She wintered among the Pendulum Islands in lat. $74^{\circ} 30'$; and in March a sledge-party pushed their way as high as lat. 77° , when want of provisions compelled them to return to the ship. When the navigation was again opened they explored a part of the coast, and discovered, in lat. $73^{\circ} 15'$, a branching inlet stretching far into the land, which they named Franz Joseph Fjord. The expedition returned to Bremen in September 1870.

The Austro-Hungarian expedition, consisting of the steamer *Tegethoff* of 300 tons, under the command of Lieutenant Weyprecht, with Lieutenant Payer in charge of the land-travelling, started from the Elbe in June 1872, and intended to sail round the north end of Nova Zembla, with a view to making a north-east passage. Off the north-west of Nova Zembla the *Tegethoff* was closely beset by the ice in August, and was never again extricated. More than a year was passed by the crew in constant danger of being crushed by the pressure of the ice. They were drifted for a time north-east, and then, by a change of the wind, north-west, until, at the end of August 1873, they found themselves on the coast of an unknown land. In October, the *Tegethoff* became finally fixed in lat. $79^{\circ} 51'$, long. $58^{\circ} 56'$, within

ARCTIC REGIONS AND ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

three miles of an island. In March, a sledge-party explored the country, which they report to 'equal Spitzbergen in extent, and to consist of several large masses of land intersected by numerous fjords, and skirted by a large number of islands.' The whole archipelago was named Franz Joseph Land. The highest point reached was $82^{\circ} 5'$, with land still seen stretching to the north. Abandoning the ship on the 20th May, the crew took to their sledges and boats, and after a perilous journey of ninety-six days over ice and open sea, reached Nova Zembla, where they found means of being conveyed home.

Recent expeditions have sought to reach the pole by way of Smith's Sound, at the head of Baffin's Bay. This channel was discovered by Baffin himself in 1616, but was never explored until 1853, when Dr Kane, an American, pushed as far north as lat. 80° or 81° . Dr Hayes, another American explorer, following the same track in 1861, reached perhaps the lat. of $81^{\circ} 35'$. But both were outstripped by Captain Hall, who in August 1871 carried the American steamer *Polaris* to lat. $82^{\circ} 16'$, within thirty miles of the most northern point attained by Parry on the ice. In November Captain Hall died. Little was accomplished in the way of sledge exploration; and in August 1872 the *Polaris* sailed southwards, but was beset by ice in Baffin's Bay. Part of the crew were parted from the ship, and drifted, along with several Esquimaux, southwards to the coast of Labrador, where they were picked up in April in excellent health. The *Polaris* had meanwhile been driven northwards again into Smith's Sound, where the crew ran the vessel ashore and wintered. In summer 1873, having built two boats, they went south, and were picked up by a whaler in Melville Bay.

In the autumn of 1874, the English government resolved on another attempt to explore the region of the North Pole. An expedition, consisting of two steamships, the *Alert* and the *Discovery*, sailed from Portsmouth, 29th May 1875, under the command of Captain Nares and Commander (now Captain) Markham. The *Discovery* was left in winter quarters at Lady Franklin Bay in lat. $81^{\circ} 44'$, well to the northward of Smith's Sound; while the *Alert* was safely carried farther north than any ship had yet floated, and wintered in lat. $82^{\circ} 27' N$. In spite of bitter and prolonged cold, and the still more formidable inroads of scurvy, the work of exploring this unknown region northward, eastward, and westward was diligently carried on; and on the 10th May 1876, one sledge party succeeded in reaching, over well-nigh impassable ice, the latitude of $83^{\circ} 20' 26'' N$., or within $399\frac{1}{2}$ miles of the North Pole. The explorers were compelled to admit that the Pole is wholly inaccessible by this route; they further convinced themselves that there was no open polar sea to the northward. And as the health both of officers and men prohibited the attempt to risk a second winter within the Arctic Circle, the return home was begun in July.



AMONGST those whose self-denying heroism, in the midst of perils and personal privations, have shed a glory over *female devotedness*, Flora Macdonald has deservedly obtained a high meed of applause. This lady was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, in South Uist, one of the remoter of the Western Islands of Scotland. She was born about the year 1720, and received the usual limited education of the daughter of a Highland gentleman of that age. It conferred little school learning, and scarcely any accomplishments, but included good moral principles, and the feelings and manners of a lady. When Flora was a girl, her father died, leaving his estate to a son. The widowed mother, being still young and handsome, was soon afterwards wooed by Mr Macdonald of Armadale, in the Isle of Skye; but she long resisted all his solicitations. At length he resorted to an expedient which was not then uncommon in the Highlands, and was at a later period more common in Ireland—he forcibly carried away the lady from her house, and married her. It is said

that they proved a sufficiently happy couple ; though this of course does not justify the act by which the marriage was brought about.

Flora, therefore, spent her youthful years in the house of her stepfather at Armadale. She grew to womanhood without ever having seen a town, or mingled in any bustling scene. The simple life which she led in the rugged and remote Isle of Skye, was enlivened only by visits among neighbours, who were thought near if they were not above ten miles distant. The greatest event of her youth was her spending about a year in the house of Macdonald of Largoe, in Argyleshire—a lonely Highland mansion like her stepfather's, but one in which there was probably more knowledge of the world, and more of the style of life which prevailed in Lowland society. This was not long before the breaking out of the rebellion of 1745.

When Prince Charles Stuart came in that year to Scotland, to endeavour to regain the throne from which his family had been expelled, he was joined by a great portion of the clan Macdonald, including nearly the whole of the Clanranald branch, to which Flora's father had belonged. Another large portion, who looked to Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat as their superior, was prevailed upon by that gentleman to remain at peace ; for he, though a friend of the Stuarts, was prudent enough to see that the enterprise had no chance of success. Flora's stepfather, as one of Sir Alexander's friends, was among those who refrained from joining the prince's standard ; and it was probably from his example that Flora's brother, young Macdonald of Milton, also kept quiet. Thus, it will be observed, Flora's immediate living relatives were not involved in this unhappy civil war ; but the branch of the clan to which she belonged was fully engaged, and she and her friends all wished well to the Stuart cause.

Prince Charles Edward landed in Scotland on the 19th of August 1745. The place chosen for his disembarkation from the small vessel which had conveyed him from France, was Glenfinnin, a lonely vale at the head of Loch Shiel, in the western part of Inverness-shire, through which runs the small river Finnin.* Here, having planted his standard, he was immediately attended by a band of Highlanders of different clans, with whom he forthwith proceeded towards the low country. His small irregular army, augmented by adherents from Lowland Jacobite families, passed, as is well known, through a series of extraordinary adventures. After taking possession of Edinburgh, it attacked and routed a fully equal army of regular troops at Prestonpans. It marched into England in the depth of winter, and boldly advanced to Derby, a hundred and twenty-seven miles from the metropolis. Then it retreated—turned upon and routed a second army at Falkirk, but at Culloden was finally

* The spot is now distinguished by a monumental pillar, erected by the late Mr Macdonald of Glenaladale, a young gentleman of the district, whose grandfather, with the most of his clan, had engaged in the unfortunate enterprise which it is designed to commemorate.

broken to pieces by the Duke of Cumberland (April 16, 1746). Prince Charles, escaping from the field, withdrew into the western parts of Inverness-shire, with the design of endeavouring to get to France by sea ; while parties of the king's troops proceeded to ravage the lands of all those who had been concerned in the enterprise.

The government, sensible of the dangerous nature of the prince's claims, had set a price of thirty thousand pounds upon his head. This was a sum sufficient in those days to have purchased a large estate in the Highlands ; and as the Highlanders were generally poor, it was thought that some one would, for its sake, betray the prince into his enemies' hands. Charles, aware of the danger in which he stood, very quickly assumed a mean disguise, in order to elude notice, and pursued his way almost alone. Disappointed in his first attempts to obtain a passage in a French vessel, he sailed in an open boat to the Outer Hebrides, where, after some perilous adventures, he found a refuge in South Uist, under the care of the chieftain of Clanranald and his lady, who resided there at a place called Ormaclade. It has been mentioned that the Clanranald branch of the Macdonalds had been engaged in the insurrection. They had, however, been led out by the chief's eldest son, who alone, therefore, became responsible to the law, while the chieftain himself and the estate were safe. This enabled Clanranald and his lady to extend their protection to Prince Charles in his now distressed state. They placed him in a lonely hut amidst the mountains of Coradale in South Uist, and supplied all his wants for about six weeks, during which he daily hoped for an opportunity of escaping to France. At length, his enemies having formed some suspicion of his retreat, the island was suddenly beset with parties by sea and land, with the view of taking him prisoner—in which case there can be little doubt that his life would have been instantly sacrificed, for orders to that effect had been issued. Clanranald, his lady, and the two or three friends who kept the prince company, were in the greatest alarm, more particularly when they heard that the commander of the party was a Captain Scott, who had already become notorious for his cruelties towards the poor Highlanders. The first object was to remove Charles from his hut, lest exact information about it should have been obtained ; the second was to get him, if possible, carried away from the island. But the state of affairs was such, that it was impossible for him to move a mile in any direction without the greatest risk of being seized by some of his enemies.

At this period the Hebridean or Western Isles, in which the prince had taken refuge, were in a rude and almost primitive condition ; from which, indeed, they can scarcely now be said to have emerged. Extending in a range, with detached masses, for upwards of a hundred and fifty miles along the west coast of Argyle, Inverness, Ross, and Cromarty shires, to one or other of which they belong, they are generally difficult of access, and present the wild

Features of rocks, mountains, heaths, and morasses in a state of nature, with occasional patches of cultivated land, and hamlets of an exceedingly rude construction. The inhabitants, who are of the original Celtic race, remain for the most part tenants of small farms and allotments, from which they draw a miserable subsistence, chiefly by the breeding of cattle for the Lowland markets. Although poor and illiterate, and with few residents amongst them belonging to the higher classes, they are distinguished for their orderly conduct, their patience under an almost perennial adversity, and, like all the Celtic people, for their attachment to their chief—a dignity now little better than nominal. In the main range of the Hebrides, Lewis is the largest island, and is situated to the north of the others. South from it lie in succession North Uist, Benbecula, and South Uist, the whole so closely environed and nearly connected by islets, that they are spoken of collectively as the *Long Island*. Opposite South Uist, on the east, lies Skye, one of the largest and most important of the Hebrides. It extends along the coast of Ross-shire in an irregular manner, and is remarkable for the boldness of its shores and the grandeur of some of its mountains. The indentations of the coast furnish a great variety of natural harbours, the refuge of vessels exposed to the tempests of the western ocean. The chief town in the island is Portree, and the principal mansion that of Dunvegan, the seat of the Macleods, who own the greater part of the isle. The southern district of Skye is called Sleat, or Slate. Skye is separated from the Outer Hebrides by a strait or sound, from twenty to forty miles wide. Such, as will be immediately seen, was the principal scene of the wanderings and hairbreadth escapes of Charles Stuart. Fleeing from island to island, crossing straits in open boats, lurking in wilds and caves, attended by seldom more than one adherent, and assisted, when in the greatest extremity, by the heroic Flora Macdonald, did this unfortunate prince contrive to elude the grasp of his enemies.

In South Uist, in which he had taken refuge with a single follower named O'Neal, he was in continual danger from the parties on the watch for his apprehension, and for about ten days he wandered from place to place, crossing to Benbecula, and returning, sometimes making the narrowest escape, but with the faintest possible hope of finally eluding discovery. It was at this critical juncture that Flora Macdonald became accessory to his preservation. She was at the time paying a visit to her brother at his house of Milton, in South Uist. It also happened that her stepfather, Armadale, was acting as commander of a party of Skye militia amongst the troops in pursuit of the prince. Armadale, like many others, had joined that militia corps at the wish of his superior, the laird of Sleat; but, in reality, he retained a friendly feeling towards the Stuarts, and wished anything rather than to be concerned in capturing the royal fugitive. Such associations of feeling, with an opposite mode of

acting, were not uncommon in those days. O'Neal, who had formerly been slightly acquainted with Flora, seems to have suggested the idea of employing her to assist in getting Charles carried off the island.

One night near the end of June, he came by appointment to meet the young lady in a cottage upon her brother's land in Benbecula ; the prince remained outside. After a little conversation, O'Neal told her he had brought a friend to see her. She asked with emotion if it was the prince, and O'Neal answered in the affirmative, and instantly brought him in. She was asked by Charles himself if she could undertake to convey him to Skye, and it was pointed out to her that she might do this the more easily, as her stepfather would be able to give her a pass for her journey. The first idea of Flora was, not her own peril, but the danger into which she might bring Sir Alexander and Lady Margaret Macdonald, by carrying the fugitive to their neighbourhood. She therefore answered the prince with the greatest respect, but added, that she could not think of being the ruin of her friend Sir Alexander. To this it was replied, that that gentleman was from home ; but, supposing it were otherwise, she could convey Prince Charles to her mother's house, which was conveniently situated on the sea-side, and the Sleat family was not necessarily to have any concern in the transaction. O'Neal then demonstrated to her the honour and glory of saving the life of her lawful prince : it has been said that, to allay scruples of another kind, this light-hearted Irishman offered instantly to marry her. If such a proposal was really made, Flora did not choose to accept of it ; but, without further hesitation, she agreed to undertake the prince's rescue.

Pleased with the prospect which this frank and single-hearted offer presented, Charles and his friend O'Neal again betook themselves to the fastnesses of Coradale, while Miss Macdonald repaired to Ormaclade, to make preparations in concert with Lady Clanranald. The journey was not accomplished without encountering a difficulty arising from the strictly-guarded state of the passes. While on her way, crossing the sea-ford between Benbecula and South Uist, she and her servant were seized and detained by a militia party, which, on inquiry, she found to be that commanded by her stepfather. When Armadale came to the spot next morning, he was greatly surprised to find Flora in custody, and quickly ordered her liberation. Of what passed between him and his step-daughter, we have no distinct account ; but there seems no reason to doubt that he became a confidant in the scheme, and entered cordially into it. At her request he granted her a passport, to enable her to proceed on her return to her mother's house in Skye, accompanied by her man-servant, Neil Mackechan, and a young Irishwoman named Betty Burke. This last person was understood to be a servant out of place, whom she thought likely to answer her

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mother as a spinner : in reality, she contemplated making Prince Charles pass as Betty Burke. She now pursued her way to Ormaclade, where all the proper arrangements were made in the course of a few days.

On Friday the 27th, everything being ready, Lady Clanranald, Flora, and her servant Mackechan, went to a wretched hut near the sea-side, where the prince had taken up his abode. The elegant youth who had lately shone at the head of an army—the descendant of a line of kings which stretched back into ages when there was no history—was found roasting the liver of a sheep for his dinner. The sight moved some of the party to tears ; but he was always cheerful under such circumstances, and on this occasion only made the remark, that it might be well for other royal personages to go through the ordeal which he was now enduring. Lady Clanranald was soon after called home by intelligence of the arrival of a military party at her house, and Flora and her servant were left with the prince and O'Neal. Next morning O'Neal was compelled, much against his will, to take his leave : he had not long parted from the prince when he was made prisoner.

Next forenoon Charles assumed the printed linen gown, apron, and coif, which were to transform him from a prince into an Irish servant-girl. He would have added a charged pistol under his clothes, but Flora's good sense overruled that project, as she concluded that, in the event of his being searched, it would be a strong proof against him. He was compelled to content himself with a stout walking-stick, with which he thought he should be able to defend himself against any single enemy. The boat, meanwhile, was ready for them at the shore. Arriving there wet and weary, they were alarmed by seeing several wherries pass with parties of soldiers, and were obliged to skulk till the approach of night. They then embarked for Skye—Charles, Flora, Mackechan, and the boatmen. A night voyage of thirty or forty miles across a sound in the Hebrides, with the risk of being seized by some of the numerous government vessels constantly prowling about, was what they had to encounter. It appears that the anxiety of Flora for the life of the prince was much greater than his own, and he was the only person on board who could do anything to keep up the spirits of the party. For that purpose he sang a number of lively songs, and related a few anecdotes. The night became rainy, and, distressed with the wet and her former fatigues, the young lady fell asleep in the bottom of the boat. To favour her slumbers, Charles continued to sing. When she awoke, she found him leaning over her, with his hands spread above her face, to protect her from any injury that might arise from a rower who was obliged at that moment to re-adjust the sail. In the same spirit he insisted upon reserving for her exclusive use a small quantity of wine which Lady Clanranald had given them. These circumstances are not related as reflecting any positive

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honour on the prince, but simply as facts which occurred on that remarkable night, and as at least shewing that he was not deficient in a gentleman-like tenderness towards the amiable woman who was risking so much in his behalf. It may here be mentioned that Mackechan, whose presence on the occasion was fully as good a protection to Flora's good fame as the name of O'Neal would have been, was a Macdonald of humble extraction, who had received a foreign education as a priest. He served the prince afterwards for some years, and became the father of the celebrated Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, who, more than eighty years afterwards, visited the scenes of all these events.

When day dawned, they found themselves out of sight of land, without any means of determining in what part of the Hebrides they were. They sailed, however, but a little way further, when they perceived the lofty mountains and dark bold headlands of Skye. Making with all speed towards that coast, they soon approached Waternish, one of the western points of the island. They had no sooner drawn near to the shore, than they perceived a body of militia stationed at the place. These men had a boat, but no oars. The men in Miss Macdonald's boat no sooner perceived them, than they began to pull heartily in the contrary direction. The soldiers called upon them to land, upon peril of being shot at; but it was resolved to escape at all risks, and they exerted their utmost energies in pulling off their little vessel. The soldiers then put their threat in execution by firing, but fortunately without hitting the boat or any of its crew. Charles called upon the boatmen 'not to mind the villains;' and they assured him that, if they cared at all, it was only for him; to which he replied, with undaunted lightness of demeanour, 'Oh, no fear of me!' He then entreated Miss Macdonald to lie down at the bottom of the boat, in order to avoid the bullets, as nothing, he said, would give him at that moment greater pain than if any accident were to befall her. She declared, however, that she would not do as he desired, unless he also took the same measure for his safety, which, she told him, was of much more importance than hers. It was not till after some altercation that they agreed to ensconce themselves together in the bottom of the boat. The rowers soon pulled them out of all further danger.

In the eagerness of Duke William's emissaries to take Charles in South Uist, or the adjoining islands in the range, where they had certain information he was, Skye, lying close on the mainland, in which the prince was now about to arrive, was left comparatively unwatched. The island was, however, chiefly possessed by two clans, the Sleat Macdonalds and Macleods, whose superiors had deserted the Stuart cause, and even raised men on the opposite side. Parties of their militia were posted throughout the island, one of which had nearly taken the boat with its important charge when it was off Waternish.

Proceeding on their voyage a few miles to the northward, the little party in the boat put into a creek or cleft, to rest and refresh the fatigued rowers ; but the alarm which their appearance occasioned in a neighbouring village quickly obliged them to put off again. At length they landed safely at a place within the parish of Kilmuir, about twelve miles from Waternish, and very near Sir Alexander Macdonald's seat of Mugstat.

Sir Alexander was at this time at Fort Augustus, in attendance on the Duke of Cumberland ; but his wife, Lady Margaret Macdonald—one of the beautiful daughters of Alexander and Susanna, Earl and Countess of Eglintoun—a lady in the bloom of life, of elegant manners, and one who was accustomed to figure in the fashionable scenes of the metropolis—now resided at Mugstat. A Jacobite at heart, Lady Margaret had corresponded with the prince when he was skulking in South Uist, and she had been made aware by a Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost that it was likely he would soon make his appearance in Skye. When the boat containing the fugitive had landed, Flora, attended by Mackechan, proceeded to the house, leaving Charles, in his female dress, sitting on her trunk upon the beach. On arriving at the house, she desired a servant to inform Lady Margaret that she had called on her way home from Uist. She was immediately introduced to the family apartment, where she found, besides Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost, a Lieutenant Macleod, the commander of a band of militia stationed near by, three or four of whom were also in the house. There were also present Mr Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, an elderly gentleman of the neighbourhood, who acted as chamberlain or factor to Sir Alexander, and who was, she knew, a sound Jacobite. Flora entered easily into conversation with the officer, who asked her a number of questions, as where she had come from, where she was going, and so forth ; all of which she answered without manifesting the least trace of that confusion which might have been expected from a young lady under such circumstances. The same man had been in the custom of examining every boat which landed from the Long Island ; that, for instance, in which Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost arrived, had been so examined ; and we can only account for his allowing that of Miss Flora to pass, by the circumstance of his meeting her under the imposing courtesies of the drawing-room of a lady of rank. Miss Macdonald, with the same self-possession, dined in Lieutenant Macleod's company. Seizing a proper opportunity, she apprised Kingsburgh of the circumstances of the prince, and he immediately proceeded to another room, and sent for Lady Margaret, that he might break the intelligence to her in private. Notwithstanding the previous warning, she was much alarmed at the idea of the wanderer being so near her house, and immediately sent for a certain Donald Roy Macdonald, to consult as to what should be done. Donald had been wounded in the prince's army at Culloden, and was as

obnoxious to the government as he could be. He came and joined the lady and her friends in the garden, when it was arranged that Kingsburgh should take the prince along with him to his own house, some miles distant, and thence pass him through the island to Portree, where Donald Roy should take him up, and provide for his further safety.

The old gentleman accordingly joined Charles on the shore, and conducted him, as had been arranged, on the way to Kingsburgh. Meanwhile, Flora sat in company with Lady Margaret and the young government officer till she thought the two travellers would be a good way advanced, and then rose to take her leave. Lady Margaret affected great concern at her short stay, and entreated that she would prolong it at least till next day ; reminding her that, when last at Mugstat, she had promised a much longer visit. Flora, on the other hand, pleaded the necessity of getting immediately home to attend her mother, who was unwell, and entirely alone in these troublesome times. After a proper reciprocation of entreaties and refusals, Lady Margaret, with great apparent reluctance, permitted her young friend to depart.

Miss Macdonald and Mackechan were accompanied in their journey by Mrs Macdonald of Kirkibost, and by that lady's male and female servants, all the five riding on horseback. They quickly came up with Kingsburgh and the prince, who had walked thus far on the public road, but were soon after to turn off upon an unfrequented path across the wild country. Flora, anxious that her fellow-traveller's servants, who were uninitiated in the secret, should not see the route which Kingsburgh and the prince were about to take, called upon the party to ride faster ; and they passed the two pedestrians at a trot. Mrs Macdonald's girl, however, could not help observing the extraordinary appearance of the female with whom Kingsburgh was walking, and exclaimed, that she 'had never seen such a tall impudent-looking woman in her life ! See !' she continued, addressing Flora, 'what long strides the jade takes ! I daresay she's an Irishwoman, or else a man in woman's clothes.' Flora confirmed her in the former supposition, and soon after parted with her fellow-travellers in order to rejoin Kingsburgh and the prince.

These individuals, in walking along the road, were at first considerably annoyed by the number of country-people whom they met returning from church, and who all expressed wonder at the uncommon height and awkwardness of the apparent female. The opportunity of talking to their landlord's factotum being too precious to be despised, these people fastened themselves on Kingsburgh, who, under the particular circumstances, felt a good deal annoyed by them, but at last bethought himself of saying, 'Oh, sirs, cannot you let alone talking of your worldly affairs on Sabbath, and have patience till another day.' They took the hint, and moved off. The whole party—Charles, Kingsburgh, and Miss Macdonald

—arrived in safety at Kingsburgh House about eleven o'clock at night.

Mrs Macdonald, or, as she was usually called, Lady Kingsburgh, lost no time in preparing supper, at which Charles, still wearing the female disguise, placed Flora on his right hand, and his hostess on his left. Afterwards, the two ladies left the other two over a bowl of punch, and went to have a little conversation by themselves. When Flora had related her adventures, Lady Kingsburgh asked what had been done with the boatmen who brought them to Skye. Miss Macdonald said they had been sent back to South Uist. Lady Kingsburgh observed that they ought not to have been permitted to return immediately, lest, falling into the hands of the prince's enemies in that island, they might divulge the secret of his route. Her conjecture, which turned out to have been correct, though happily without being attended with evil consequences to the prince, determined Flora to change the prince's clothes next day.

The pretended Betty Burke was that night laid in the best bed which the house contained, and next morning all the ladies assisted at her toilet. A lock of her hair was cut off as a keepsake, and divided between Lady Kingsburgh and Flora. Late in the day, the prince set out for Portree, attended by Flora and Mackechan as before, Kingsburgh accompanying them with a suit of male Highland attire under his arm. At a convenient place in a wood, Charles exchanged his female dress for this suit; it being thought best that this should be done after he had left Kingsburgh House, so that the servants there might have nothing to say, either of their own accord or upon compulsion, but that they had seen a female servant come and go in company with Miss Flora. The party now separated, Kingsburgh returning home, while the prince and Mackechan set out for Portree (a walk of fourteen miles), and Flora proceeded thither by a different route.

At this village, the only one in Skye, Donald Roy had meanwhile made arrangements for carrying the prince to the neighbouring island of Raasay, which was judged a safe place for him, as its apparent and legal proprietor, Mr Macleod, had not been concerned in the insurrection; although his father, the actual proprietor, and all his followers, had been engaged in it, and he himself was strongly attached to the cause. In the evening, Donald, and some friends whom he had called to his aid, received the adventurer at a mean public-house in the village, where he partook of a coarse meal, and slaked his thirst from a broken brown potsherd, which was usually employed in baling water out of a boat. Here Flora joined the party, but only to take a final farewell of the prince, as she was no longer able to be of any service to him. Having paid her a small sum of money which he had borrowed from her in their journey, he gave her his warm thanks for her heroic efforts to preserve his life, and tenderly saluted her, adding, in a cheerful manner, 'For all that

has happened, I hope, madam, we shall meet in St James's yet!" He then set sail for Raasay with his new friends, while Flora proceeded to her mother's house in Sleat. Respecting the further adventures of the prince, it is only necessary to say that they were of a nature not less extraordinary than those which have been related, and that they terminated, three months after, in his happily escaping to France.

Our heroine Flora had gone through all these adventures with a quiet energy peculiar to her, but with little conception that she was doing anything beyond what the common voice of humanity called for, and what good people were doing every day. Reaching home, she said nothing to her mother, or any one else, of what she had been about, probably judging that the possession of such knowledge was in itself dangerous. Meanwhile the boatmen, returning to Uist, were there seized by the military, and obliged to give an account of their late voyage. This was what Lady Kingsburgh dreaded, and it seems to have been the only point in which the prudence of our heroine had failed. Having obtained an exact description of the dress of the tall female accompanying Miss Macdonald, a merciless emissary of the government, styled Captain Ferguson, lost no time in sailing for Skye, where he arrived about a week after the prince. Inquiring at Mugstat, he learned that Miss Macdonald had been there; but no tall female had been seen. He then followed on Flora's track to Kingsburgh, where he readily learned that the tall female had been entertained for a night. He asked Kingsburgh where Miss Macdonald and the person who was with her in woman's clothes had slept. The old gentleman answered, that he knew where Miss Flora had lain, but as for the servants, he never asked any questions about them. The officer nevertheless discovered that the apparent servant had been placed in the best bed, which he held as tolerably good proof of the real character of that person, and he acted accordingly. Kingsburgh was sent prisoner to Fort Augustus, and treated with great severity: thence he was removed to Edinburgh Castle, where he suffered a whole year's confinement. Macleod of Talisker, captain of a militia company, caused a message to be sent, desiring the presence of Flora Macdonald. She consulted with her friends, who recommended her not attending to it; but she herself determined to go. On her way she met her step-father returning home, and had not gone much further, when she was seized by an officer and a party of soldiers, and hurried on board Captain Ferguson's vessel. General Campbell, who was on board, ordered that she should be well treated; and finding her story had been blabbed by the boatmen, she confessed all to that officer.

She was soon after transferred from the ship commanded by Ferguson to one commanded by Commodore Smith, a humane person, capable of appreciating her noble conduct. By the permission

of General Campbell she was now allowed to land at Armadale, and take leave of her mother : her stepfather was by this time in hiding, from fear lest his concern in the prince's escape should bring him into trouble. Flora, who had hitherto been without a change of clothes, here obtained all she required, and engaged as her attendant an honest, good girl named Kate Macdowall, who could not speak a word of any language but Gaelic. She then returned on board the vessel, and was in time carried to the south. It chanced that she here had for one of her fellow-prisoners Captain O'Neal, who had engaged her to undertake the charge of the prince. When she first met him on board, she went playfully up, and slapping him gently on the cheek with the palm of her hand, said : 'To that black face do I owe all my misfortune !' O'Neal told her that, instead of being her misfortune, it was her brightest honour, and that if she continued to act up to the character she had already shewn, not pretending to repent of what she had done, or to be ashamed of it, it would yet redound greatly to her advantage.

The vessel in which she was (the *Bridgewater*) arrived at Leith in September, and remained there for about two months. She was not allowed to land : but ladies and others of her own way of thinking were freely permitted to visit her, and she began to find that her deliverance of Prince Charles had rendered her a famous person. Many presents of value were given to her ; but those which most pleased her were a Bible and prayer-book, and the materials for sewing, as she had had neither books nor work hitherto. Even the naval officers in whose charge she was were much affected in her behalf. Commodore Smith presented her with a handsome suit of riding clothes, with plain mounting, and some fine linen for riding shifts, as also some linen for shifts to her attendant Kate, whose generosity in offering to accompany her when no one else would, had excited general admiration. Captain Knowler treated her with the deference due to her heroic character, and allowed her to call for anything in the vessel to treat her friends when they came on board, and even to invite some of them to dine with her. On one occasion, when Lady Mary Cochrane was on board, a breeze beginning to blow, the lady requested leave to stay all night, which was granted. This, she confessed, she chiefly was prompted to do by a wish to have it to say that she had slept in the same bed with Miss Flora Macdonald. At this time the prince was not yet known to have escaped, though such was actually the fact. One day a false rumour was brought to the vessel that he had been at length taken prisoner. This greatly distressed Flora, who said to one of her friends with tears in her eyes : 'Alas : I fear that now all is in vain that I have done !' She could not be consoled till the falsity of the rumour was ascertained. Her behaviour during the whole time the vessel stayed in Leith Road was admired by all who saw her. The Episcopal minister of Leith, who was among her visitors, wrote about her as

follows: 'Some that went on board to pay their respects to her, used to take a dance in the cabin, and to press her much to share with them in the diversion; but with all their importunity, they could not prevail with her to take a trip. She told them that at present her dancing-days were done, and she would not readily entertain a thought of that diversion till she should be assured of her prince's safety, and perhaps not till she should be blessed with the happiness of seeing him again. Although she was easy and cheerful, yet she had a certain mixture of gravity in all her behaviour, which became her situation exceedingly well, and set her off to great advantage. She is of a low stature, of a fair complexion, and well enough shaped. One would not discern by her conversation that she had spent all her former days in the Highlands; for she talks English (or rather Scots) easily, and not at all through the Earse tone. She has a sweet voice, and sings well; and no lady, Edinburgh-bred, can acquit herself better at the tea-table than what she did when in Leith Road. Her wise conduct in one of the most perplexing scenes that can happen in life, her fortitude and good sense, are memorable instances of the strength of a female mind, even in those years that are tender and inexperienced.'

The *Bridgewater* left Leith Road on the 7th of November, and carried her straightway to London, where she was kept in a not less honourable captivity in the house of a private family till the passing of the act of indemnity in July 1747, when she was discharged without being asked a single question. The ministers, we may well believe, had found that to carry further the prosecution of a woman whose guilt consisted only in the performance of one of the most generous of actions, would not conduce to their popularity.* Her story had by this time excited not less interest in the metropolis than it had done in Scotland. Being received after her liberation into the house of the Dowager-lady Primrose of Dunnipace, she was there visited by crowds of the fashionable world, who paid her such homage as would have turned the heads of ninety-nine of a hundred women of any age, country, or condition. It is said that the street in which Lady Primrose lived was sometimes completely filled with the carriages of ladies and gentlemen visiting the person called the Pretender's Deliverer. On the mind of Flora these flatteries produced no effect but that of surprise: she had only, she said, performed an act of common humanity, and she had never thought of it in any other light till she found the world making so much ado about it. It has been stated that a subscription to the amount of £1500 was raised for her in London.

Soon after returning to her own country, she was married

* It has been stated that Frederick Prince of Wales, father of George III., did not scruple to avow his admiration of Flora's conduct. His consort having one day expressed some disapprobation of her interference in behalf of 'the Pretender,' the prince, whose heart was better than his head, said: 'Let me not hear you speak thus again, madam. If you had been in the same circumstances, I hope in God you would have acted as she did!'

(November 6, 1750) to Mr Alexander Macdonald, son of the worthy Kingsburgh, and who in time succeeded to that property. Thus Flora became the lady of the mansion in which the prince had been entertained; and there she bore a large family of sons and daughters. As memorials of her singular adventure, she preserved a half of the sheet in which the prince had slept in that house, intending that it should be her shroud; and also a portrait of Charles, which he had sent to her after his safe arrival in France. When Dr Samuel Johnson, accompanied by his friend Boswell, visited Skye in 1773, he was hospitably entertained at Kingsburgh, and had the pleasure (for so it was to him) of sleeping in the bed which had accommodated the last of the Stuarts: he remarked that he had had no ambitious thoughts in it. In his well-known book respecting this journey, he introduces the maiden name of his hostess, which he says is one 'that will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honour.' He adds, 'she is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence'—a picture the more remarkable, when it is recollected that she was now fifty-three years of age.

Soon after this period, under the influence of the passion for emigration which was then raging in the Highlands, Kingsburgh and his amiable partner went to North Carolina, where they purchased and settled upon an estate. She carried with her the sheet in which the prince had slept, determined that it should serve the purpose which she contemplated, wherever it might please Providence to end her days. But this event was not to take place in America. Her husband had scarcely settled there when the war of independence broke out. On that occasion the Highlanders shewed the same faithful attachment to the government (being now reconciled to it by mild treatment) which they had formerly manifested for the House of Stuart. Mr Macdonald, being loyally disposed, was imprisoned by the discontented colonists as a dangerous person; but he was soon after liberated. He then became an officer in a loyal corps called the North Carolina Highlanders, and he and his lady passed through many strange adventures. Towards the conclusion of the contest, abandoning all hopes of a comfortable settlement in America, they determined to return to the land of their fathers. In crossing the Atlantic, Flora met with the last of her adventures. The vessel being attacked by a French ship of war, nothing could induce her to leave her husband on deck, and in the course of the bustle she was thrown down and had her arm broken. She only remarked, that she had now suffered a little for both the House of Stuart and the House of Hanover.

She spent the remainder of her life in Skye, and at her death, which took place March 5, 1790, when she had attained the age of seventy, was actually buried in the shroud which she had so strangely selected for that purpose in her youth, and carried with her through

so many adventures and migrations. Her grave may be seen in the Kingsburgh mausoleum, in the parish churchyard of Kilmuir; but a stone which was laid by her youngest son upon her grave, being accidentally broken, has been carried off in pieces by wandering tourists. Flora Macdonald retained to the last that vivacity and vigour of character which has procured her so much historical distinction. Her husband, who survived her a few years, died on the half-pay list as a British officer; and no fewer than five of her sons served their king in a military capacity. Charles, the eldest son, was a captain in the Queen's Rangers. He was a most accomplished man. The late Lord Macdonald, on seeing him lowered into the grave, said: 'There lies the most finished gentleman of my family and name.' Alexander, the second son, was also an officer: he was lost at sea. The third son, Ranald, was a captain of marines, of high professional character, and remarkable for the elegance of his appearance. James, the fourth son, served in Tarlton's British Legion, and was a brave and experienced officer. The last surviving son was Lieutenant-Colonel John Macdonald, who long resided at Exeter, and was the father of a numerous family. The engraving prefixed to this sketch is taken from a portrait of Flora, which was originally in his possession, and which he approved of as a likeness. There were, moreover, two daughters, one of whom was the late Mrs. Major Macleod of Lochbay, in the Isle of Skye.

Such is an authentic history of the heroic and amiable Flora Macdonald. Like all incidents equally romantic, the aid she extended to the prince, which unquestionably saved him from captivity and a violent death, has given rise to various poetical effusions. One of the most pleasing of these pieces, from the pen of James Hogg, narrating, however, an incident as well as sentiments purely imaginary, and entitled *Flora Macdonald's Lament*, may here be appended:

Far over yon hills of the heather so green,
And down by the Corrie that sings to the sea,
The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid and the tear in her e'e.
She looked at a boat with the breezes that swung
Away on the wave like a bird of the main;
And aye as it lessened, she sighed and she sung,
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young!
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

FLORA MACDONALD.

The moorcock that craws on the brow of Ben Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;
The eagle that soars on the cliffs of Clanronald,
Unawed and unhunted his eyrie can claim :
The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore,
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea,
But oh ! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he.
The conflict is past, and our name is no more ;
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me !





‘IT’S ONLY A DROP!’

AN IRISH TALE, BY MRS S. C. HALL.*

IT was a cold winter’s night, and though the cottage where Ellen and Michael, the two surviving children of old Ben Murphy, lived, was always neat and comfortable, still there was a cloud over the brow of both brother and sister, as they sat before the cheerful fire; it had obviously been spread not by anger but by sorrow. The silence had continued long, though it was not bitter. At last Michael drew away from his sister’s eyes the checked apron she had applied to them, and taking her hand affectionately within his own, said: ‘It isn’t for my own sake, Ellen, though I shall be lonesome enough the long winter nights and the long summer days without your wise saying, and your sweet song, and your merry laugh, that I can so well remember—ay, since the time when our poor mother used to seat us on the new rick, and then, in the innocent pride of her heart, call our father to look at us, and preach to us against being conceited, at the very time she was making us proud by calling us her blossoms of beauty.’

‘God and the blessed Virgin make her bed in heaven now and for evermore, amen!’ said Ellen, at the same time drawing out her beads. ‘Ah, Mike,’ she added, ‘that *was* the mother, and the father too, full of grace and godliness.’

‘True for ye, Ellen; but *that’s* not what I’m after now, as you

* Part of this tale appeared originally in *Chambers’s Edinburgh Journal* some years ago; a large portion has since been added.—Ed.

IT'S ONLY A DROP.

well know, you blushing little rogue of the world ; and sorra a word I'll say against it in the end, though it's lonesome I'll be on my own hearth-stone, with no one to keep me company but the ould black cat, that can't see, let alone hear, the craythur !'

'Now,' said Ellen, wiping her eyes, and smiling her own bright smile, 'lave off ; ye're just like all the men, purtending to one thing whin they mane another ; there's a dale of desate about them—all—every one of them—and so my mother often said. Now, you'd better have done, or maybe I'll say something that will bring, if not the colour to your brown cheek, a dale more warmth to yer warm heart than would be convanient, just by the mention of one Mary. Mary ! what a purty name Mary is, isn't it?—it's a common name too, and yet you like it none the worse for that. Do you mind the ould rhyme?—

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary."

Well, I'm not going to say she is contrary—I'm sure she's anything but *that* to you, anyway, brother Mike. Can't you sit still, and don't be pulling the hairs out of Pusheen cat's tail ; it isn't many there's in it ; and I'd thank you not to unravel the beautiful English cotton stocking I'm knitting : lave off your tricks, or I'll make common talk of it, I will, and be more than even with you, my fine fellow ! Indeed, poor ould Pusheen,' she continued, addressing the cat with great gravity, 'never heed what he says to you ; he has no notion to make *you* either head or tail to the house, not he ; he won't let you be without a mistress to give you yer sup of milk or yer bit of sop ; he won't let you be lonesome, my poor puss ; he's glad enough to swop an Ellen for a Mary, so he is ; but that's a sacret, avourneen ; don't tell it to any one.'

'Anything for your happiness,' replied the brother somewhat sulkily ; 'but your bachelor has a worse fault than ever I had, notwithstanding all the lecturing you kept on to me ; he has a turn for the drop, Ellen ; you know he has.'

'How spitefully you said that !' replied Ellen ; 'and it isn't generous to spake of it when he's not here to defend himself.'

'You'll not let a word go against him,' said Michael.

'No,' she said, 'I will never let ill be spoken of an absent friend. I know he has a turn for the drop, but I'll cure him.'

'After he's married,' observed Michael not very good-naturedly.

'No,' she answered ; '*before*. I think a girl's chance of happiness is not worth much who trusts to *after*-marriage reformation. *I won't*. Didn't I reform you, Mike, of the shockin' habit you had of putting everything off to the last ? and after reforming a brother, who knows what I may do with a lover ! Do you think that Larry's heart is harder than *yours*, Mike ? Look what fine vegetables we have in our garden now, all planted by yer own hands when you come home from work—planted during the very time which you

used to spend in leaning against the door-cheek or smoking your pipe, or sleeping over the fire : look at the money you got from the Agricultural Society.'

'That's yours, Ellen,' said the generous-hearted Mike; 'I'll never touch a penny of it; but for you I never should have had it; I'll never touch it.'

'You never shall,' she answered; 'I've laid it every penny out; so that when the young bride comes home, she'll have such a house of comforts as are not to be found in the parish—white table-cloths for Sunday, a little store of tay and sugar, soap, candles, starch; everything good, and plenty of it.'

'My own dear, generous sister!' exclaimed the young man.

'I shall ever be your sister,' she replied, 'and hers too. She's a good *colleen*, and worthy my own Mike, and that's more than I would say to e'er another in the parish. I wasn't in earnest when I said you'd be glad to get rid of me; so put the pouch, every bit of it, off yer handsome face. And hush!—whisht! will ye? there's the sound of Larry's footstep in the bawn—hand me the needles, Mike.' She braided back her hair with both hands, arranged the red ribbon that confined its luxuriance, in the little glass that hung upon a nail on the dresser, and, after composing her arch, laughing features into an expression of great gravity, sat down and applied herself with singular industry to take up the stitches her brother had dropped, and put on a look of right maidenly astonishment when the door opened, and Larry's good-humoured face entered with the salutation of 'God save all here!' He 'popped' his head in first, and, after gazing round, presented his goodly person to their view; and a pleasant view it was; for he was of genuine Irish bearing and beauty—frank, and manly, and fearless-looking. Ellen, the wicked one, looked up with well-feigned astonishment, and exclaimed: 'O Larry, is it you, and who would have thought of seeing you this blessed night? Ye're lucky—just in time for a bit of supper afther your walk across the moor. I cannot think what in the world makes you walk over that moor so often; you'll get wet feet, and yer mother'll be forced to nurse you. Of all the walks in the county, the walk across that moor's the dreariest, and yet ye're always going it! I wonder you haven't better sense; ye're not such a chicken now.'

'Well,' interrupted Mike, 'it's the women that bates the world for desaving. Sure she heard yer step when nobody else could; its echo struck on her heart, Larry—let her deny it; she'll make a shove off if she can; she'll twist you, and twirl you, and turn you about, so that you won't know whether it's on your head or your heels ye're standing. She'll tossicate yer brains in no time, and be as composed herself as a dove on her nest in a storm. But ask her, Larry, the straightforward question, whether she heard you or not. She'll tell no lie—she never does.'

IT'S ONLY A DROP.

Ellen shook her head at her brother, and laughed. And immediately after the happy trio sat down to a cheerful supper.

Larry was a good tradesman, blithe, and 'well to do' in the world; and had it not been for the one great fault—an inclination to take the 'least taste in life more' when he had already taken quite enough—there could not have been found a better match for good, excellent Ellen Murphy, in the whole kingdom of Ireland. When supper was finished, the everlasting whisky-bottle was produced, and Ellen resumed her knitting. After a time, Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the industrious hand of his sister, thinking, doubtless, with the natural self-conceit of all *mankind*, that he was perfectly secure with Ellen; but though Ellen loved, like all my fair countrywomen, *well*, she loved, I am compelled to say, *unlike* the generality of my fair countrywomen, *wisely*, and reminded her lover that she had seen him intoxicated at the last fair of Rathcoolin.

'Dear Ellen!' he exclaimed, 'it was "only a drop," the least taste in life that overcame me. It overtook me unknownst, quite against my will.'

'Who poured it down yer throat, Larry?'

'Who poured it down my throat, is it? why myself, to be sure; but are you going to put me to a three months' penance for that?'

'Larry, will you listen to me, and remember that the man I marry must be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith whatever in conversions after'—

'O Ellen!' interrupted her lover.

'It's no use O Ellen-ing me,' she answered quickly; 'I have made my resolution, and I'll stick to it.'

'She's as obstinate as ten women!' said her brother. 'There's no use in attempting to contradict her; she always has had her own way.'

'It's very cruel of you, Ellen, not to listen to *raison*. I tell you a tablespoonful will often upset me.'

'If you know that, Larry, why do you take the tablespoonful?'

Larry could not reply to this question. He could only plead that the drop got the better of him, and the *temptation* and the *overcomingness* of the thing, and it was very hard to be at him so about a trifle.

'I can never think a thing a trifle,' she observed, 'that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to respect you always, Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman ever could respect a drunkard. I don't want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one; and I *know* you are not one yet; but sin grows mighty strong upon us without our knowledge. And no matter what indulgence leads to bad; we've a right to think anything that *does* lead to it sinful in the prospect, if not at the present.'

'You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen,' said the young man, determined, if he could not reason, to laugh her out of her resolve.

'I don't think,' she replied archly, 'if I were a priest, that either of you would have liked to come to me to confession.'

'But, Ellen, dear Ellen, sure it's not in positive downright *earnest* you are; you can't think of putting me off on account of that unlucky drop, *the least taste in life*, I took at the fair. You could not find it in your heart. Speak for me, Michael; speak for me. But I see it's joking you are. Why, Lent'll be on us in no time, and then we must wait till Easter—it's easy talking'—

'Larry,' interrupted Ellen, 'do not you talk yourself into a passion; it will do no good; none in the world. I am sure you love me, and I confess before my brother it will be the delight of my heart to return that love, and make myself worthy of you, if you will only break yourself off that one habit, which you qualify to your own undoing, by fancying, because it is the *least taste in life* makes you what you ought not to be, that you may still take it.'

'I'll take an oath against the whisky, if that will please ye, till Christmas.'

'And when Christmas comes, get twice as tipsy as ever, with joy to think yer oath is out—no!'

'I'll swear anything you please.'

'I don't want you to swear at all; there is no use in a man's taking an oath he is anxious to have a chance of breaking. I want your reason to be convinced.'

'My darling Ellen, all the reason I ever had in my life is convinced.'

'Prove it by abstaining from taking even a drop, even *the least drop* in life, if that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face.'

'I'll give it up altogether.'

'I hope you will, from a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because you darn't trust yerself.'

'Ellen, I'm sure ye've some English blood in yer veins, ye're such a raisoner. Irish women don't often throw a boy off because of a drop; if they did, it's not many marriage-dues his reverence would have, winter or summer.'

'Listen to me, Larry, and believe that, though I spake this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not, I'd not take the trouble to tell you my mind.'

'Like Mick Brady's wife, who, whenever she thrashed him, cried over the blows, and said they were all for his good,' observed her brother slyly.

'Nonsense!—listen to me, I say, and I'll tell you why I am so resolute. It's many a long day since, going to school, I used to meet—Michael minds her too, I'm sure—an old bent woman; they used to call her the Witch of Ballaghton. Stacy was, as I have said, very old intirely, withered and white-headed, bent nearly double with age, and she used to be ever and always muddling about the

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strames and ditches, gathering herbs and plants, the girls said to work charms with; and at first they used to watch, rather far off, and if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue and the stones she flung at them, they'd call her an ill name or two; and sometimes, old as she was, she'd make a spring at them sideways like a crab, and howl, and hoot, and scrame, and then they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the green-coated waters with her crooked stick, and muttering words which none, if they heard, could understand. Stacy had been a well-rared woman, and knew a dale more than any of us; when not tormented by the children, she was mighty well-spoken, and the gentry thought a dale about her more than she did about them; for she'd say there wasn't one in the country fit to tie her shoe, and tell them so too, if they'd call her anything but Lady Stacy, which the *rare* gentry of the place all humoured her in; but the upstarts, who think every civil word to an inferior is a pulling down of their own dignity, would turn up their noses as they passed her, and maybe she didn't bless them for it.

'One day Mike had gone home before me, and, coming down the back bohreen, who should I see moving along it but Lady Stacy; and on she came, muttering and mumbling to herself, till she got near me, and as she did, I heard Master Nixon (the dogman*)'s hound in full cry, and seen him at her heels, and he over the hedge encouraging the baste to tear her in pieces. The dog soon was up with her, and then she kept him off as well as she could with her crutch, cursing the entire time, and I was very frightened; but I darted to her side, and, with a wattle I pulled out of the hedge, did my best to keep him off her.

'Master Nixon cursed at me with all his heart; but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy herself laid about with her staff; but the ugly brute would have finished her, only for me. I don't suppose Nixon meant that; but the dog was savage, and some men, like him, delight in cruelty. Well, I bate the dog off; and then I had to help the poor fainting woman; for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't much like bringing her here, for the people said she wasn't lucky; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor,† I thought a drop of whisky would revive her, and accordingly I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the venom with which she dashed it on the ground.

"Do you want to poison me," she shouted, "after saving my life?" When she came to herself a little, she made me sit down by her side, and fixing her large gray eyes upon my face, she kept rocking her body backwards and forwards, while she spoke, as well as I can remember—what I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did

* Tax-gatherers were so called some time ago in Ireland, because they collected the duty on dogs.

† In the house.

—that wouldn't be in nature. "Ellen," she said, and her eyes fixed in my face, "I wasn't always a poor lone creature, that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his cur at. There was full and plenty in my father's house when I was young; but before I grew to womanly estate, its walls were bare and roofless. What made them so?—drink!—whisky! My father was in debt: to kill thought, he tried to keep himself so that he could not think; he wanted the courage of a man to look his danger and difficulty in the face, and overcome it; for, Ellen, mind my words—the man that will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, *can do so*. He had not means, he said, to educate his children as became them: he grew not to have means to find them or their poor patient mother the proper necessities of life, yet he found the means to keep the whisky cask flowing, and to answer the bailiff's knocks for admission by the loud roar of drunkenness, mad as it was wicked. They got in at last, in spite of the care taken to keep them out, and there was much fighting, ay, and blood spilt, but not to death; and while the riot was afoot, and we were crying round the death-bed of a dying mother, where was he?—they had raised a ten-gallon cask of whisky on the table in the parlour, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing the huge pewter funnel in one hand, and the black jack streaming with whisky in the other; and amid the fumes of hot punch that flowed over the room, and the cries and oaths of the fighting, drunken company, his voice was heard swearing 'he had lived like a king, and **WOULD** die like a king!'"

"And your poor mother?" I asked.

"Thank God! she died that night—she died before worse came; she died on the bed that, before her corpse was cold, was dragged from under her—through the strong drink—through the badness of him who ought to have saved her—not that he was a bad man either, when the whisky had no power over him, but he could not bear his own reflections. And his end soon came. He didn't die like a king; he died smothered in a ditch, where he fell; he died, and was in the presence of God—how? Oh, there are things that have had whisky as their beginning and their end, that make me as mad as ever it made him! The man takes a drop, and forgets his starving family; the woman takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bitterer, blacker, deeper curse than ever was put on it by foreign power or hard-made laws!"

"God bless us!" was Larry's half-breathed ejaculation.

"I only repeat ould Stacy's words," said Ellen; "you see I never forgot them. "You might think," she continued, "that I had had warning enough to keep me from having anything to say to those who war too fond of drink; and I thought I had; but somehow Edward Lambert got round me with his sweet words, and I was lone and unprotected. I knew he had a little fondness for the drop; but in him, young, handsome, and gay-hearted, with bright eyes and

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sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which *had made me shed no tear over my father's grave*. Think of that, young girl: the drink doesn't make a man a beast *at first*, but it will do so before it's done with him—it will do so before it's done with him. I had enough power over Edward, and enough memory of the past, to make him swear against it, except so much at such and such a time; and for a while he was very particular; but one used to entice him, and another used to entice him, and I am not going to say but I might have managed him differently; I might have got him off it—gently, maybe; but the pride got the better of me, and I thought of the line I came of, and how I had married him who wasn't my equal, and such nonsense, which always breeds disturbance betwixt married people; and I used to rave, when, maybe, it would have been wiser if I had reasoned. Anyway, things didn't go smooth—not that he neglected his employment: he was industrious, and sorry enough when the fault was done; still he would come home often the worse for drink—and now that he's dead and gone, and no finger is stretched to me but in scorn or hatred, I think maybe I might have done better; but, God defend me, the *last* was hard to bear." Oh, boys!' said Ellen, 'if you had only heard her voice when she said *that*, and seen her face. Poor ould Lady Stacy! no wonder she hated the drop; no wonder she dashed down the whisky.'

'You kept this mighty close, Ellen,' said Mike; 'I never heard it before.'

'I did not like coming over it,' she replied; 'the last is hard to tell.' The girl turned pale while she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water. 'It must be told,' she said; 'the death of her father proved the effects of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shews what may happen from being even once unable to think or act.'

"I had one child," said Stacy; "one, a darlint, blue-eyed, laughing child. I never saw any so handsome, never knew any so good. She was almost three years ould, and he was fond of her—he said he was; but it's a quare fondness that destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Lady-day, and well I knew that Edward would not return as he went: he said he would; he *almost* swore he would; but the promise of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand. I took sulky, and wouldn't go; if I had, maybe it would not have ended so. The evening came on, and I thought my baby breathed hard in her cradle; I took the candle and went over to look at her; her little face was red; and when I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath, it was hot—very hot; she tossed her arms, and they were dry and burning. The measles were about the country, and I was frightened for my child. It was only half a mile to the doctor's; I knew every foot of the road; and so, leaving the door on the latch, I resolved

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to tell him how my darlint was, and thought I should be back before my husband's return. Grass, you may be sure, didn't grow under my feet. I ran with all speed, and wasn't kept long, the doctor said—though it seemed long to me. The moon was down when I came home, though the night was fine. The cabin we lived in was in a hollow; but when I was on the hill, and looked down where I knew it stood a dark mass, I thought I saw a white light fog coming out of it; I rubbed my eyes, and darted forward as a wild bird flies to its nest when it hears the scream of the hawk in the heavens. When I reached the door, I saw it was open; the fume cloud came out of it, sure enough, white and thick. Blind with that and terror together, I rushed to my child's cradle. I found my way to *that*, in spite of the burning and the smothering. But, Ellen—Ellen Murphy—my child, the rosy child whose breath had been hot on my cheek only a little while before, she was nothing but a cinder. Mad as I felt, I saw how it was in a minute. The father had come home, as I expected; he had gone to the cradle to look at his child, had dropt the candle into the straw, and, unable to speak or stand, had fallen down and asleep on the floor not two yards from my child. Oh, how I flew to the doctor's with *what* had been my baby; I tore across the country like a banshee; I laid it in his arms; I told him if he did not put life in it, I'd destroy him in his house. He thought me mad; for there was no breath, either cowl'd or hot, coming from its lips *then*. I couldn't kiss it in death; *there was nothing left of my child to kiss*—think of that! I snatched it from where the doctor had laid it; I cursed him, for he looked with disgust at my purty child. The whole night long I wandered in the woods of Newtownbarry with that burden at my heart."

'But her husband—her husband?' inquired Larry in accents of horror; 'what became of him; did she leave him in the burning without calling him to himself?'

'No,' answered Ellen; 'I asked her, and she told me that her shrieks she supposed roused him from the suffocation in which he must but for them have perished. He staggered out of the place, and was found soon after by the neighbours, and lived long after, but only to be a poor heart-broken man; for she was mad for years through the country; and many a day after she told me that story, my heart trembled like a willow leaf. "And now, Ellen Murphy," she added, when the end was come, "do ye wonder I threw from yer hand as poison the glass you offered me? And do you know why I have tould you what tares my heart to come over?—because I wish to save you, who shewed me kindness, from what I have gone through. It's the only good I can do ye, and indeed it's long since I cared to do good. Never trust a drinking man; he has no guard on his words, and will say that of his nearest friend that would destroy him, soul and body. His breath is hot as the breath of the plague; his tongue is a foolish as well as a fiery serpent. Ellen,

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let no drunkard become your lover ; and don't trust to promises ; try them, prove them all before you marry."

'Ellen, that's enough,' interrupted Larry. 'I have heard enough—the two proofs are enough without words. Now, hear me. What length of punishment am I to have? I won't say that, for, Nelly, there's a tear in your eye that says more than words. Look—I'll make no promises—but you shall see ; I'll wait yer time ; name it ; I'll stand the trial.'

Ellen named the period, and Lawrence, of course, declared it was the next thing to murder—it was murder itself to keep him so long—but he'd 'put up with it'—he'd 'brave it!'—he'd 'walk straight into a sea of boiling hot whisky punch until it touched his lips—flowed over his lips. And see! look there now! he'd never let it pass them—never, barring the one tumbler. She wouldn't say against *one* tumbler, would she?'

Ellen shook her head. Though this occurred before Father Mathew regenerated his country, she knew that the *only safeguard*, where there is a tendency to habits of intoxication, or even to take 'only a drop'—where 'the drop' is more than the head will bear—is TOTAL ABSTINENCE. She knew that the liquid fire was as dangerous to sport with as the fire which destroyed the sleeping child ; and she told him so ; and he, lover-like, vowed that, though it would be 'mighty hard,' and very unneighbourly, to drink 'cowl'd wather'—fornint a 'hot tumbler' of the 'mountain-dew,' still, if it was her wish, he'd do it—he'd do anything for a 'short day.' But Ellen had more forethought than belongs to her countrywomen in general, and she remained firm.

'You've wonderful houlding out in you, sister dear,' said Michael : 'I'm sure he'll never touch another drop.'

'I wish I felt assured of it, Michael,' replied Ellen. 'Even while the story I told him was beating about his heart, he wouldn't give me the promise. Sure it's woeful to see how hard the habit is—he would not give the promise only for a short day—though, before I told him of Lady Stacy, he said he would. The *grip* it takes, the *houl't* it gets after a while, is wonderful ; and sure it's so with other habits that people can't get *shut* of. Why, there's yourself, Micky, has a wonderful fidgety way with you—notching the table with a knife, or churning the salt, or twisting the buttons off yer shirt sleeves—anything on earth to fiddle with—never can keep yer fingers aisy one single minute : it's Saint Vitus's dance you have in them ; oh ! then dear, that saint must have been mighty unaisy in himself, to be so shaking ever and always.'

'There,' said her brother, throwing down the knife and pushing away the salt, 'anything for peace and quietness. I wonder will Larry be as aisy with you as I am. I often take pride in myself for being such an angel. Ellen, I wonder how Larry will behave at the fair of Birr—will he *hould* out there?'

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'He will,' answered Ellen; 'I'm not fearful of Larry in a great temptation, but I doubt him in little ones. I wish masters would pay their men at twelve o'clock on Saturdays instead of in the evening, and let them take their money where they work, instead of paying them in public-houses: *that's* the ruin of many a fine boy; for it's counted mean to go into the public and not take something; and the boys hate meanness as bad as murder.'

'Oh! save us!' ejaculated Michael.

'Some of them do, anyhow,' said Ellen.

'Set a case,' commenced Michael with a very wise look—'that Larry really did break out once or twice—only now and then—would you give him up?'

Ellen became pale, then red; but after a pause, she replied: 'I think I would—I *think I could not make a drunkard happy*—no woman could—it would be impossible; and whatever love he has for me would wear out, and soon; for though I hope I should never forget the duty I owed as a wife, one of her duties is to seek a husband's good in all things, and the highest step towards a man's earthly good is—sobriety.'

'Bedad!' replied her brother, 'you did not go to school for nothing, I see that.'

'It was you, dear, that sent me there,' she said; 'and I owe to you what I can never repay.'

The fair of Birr came and went, and Larry behaved like a hero. His 'big-coat' was thrown back with an air of determined self-confidence (the most dangerous confidence in the world—certain in the long-run to get a man into trouble); his hat put on with a jaunty air; his crimson-silk 'Barcelona' tied with a knot and floating ends; his scarlet-cloth waistcoat peeped from beneath the body-coat of blue, whose brass buttons glittered like gold. 'Brogues!' Larry disdained them!—his '*neat*' feet were encased in black shining leather, so that he was ready for a jig—if he could only get Ellen to dance one, but she would not: she did not like dancing in 'a tent;' nor was she foolishly jealous or angry when her betrothed attended to the curtsy of a 'little cousin of her own,' and danced her down, amid the vigorous applause of the company. On that occasion Lawrence certainly behaved like a very hero! not a drop would he touch 'beyant' the one tumbler; and when he walked home with Ellen in the evening, he felt almost inclined to quarrel with her, because she remained firm to the time she had originally named for their union.

The victory Lawrence achieved at Birr uplifted him sadly. He had hitherto kept a wakeful guard over himself; and whenever inclination put in its plea for another 'drop,' resolution said 'No,' and fidelity whispered 'Ellen;' but Birr 'birred' in his ears. 'Think of me there,' thought Lawrence; 'just look at me, when every boy in the fair was "blind" or "reeling," able to walk a chalked line from

this to Bantry ; up before the lark, and working *alone* at my trade in the morning.' Perhaps Lawrence had never read : ' Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall ;' or if he had, he had forgotten ! It was within a week of his 'statute of limitation'—one single week ! Saturday came as usual, and Lawrence went to receive his wages at the public-house. Some of his old friends were there, steady-headed men, who could drink 'a deal' without shewing it, and made a boast that they could do so—a strange boast, is it not ?—and often made by men whose families, if not absolutely clothless and foodless, are without the comforts of life : yet their husbands and fathers, those who are bound by every law human and divine to protect them, can make a *boast*—of what ?—of drinking ; that is, of absolutely swallowing the pence, shillings, and pounds which would feed, clothe, and educate them respectably ; a strange boast ! Such a man might just as well say : ' My wife has no shoes, my baby no clothes, the fire on my hearth burns low, there is little food for ourselves, and if our neighbour wants, there is none to give him ; yet I am a good workman, I earn good wages, I could give my wife good shoes, and my baby clothes ; they might warm themselves at a cheerful fire, that would join them in giving me a welcome those dreary nights ; there would be abundant food for ourselves, and something to spare for a poor neighbour or a houseless wanderer, so that the blessings they returned might be treasured up in heaven, a dower for me and my children hereafter ! But if I did this, I should not be able to shew that I could drink ten or twelve tumblers with a steady eye and a steady hand. Yet, let me think ! my hand is *not* steady ; and though my eyes are steady enough, I can't see much out of them ; but then I *can* drink the ten tumblers without a reeling head ; though it may be bothered, it doesn't reel. Hurra !—isn't that a glorious thing ? I can swallow wife's shoes, baby's clothes, blazing fire, plenty of unblest food, and my own credit, in ten strong tumblers of punch. Hurra !—there's a head !—isn't that a FINE THING ?'

Lawrence met one or two of these very tremendous ten and twelve tumbler men, and other poor weak-headed fellows, who reeled and staggered, and made fools of themselves upon the value of a single shoe, or a new apron, while the mighty drinkers sneered and laughed at them. And then Lawrence was induced to boast that his head was as hard and as strong as e'er a head there. His companions did not at all doubt its hardness, but they doubted its strength ; and they told him so : they were sure a wine-glassful beyond his quantity—his stint—would 'knock him over ;' and to prove it would not, Lawrence took another wine-glassful ; and those who were anxious he should be overthrown like themselves, pushed the jug of punch close to him ; and the talking and singing, the increased stimulant of the glass, led him to pour out another unconsciously ; then, as his spirit mounted, companioned by the other spirit he had imbibed, he

declared that he could drink as much as any of them without being touched or 'staggered.'

There are always, unfortunately, a number of persons who take a mischievous pleasure in setting, not wrong right, but right wrong; and such were delighted at making Lawrence—'steady Lawrence, sober Lawrence'—the same as themselves. His was precisely a case where it was easier to *abstain* than to *refrain*; he could do the one, but not the other; he lacked that greatest of all commands—SELF-COMMAND. If roused, like all his countrymen he was equal to anything—brave, earnest, self-denying, silent, strong-hearted; but when once the watch and ward slumbered, he sunk. Once thrown off his guard, Lawrence plunged still more deeply into the pit. Drop by drop he went on until his head turned—and amid the uproarious mirth, little remained of his real nature. He was angry with himself; the hour was past when he had promised to meet Ellen; and when, having stood up to ascertain, with a species of drunken stupidity, if he could walk, he was hailed with a shout of triumphant laughter, he turned upon his tempters like a baited lion, fierce and desperate, and a violent conflict ensued. Larry, from the circumstance of being from a distant part of the country, had no 'faction' to take his part, and so stood a chance of being murdered; but Michael Murphy, who, astonished at his intended brother-in-law's loitering, had come to the public-house to inquire why he tarried, hearing the riot within, rushed forward, and, but for his raising the well-known cry: 'A Murphy, a Murphy, hirroo! here's for a Murphy!' there is little doubt that Lawrence would have been sent, unprepared and unrepentant, out of the world, whose peace and harmony is destroyed by the vices and intemperance of those whom the Almighty created for far different purposes.

'I could,' said Ellen on the following morning—'I could have followed him with a less heart-broken feeling in poverty through the world: I could have begged with him, begged for him, worked my fingers to the bone, and at the last, if it had been the will of Heaven, have sat a mourning widow on his grave—ay, to the end of my own days—rather than have seen him as I did last night; not so crushed in body as in mind; unable to speak three plain words, or call me by my own name, while every drunkard in the parish shouted at his disgrace. Och, Michael dear, your poor sister's heart is broken intirely! I took too much pride out of him! I thought at the fair of Birr how grand he looked, taking the shine out of every one; and he so sober, his eyes as pure as crystal, his head strong, and his hand ready to save others from the usage which every *spalpeen* in the place was able to give him last night—and all through "*the drop!*"'

Poor Ellen felt her lover's degradation more than he felt it himself; though he *did* feel it when he saw that, however others might think of it who were as bad, or worse than he, Ellen's pale cheek and

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wasted form proved how much she suffered. It was nearly four weeks before Lawrence was able to resume his employment, and during that time Ellen never reproached him—never said a word that could give him pain—but when he was quite recovered, and again spoke of their marriage, she at first turned away to weep bitterly, and then firmly told him ‘that her mind was fixed;’ she never would marry him until he took ‘an obligation’ on himself ‘at the priest’s knee’ never to touch spirits of any kind from that day to the day of his death. There might have been a struggle in Larry’s mind as to which he would give up, Ellen or the whisky. Ellen, however, triumphed; he practised total abstinence for three months. When, from faith in his oath, she married him, experience had convinced him that his tower of strength was *total abstinence*, his guardian angel his firm yet gentle wife. He never tasted whisky from that time, and Ellen has the proud satisfaction of knowing she had saved him from destruction. I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen’s example. Women could do a great deal to prove that ‘*the least taste in life*’ is a large taste too much—that ‘*ONLY A DROP*’ is a temptation fatal if unresisted.

Since the foregoing story was written, a great change has taken place in Ireland,* and, by the blessing of God, in England and in

* The following particulars may here be advantageously introduced from the work on Ireland by Mr and Mrs S. C. Hall: ‘In reference to the extent to which sobriety has spread, it will be almost sufficient to state that during our recent stay in Ireland, from the 10th of June to the 6th of September 1840, we saw but six persons intoxicated; and that for the first thirty days we had not encountered one. In the course of that month we had travelled from Cork to Killarney—round the coast; returning by the inland route, not along mail-coach roads, but on a ‘jaunting-car,’ through byways as well as highways; visiting small villages and populous towns, driving through fairs, attending wakes and funerals (returning from one of which, between Glengariff and Kenmare, at nightfall, we met at least a hundred substantial farmers, mounted); in short, wherever crowds were assembled, and we considered it likely we might gather information as to the state of the country, and the character of its people. We repeat, we did not meet a single individual who appeared to have tasted spirits; and we do not hesitate to express our conviction, that two years ago, in the same places, and during the same time, we should have encountered many thousand drunken men. From first to last, we employed perhaps fifty car-drivers; we never found one to accept a drink: the boatmen of Killarney, proverbial for drunkenness, insubordination, and recklessness of life, declined the whisky we had taken with us for the bugle-player, who was not ‘pledged,’ and after hours of hard labour, dipped a can into the lake, and refreshed themselves from its waters. It was amusing as well as gratifying to hear their new reading of the address to the famous echo: “Paddy Blake, plase yer honour, the gentleman promises ye some coffee whin ye get home;” and on the Blackwater, a muddy river, as its name denotes, our boat’s crew put into shore, midway between Youghal and Lismore, to visit a clear spring, with the whereabouts of which they were familiar. The whisky-shops are closed, or converted into coffee-houses; the distilleries have, for the most part, ceased to work; and the breweries are barely able to maintain a trade sufficient to prevent entire stoppage. Of the extent of the change, therefore, we have had ample experience; and it is borne out by the assurances of so many who live in towns as well as in the country, that we can have no hesitation in describing sobriety to be almost universal throughout Ireland.’ Mr Hall, at a meeting in Exeter Hall on behalf of Father Mathew, related the following anecdote illustrative of the great moral change which had taken place in Ireland. ‘About seven or eight years ago he had visited a friend of his at Limerick, intending to enjoy the sport of fishing in the Shannon. In order that the man whom his friend employed to attend the

Scotland also: there are many thousands at this moment who, instead of striving to content themselves with 'only a drop'—an experiment that failed in nine cases out of ten—never taste or touch the liquid poison. What has been the consequence? Their comforts have augmented fourfold; they are bringing up their families respectably, giving them better clothes, better food, and better education, than their means could have permitted them to do, had they spent what they once did upon strong drinks. Many, many are the blessings they hourly enjoy, arising out of the moneys of which drinking-houses are deprived. Their heads are cool, while their hands are strengthened by industry sevenfold productive—industry born of temperance. Moreover, there are very few members of temperance societies who have not laid by a little at least against 'a rainy day.' Proud and happy men are they who once a week visit THE SAVINGS-BANK, that tower of the working-man's strength. Proudly yet humbly do they pass by the 'gin-palaces,' whose glaring lights and broad windows shine in bitter mockery upon the rags, the violence, the evil-speaking, the debilitated forms and emaciated countenances of those who are there ruining bodies and perilling souls by the most debasing and least defensible of all bad habits. Of such unhappy fellow-creatures the upholders of temperance may well say, though with an unblamable and truly Christian feeling: 'God be thanked that we are not as other men are.'

But the hero of total abstinence will not be satisfied with this; he will not be content with his own prosperity; he will not say: 'Stand back, I am holier than thou'—not he. He will call to mind when he too was one of the 'unclean;' he will prove his gratitude for the saving knowledge he has acquired by endeavouring to impart it to others; and he will do this gently and without self-exaltation. He will be ready at all times and in all places to give a reason unto all men, to shew why he is more comfortable than his neighbours; and why, despite the 'hardness of the times,' he is able to multiply his 'little' by the self-restraint that renders it 'much.' I look upon the temperance movement as one of the greatest glories of the age we

boat should appear as decent as possible, a new suit of clothes had been given to him the day previous to that appointed for the fishing. The man, however, appeared in his usual rags, and after some prevarication, confessed that he had pawned them to get drink. The wife and family of this man were in the most abject state of wretchedness, having neither clothes, furniture, nor even potatoes; and before he left Limerick, this same man was in prison for an assault. Two years since he again visited his friend, and what was his surprise to find the same man healthy, well clad, his wife and children comfortable, and having money in the savings-bank. And how was this change brought about? Why, the man had taken the pledge, and kept it. His master had given him five shillings to go to Cork and take the pledge; but before he got there, not only had he spent the five shillings in drink, but had pawned his clothes; and when he took the pledge, Father Mathew gave him half-a-crown to help him on his road back. No man loved Ireland or the Irish character more than he did; and he should always endeavour to place that character in its best and truest position before Englishmen; and now that the Irishman had added to his many high and good qualities the greatest of all virtues next to religion, temperance, they might depend he was now to be trusted at all times and under all circumstances.'—*Note by Editors.*

IT'S ONLY A DROP.

live in. It was preached unto the poor by a few good men, and the poor adopted it ; its influence spread *upwards*, and the rich have since followed the example of the humblest class.

But while I rejoice at the spread of temperance in England, and hope it may be as widely extended in Scotland, I find it difficult to write dispassionately of the *self-denial* practised by the peasantry of my own dear country, giving up what might be termed, and with perfect truth, their only luxury—relinquishing what, according to one of their popular songs, was

‘ Sister and brother,
And father and mother ;
My Sunday coat, *I have no other* ’—

discarding a habit, the growth of centuries, suddenly, and yet faithfully—is enough to warm even a stranger’s heart towards the country, despite all that is said against it. The fact that they made a resolution to which they have adhered, and gave a pledge which they have kept faithfully for a number of years, will surely be accepted as sufficient proof that the Irish may be trusted fully in even higher matters—that they are capable of any effort for the social elevation of their country—and that the poverty and misery which have been for a series of years proverbial, cannot be much longer their burden and reproach.

A. M. H.





SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER, born November 15, 1731, and whose life was extended to April 25, 1800, was one of the most popular English poets of his day, and his pieces still enjoy a high reputation for their truthfulness to nature, piety, and good sense ; also for the smoothness and finish of their versification. Written towards the close of the eighteenth century, they may be considered to form a link between the era of Pope, Johnson, Goldsmith, and others, and that of the modern poets, including Byron and Scott. Unfortunately, Cowper suffered under a poor state of health for many years before his death ; and his life was spent chiefly in rural retirement, of which there are various evidences in his writings.

ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O that those lips had language ! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
 Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say :
 ' Grieve not, my child ; chase all thy fears away !'
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalise,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear ;
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
 Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own :
 And, while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief ;
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
 Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.
 Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial-day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
 But was it such ? It was. Where thou art gone,
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of a quick return :
 What ardently I wished, I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived ;
 By expectation every day beguiled,
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capped,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! But the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes :
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile) ;
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no ; what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered, and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that shew
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar ;'
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost ;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh ! the thought that thou art safe, and he !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell !—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine :
And while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

THE ROSE.

THE rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed,
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seemed, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapped it—it fell to the ground.

‘And such,’ I exclaimed, ‘is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resigned.

‘This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner a while ;
And the tear, that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed perhaps by a smile.’

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

FORCED from home and all its pleasures,
Afric's coast I left forlorn ;
To increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
Paid my price in paltry gold ;
But, though theirs they have enrolled me,
Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task ?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim ;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did All-creating Nature
Make the plant for which we toil ?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
Sweat of ours must dress the soil.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Think, ye masters iron-hearted,
Lolling at your jovial boards,
Think how many backs have smarted
For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Is there One who reigns on high ?
Has He bid you buy and sell us,
Speaking from His throne the sky ?
Ask Him, if your knotted scourges,
Matches, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means which duty urges
Agents of His will to use ?

Hark ! He answers—Wild tornadoes,
Strewing yonder sea with wrecks ;
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
Are the voice with which He speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
Afric's sons should undergo,
Fixed their tyrants' habitations
Where His whirlwinds answer—No.

By our blood in Afric wasted,
Ere our necks received the chain ;
By the miseries we have tasted,
Crossing in your barks the main ;
By our sufferings since ye brought us
To the man-degrading mart ;
All sustained by patience, taught us
Only by a broken heart.

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard, and stronger
Than the colour of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted powers,
Prove that you have human feelings,
Ere you proudly question ours !

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite ;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark ;
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent :
' Did you admire my lamp,' quoth he,
' As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song ;
For 'twas the self-same Power divine
Taught you to sing, and me to shine ;
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify and cheer the night.'
The songster heard his short oration,
And warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern ;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other ;
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting in each other's case
The gifts of nature and of grace.

Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make peace their aim ;
Peace, both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear :
' Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

'To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

'My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride
On horseback after we.'

He soon replied : ' I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

'I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.'

Quoth Mrs Gilpin : 'That's well said ;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.'

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in ;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again ;

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came ; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down-stairs :
'The wine is left behind!'

'Good lack !' quoth he ; 'yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.'

Now Mrs Gilpin (careful soul)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So 'Fair and softly,' John he cried ;
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought ;
Away went hat and wig ;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung ;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all ;
And every soul cried out ' Well done !'
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?
His fame soon spread around ;
' He carries weight ! he rides a race !
'Tis for a thousand pound !'

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony espied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

‘Stop, stop, John Gilpin ! Here’s the house,’
They all aloud did cry ;
‘The dinner waits, and we are tired :’
Said Gilpin : ‘So am I.’

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there ;
For why ?—His owner had a house
Full ten miles off at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender’s
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

‘What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ;
Tell me you must and shall ;
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all ?’

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke ;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :

‘ I came because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road.’

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig :
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus shewed his ready wit :
‘ My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

‘ But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.’

Said John : ‘ It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.’

So, turning to his horse, he said :
‘ I am in haste to dine ;
’Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.’

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast !
For which he paid full dear ;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—They were too big.

Now Mrs Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell:
'This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.'

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain !
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein :

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry :

'Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highwayman !'
Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The tollmen thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did ; and won it too ;
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Now let us sing, long live the king ;
And Gilpin, long live he ;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !

LOVE OF NATURE.

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike.
The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind ;
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves, fast fluttering, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and, chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that, with a livelier green,
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated Nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night : nor these alone whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl,
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves, and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

Like a coy maiden, ease, when courted most,
Farthest retires—an idol, at whose shrine
Who oftenest sacrifice, are favoured least.
The love of Nature, and the scenes she draws,
Is Nature's dictate. Strange there should be found
Who, self-imprisoned in their proud saloons,
Renounce the odours of the open field
For the unscented fictions of the loom ;
Who, satisfied with only pencilled scenes,
Prefer to the performance of a God

The inferior wonders of an artist's hand !
 Lovely indeed the mimic works of art ;
 But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,
 None more admires, the painter's magic skill,
 Who shews me that which I shall never see,
 Conveys a distant country into mine,
 And throws Italian light on English walls :
 But imitative strokes can do no more
 Than please the eye—sweet Nature, every sense.
 The air salubrious of her lofty hills,
 The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
 And music of her woods—no works of man
 May rival these ; these all bespeak a power
 Peculiar, and exclusively her own.
 Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast ;
 'Tis free to all—'tis every day renewed ;
 Who scorns it, starves deservedly at home.
 He does not scorn it who, imprisoned long
 In some unwholesome dungeon, and a prey
 To sallow sickness, which the vapours, dank
 And clammy, of his dark abode have bred,
 Escapes at last to liberty and light :
 His cheek recovers soon its healthful hue ;
 His eye relumines its extinguished fires ;
 He walks, he leaps, he runs—is winged with joy,
 And riots in the sweets of every breeze.
 He does not scorn it who has long endured
 A fever's agonies, and fed on drugs ;
 Nor yet the mariner, his blood inflamed
 With acrid salts, his very heart athirst
 To gaze at Nature in her green array ;
 Upon the ship's tall side he stands, possessed
 With visions prompted by intense desire :
 Fair fields appear below, such as he left
 Far distant, such as he would die to find—
 He seeks them headlong, and is seen no more.

The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns ;
 The lowering eye, the petulance, the frown,
 And sullen sadness that overshade, distort,
 And mar the face of beauty, when no cause
 For such immeasurable woe appears ;
 These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
 Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.
 It is the constant revolution, stale
 And tasteless, of the same repeated joys
 That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
 A pedler's pack, that bows the bearer down.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Health suffers, and the spirits ebb ; the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famished—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest ; and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences ; and sits,
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.
Others are dragged into the crowded room
Between supporters ; and, once seated, sit
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet even these
Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he
That overhangs a torrent to a twig.
They love it, and yet loathe it ; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them ? No ; the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their inveterate habits, all forbid.

TOWN LIFE.

GOD made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder, then, that health and virtue—gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all—should most abound,
And least be threatened, in the fields and groves ?
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element ; there only can ye shine ;
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wanderer in their shades. At eve
The moonbeam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish ;
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendour of your lamps ; they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Our more harmonious notes : the thrush departs
Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth ;
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made—what enemies could ne'er have done—
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

WAR—SLAVERY.

O FOR a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pained,
My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart—
It does not feel for man : the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not coloured like his own ; and having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as a lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man ? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head to think himself a man ?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home. Then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England: if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free:
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That is noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that, where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

BELIEF IN GOD.

HAPPY the man who sees a God employed
In all the good and ill that checker life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not His eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least
The greatest oft originate); could chance
Find place in His dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart His plan;
Then God might be surprised, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm Him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of His affairs.
This truth Philosophy, though eagle-eyed
In nature's tendencies, oft o'erlooks;
And, having found his instrument, forgets,
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies the power that wields it.

LOVE OF ENGLAND.

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still—
My country! And, while yet a nook is left,
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deformed
With dripping rains, or withered by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bowers.
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task :
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart
As any thunderer there. And I can feel
Thy follies too ; and with a just disdain
Frown at effeminates, whose very looks
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.

ENGLISH LIBERTY.

WE love

The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them ; him we serve
Freely, and with delight, who leaves us free :
But recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be,
And king in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still ;
May exercise amiss his proper powers,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant :
Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours
To administer, to guard, to adorn the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death, but not to be his slaves.
Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your loyalty and ours !
We love the man, the paltry pageant you ;
We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
You the regardless author of its woes ;
We, for the sake of liberty, a king,
You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake :
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason—is judicious, manly, free ;
Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.
Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,
I would not be a king to be beloved
Causeless, and daubed with undiscerning praise,
Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
Not to the man who fills it as he ought.
'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume ;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil ; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science, blinds
The eyesight of discovery, and begets
In those that suffer it a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
By public exigence till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free.
My native nook of earth ! thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine :
Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires ;
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
Or flushed with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl :
Yet, being free, I love thee : for the sake
Of that one feature can be well content,
Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But once enslaved, farewell ! I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently ; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.

EPITAPH ON TINEY,

A HARE WHICH THE AUTHOR TAMED AND DOMESTICATED.

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor e'er heard huntsman's hollo.

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw ;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippins' russet peel,
And, when his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey-carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake ;
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now beneath his walnut shade
He finds his long last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

TALKERS.

THE emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
 In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,
 As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
 Touched with a magnet, had attracted his.
 His whispered theme, dilated and at large,
 Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge—
 An extract of his diary—no more—
 A tasteless journal of the day before.
 He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
 Called on a friend, drank tea, stept home again;
 Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk
 With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk;
 I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
 Adieu, dear sir, lest you should lose it now.
 Some men employ their health—an ugly trick—
 In making known how oft they have been sick,
 And give us in recitals of disease
 A doctor's trouble, but without the fees;
 Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
 How an emetic or cathartic sped;
 Nothing is slightly touched, much less forgot;
 Nose, ears, and eyes seem present on the spot.
 Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
 Victorious seemed; and now the doctor's skill;
 And now—alas for unforeseen mishaps!—
 They put on a damp nightcap, and relapse:
 They thought they must have died, they were so bad;
 Their peevish hearers almost wish they had.
 Some fretful tempers wince at every touch;
 You always do too little or too much:
 You speak with life, in hopes to entertain—
 Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
 You fall at once into a lower key—
 That's worse, the drone-pipe of a humble-bee.
 The southern sash admits too strong a light;
 You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
 He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and strive
 To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
 Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
 With sole—that's just the sort he would not wish.
 He takes what he at first professed to loathe,
 And in due time feeds heartily on both;
 Yet still, o'erclouded with a constant frown,
 He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Your hope to please him vain on every plan;
Himself should work that wonder—if he can.
Alas! his efforts double his distress.
He likes yours little, and his own still less.
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is to be displeased.

THE LACE-WORKER AND VOLTAIRE.

YON cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light.
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit;
Receives no praise; but though her lot be such
(Toilsome and indigent), she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies:
O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home;
He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of hers.

WINTER EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright:
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn;
And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch!
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;
 To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
 Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
 Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
 With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
 Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
 Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
 His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
 But oh, the important budget ! ushered in
 With such heart-shaking music, who can say
 What are its tidings ? Have our troops awaked ?
 Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
 Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave ?
 Is India free ? and does she wear her plumed
 And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
 Or do we grind her still ? The grand debate,
 The popular harangue, the tart reply,
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
 And the loud laugh—I long to know them all ;
 I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
 And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in. . . .
 This folio of four pages, happy work !
 Which not even critics criticise ; that holds
 Inquisitive attention, while I read,
 Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
 Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break ;
 What is it but a map of busy life,
 Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns ?
 Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
 That tempts ambition. On the summit see
 The seals of office glitter in his eyes ;
 He climbs, he pants, he grasps them ! At his heels,
 Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
 And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
 And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
 Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
 Meanders lubricate the course they take ;
 The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
 To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,
 Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

However trivial all that he conceives.
 Sweet bashfulness ! it claims at least this praise—
 The dearth of information and good sense
 That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
 Cataracts of declamation thunder here ;
 There forests of no meaning spread the page,
 In which all comprehension wanders lost ;
 While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
 With merry descants on a nation's woes.
 The rest appears a wilderness of strange
 But gay confusion : roses for the cheeks,
 And lilies for the brows of faded age,
 Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
 Heaven, earth, and ocean plundered of their sweets,
 Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
 Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,
 Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
 And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
 At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
 To peep at such a world ; to see the stir
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ;
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
 To some secure and more than mortal height,
 That liberates and exempts me from them all.

O Winter ! ruler of the inverted year,
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
 And dreaded as thou art ! Thou hold'st the sun
 A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
 Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
 And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
 Down to the rosy west ; but kindly still
 Compensating his loss with added hours
 Of social converse and instructive ease,
 And gathering, at short notice, in one group
 The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
 Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
 I crown thee king of intimate delights,
 Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
 Of long uninterrupted evening, know.
 No rattling wheels stop short before these gates ;

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

No powdered pert, proficient in the art
 Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
 Till the street rings ; no stationary steeds
 Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
 The silent circle fan themselves, and quake :
 But here the needle plies its busy task,
 The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
 Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
 Unfolds its bosom : buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
 And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
 Follow the nimble finger of the fair ;
 A wreath, that cannot fade, of flowers, that blow
 With most success when all besides decay.
 The poet's or historian's page by one
 Made vocal for the amusement of the rest ;
 The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
 The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out ;
 And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
 And in the charming strife triumphant still,
 Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
 On female industry : the threaded steel
 Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
 The volume closed, the customary rites
 Of the last meal commence. . . .
 Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
 Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
 Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth :
 Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
 Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
 That made them an intruder on their joys,
 Start at His awful name, or deem His praise
 A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
 Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
 While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
 That calls the past to our exact review,
 The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
 The disappointed foe, deliverance found
 Unlooked for, life preserved and peace restored,
 Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.

Come, Evening, once again, season of peace ;
 Return, sweet Evening, and continue long !
 Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
 With matron-step slow-moving, while the Night
 Treads on thy sweeping train ; one hand employed
 In letting fall the curtain of repose
 On bird and beast, the other charged for man
 With sweet oblivion of the cares of day :

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely featured Night, of clustering gems ;
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee ; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers : not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift ;
And whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil ;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit ;
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to please,
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

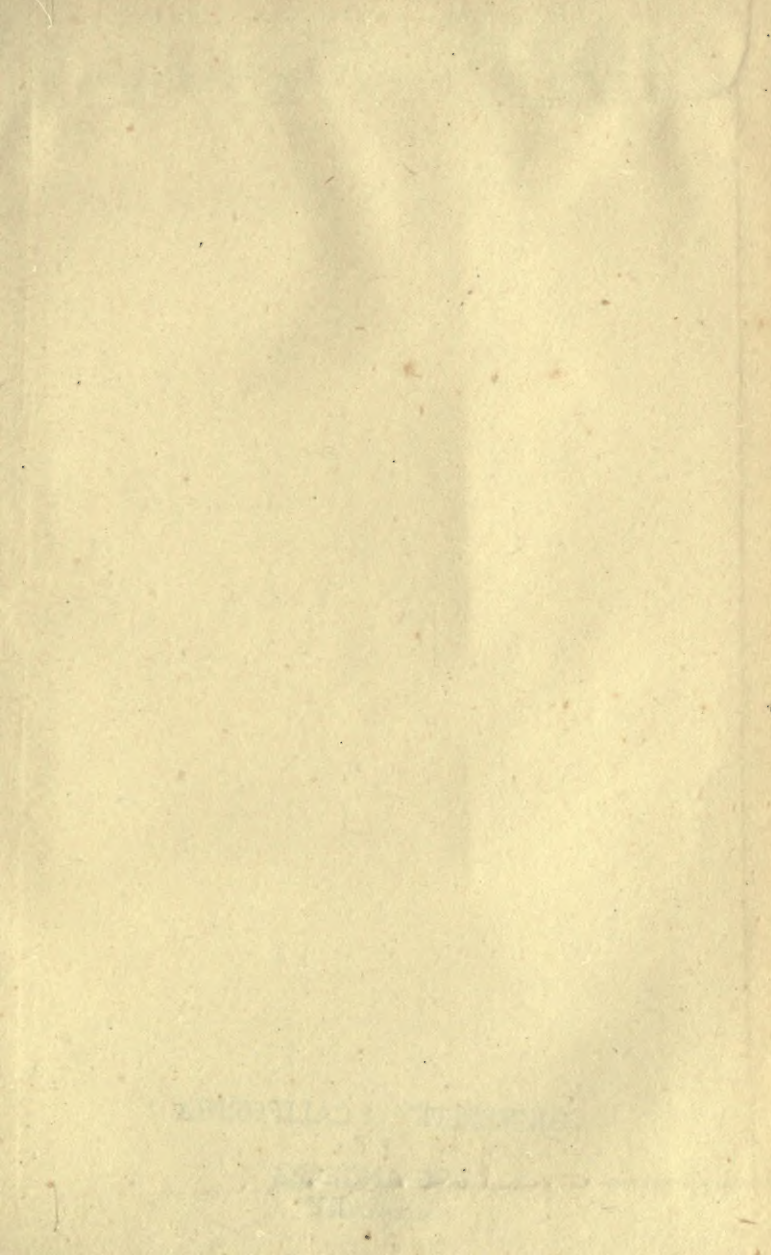
In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
Without some thistly sorrow at its side,
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of love, to measure lots
With less distinguished than ourselves ; that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathise with others suffering more. . . .

Poor, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion in a night like this ;
And have a friend in every feeling heart.
Warmed, while it lasts, by labour, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,
Ill clad, and fed but sparely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles while she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear ;
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
The few small embers left she nurses well ;
And, while her infant race, with outspread hands
And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks,
Retires, content to quake, so they be warmed.
The man feels least, as more inured than she
To winter, and the current in his veins
More briskly moved by his severer toil ;
Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs.
The taper soon extinguished, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end
Just when the day declined, and the brown loaf
Lodged on the shelf, half-eaten without sauce
Of savoury cheese, or butter, costlier still.
Sleep seems their only refuge ; for, alas !

SELECT POETICAL PIECES OF COWPER.

Where penury is felt, the thought is chained,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few !
With all this thrift, they thrive not. All the care
Ingenious parsimony takes, but just
Saves the small inventory—bed and stool,
Skillet and old carved chest—from public sale.
They live, and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands ; but other boast have none
To soothe their honest pride, that scorns to beg,
Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love.
I praise you much, ye meek and patient pair,
For ye are worthy ; choosing rather far
A dry but independent crust, hard earned,
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office, partial in the work
Of distribution ; liberal of their aid
To clamorous importunity in rags,
But oftentimes deaf to suppliants who would blush
To wear a tattered garb, however coarse,
Whom famine cannot reconcile to filth :
These ask with painful shyness, and, refused
Because deserving, silently retire !
But be ye of good courage ! Time itself
Shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase ;
And all your numerous progeny, well trained,
But helpless, in few years shall find their hands,
And labour too.





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